VOL · XIX NO · 75

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H · L · MENCKEN

MARCH 1930

Why Was Our Army in Archangel?

The Incomparable Senator Bingham

What About Lawyer Corporations?

The Pedagogues Stand Pat

A Bohunk Woman

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

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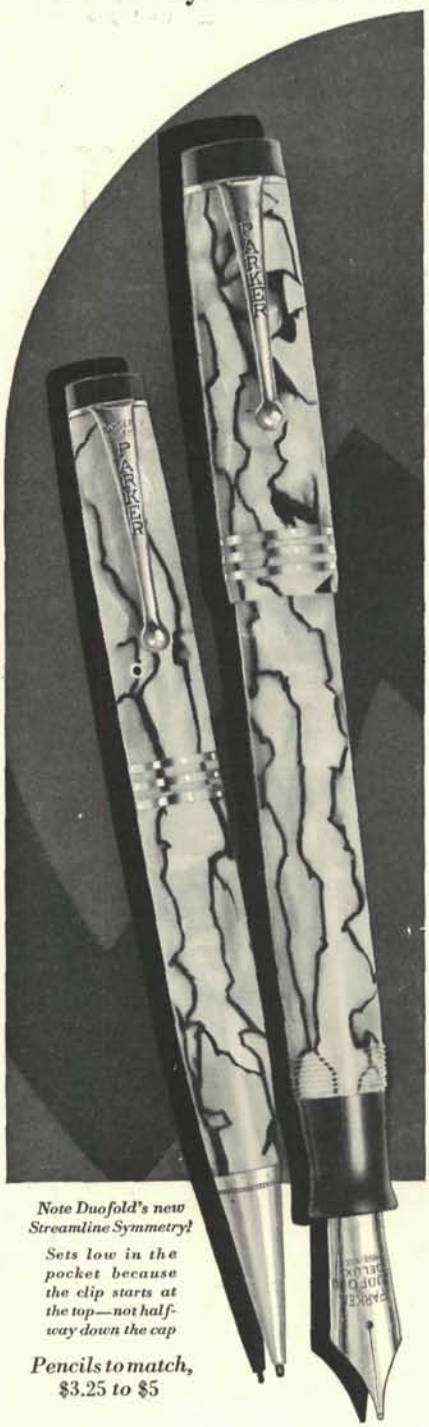

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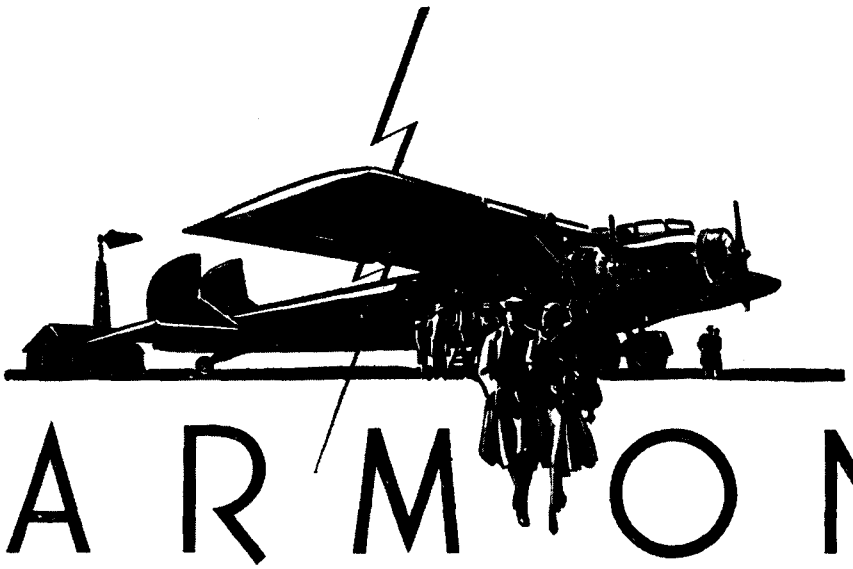

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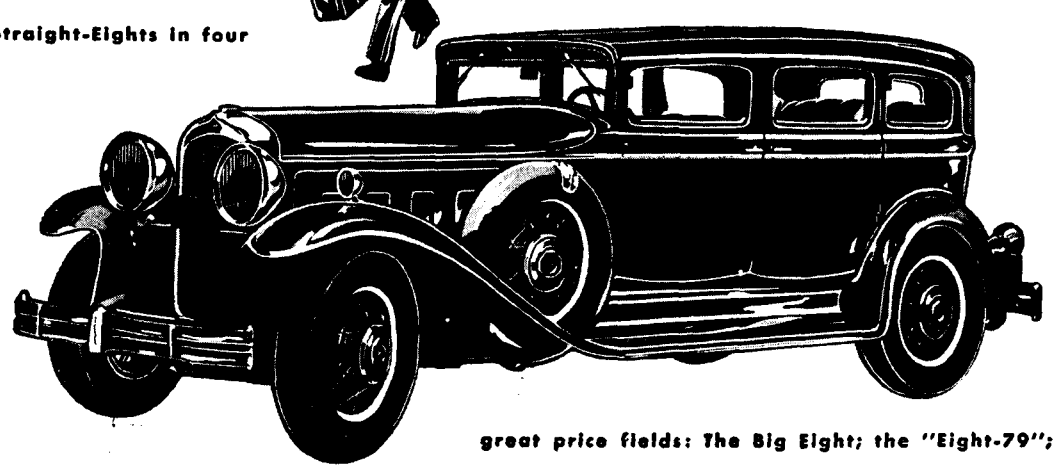

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

HENRY JAMES'S CRITICISM.
By Morris Roberts. *The Harvard University Press*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅜; 131 pp. *Cambridge*

This is a good book. There is a lot of information in it, and its judgments are in the main sound. James wrote a tremendous amount of criticism, probably more than any other American novelist, but little of it is worth reading today. He changed his position very often. His most celebrated critical *volte-face* had to do with Sainte-Beuve, whom he first accused of "servility of mind and want of seriousness," and then hailed "as the very genius of observation, discretion and taste." In spite of such reversals, however, his general attitude was plain enough. Having derived almost all his knowledge of life from books and salons, he naturally prized most the qualities most often to be found in them: "grace, charm, purity, refinement." Art, he once said, "is most in character when it most shows itself amiable." That is why he was so fond of women authors, George Sand and George Eliot, for example, and why he couldn't stomach such people as Zola, Flaubert, Whitman, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Swinburne, Hardy, and the de Goncourts. They were all inspired by "a treacherous ideal." The works of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Balzac, because of their "charmlessness," were "a hopeless, bemuddled waste." A bibliography and index are appended.

THE SENSE OF GLORY. *Essays in Criticism.*
By Herbert Read. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 9 x 5⅝; 228 pp. *New York*

Mr. Read is a young English critic who has shown much talent. His "English Prose Style" and "Phases of English Poetry," especially the first, betrayed a wide and sure learning and were full of shrewd comment. One had hoped that his next book would be a more elaborate essay in the field of criticism than he had ever attempted before, and one had looked forward to it with pleasant anticipation. Instead, he has given us this collection of brief studies of Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Vauvenargues, Sterne, Hawthorne, Bagehot, and Henry James. They first appeared, in practically the same form as here, in the *Times Literary Supplement*. They are good reviews, they are even excellent reviews, but that is all that can be said for them. They reveal no new powers in Mr. Read. One must therefore keep on hoping. Maybe the *magnum opus* is already in the pot.

THE RENAISSANCE OF IRISH POETRY: 1880–1930.
By David Morton. *Ives Washburn*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New York*

Dr. Morton, who is professor of English literature at Amherst and an authority on the sonnet, has here written an excellent book. He considers every important lyric poet of the Irish Renaissance and quotes generously from their verses, and his comments are always judicious. Unfortunately, an index is lacking.

TRADITION & EXPERIMENT *in Present-day Literature.*
The Oxford University Press
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 215 pp. *New York*

There are ten essays here: "Tradition in the Novel," by R. H. Mottram; "Experiment in the Novel," by J. D. Beresford; "Tradition in Poetry," by Edmund Blunden; "Experiment in Poetry," by Edith Sitwell; "Tradition in Drama," by Ashley Dukes; "Experiment in Drama," by C. K. Munro; "Tradition in Biography," by Osbert Burdett; "Tradition in Criticism," by Rebecca West; and "Experiment in Criticism," by T. S. Eliot. They were all originally delivered as lectures during the Long Term, 1929, at the City Literary Institute of London. They express in succinct and clear form the particular points of view of the authors, and are of value to the novice who is trying to find out what all the noise is about in the fields of poetry, fiction, the drama and criticism.

HISTORY

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION.
By John Goldstrom. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 319 pp. *New York*

Mr. Goldstrom, an aviator of distinction himself, has here written a good and fairly complete history of his profession. It starts with the earliest known mythologies of flying humans, and brings the story down to the present. It is ably and, as such things go, very soberly written. He thinks that "the monoplane is best for civil transport, especially when passengers are carried, because of the better visibility from the cabin and because cleaner steamlining is possible. . . . Proponents of the thick monowing predict that, eventually, in great passenger planes designed to carry a hundred or more persons, everything, including power plant and cargo, will be carried inside the wing." He adds, however, that "although the monoplane is superseding the biplane in civil aviation,

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THIS IS MY BODY

BY MARGERY LATIMER

The story of a girl who wanted to love passionately and to be loved but whose very intensity always kept her apart from other people. $2.50

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BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR

The authentic story of the life of King George—his home life, his political and social life—by the author of *The Life of Lord Kitchener*, etc. *Illustrated*, $5.00

Poet's Pub

BY ERIC LINKLATER

An amusing account of an English poet who takes charge of a famous old inn in rural England. $2.50

Good-bye to All That

BY ROBERT GRAVES $3.00

Note: Do you commute? Here are some new and attractive little books at $.60 each. Read them on the train: "The Stars," by George Forbes, "The League of Nations," by H. W. Harris, "Early Christianity and Its Rivals," by G. H. Box, "The Inquisition," by G. G. Coulton, and "Money," by Hartley Withers.

An Examination of Christian Science

OUR NEW RELIGION

By

H. A. L. Fisher

Warden of New College, Oxford

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a social phenomenon which has attracted many authors. The present volume is a new examination by an English historical scholar of distinguished attainments. Mr. Fisher, who writes with wit and irony and decisiveness, maintains that the faith is founded upon contradictions of belief and precept, and has succeeded negatively by failing to practice what it preaches or to regard what it dislikes. The London Times Literary Supplement says of *Our New Religion:* "It must be evident that there can be no possible ground of compromise between Mr. Fisher and the declared Christian Scientist, who will not be able to regard this book, written in a spirit not of attack but of simple inquiry, save as the hardest blow his faith has yet sustained."

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

the biplane and the sesquiplane (the lower wing half the size of the upper) continue in favor with the designers of military planes, particularly the pursuit ship." As for the autogyro or windmill plane, which "ascends and descends almost vertically and may be made to hover in the air, almost without motion in any direction, . . . its future is problematical, but it is thought likely that its first practical use will be to transfer passengers from air liners, landing on fields remote from business centers of cities, to artificial landing fields such as might be made by bridging the roofs of the New York Post-Office Building and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station." There are many illustrations, a good index, and appendices of valuable statistical and bibliographical material.

THE MAKERS OF THE UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

By William Bennett Munro. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 156 pp. *New York*

An excellent popular discussion of the Federal and State enactments, judicial decisions, and administrative rulings which have profoundly altered the implications of the original Constitution, and which are as binding as it. Dr. Munro, who is professor of American history and government at Harvard, gives especial consideration to Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson, who, "not less than Washington, Madison, Franklin, and Morris, are entitled to be known as Fathers of the Constitution in the broader sense of the term." The book originally was delivered as the Fred Morgan Kirby Lectures for 1929 at Lafayette College. There is an index.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES: 1741–1850.

By Frank Luther Mott. *D. Appleton & Company*
$10 9 x 5⅞; 848 pp. *New York*

Dr. Mott, who is director of the School of Journalism of the University of Iowa and for several years has been one of the editors of the *Midland*, has, with this excellent book, put all students of the history of American literature in his debt. Its merits are numerous. It is the most comprehensive discussion of the subject in print, it is fully documented, it is well organized, it is ably written, and it is generously illustrated. Dr. Mott divides his study into three periods. The first, which he calls "The Period of Beginnings: 1741–1794," produced no magazines of any intrinsic worth. Their contents "were largely borrowed, they were often ill written and oftener dull, and in the light of later years they were sometimes ridiculous." They were not many in number, but they were widely read by the lonely colonists, and thus were of great influence on the culture of the time. The years 1794–1825, which Dr. Mott labels "The Period of Nationalism," saw a tremendous increase in the number of magazines. There was also a marked development of class periodicals, especially religious and political ones, and the weekly first came into its own then. Finally, "there was a loud and insistent demand for a peculiarly American literature." The next twenty-five years were "remarkable mainly for the development of women's magazines and cheap literary weeklies. . . . [They were] distinguished by the rise of the magazinist, and by the establishment in some quarters of higher rates of payment to contributors." There is a chronological list of magazines, and also an index.

WHY WE FOUGHT.

By C. Hartley Grattan. *The Vanguard Press*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 453 pp. *New York*

Mr. Grattan is here concerned with "the various factors that influenced the American attitude toward the war in Europe from June, 1914, to our entrance into it as a participant on the side of the Allies in April, 1917." He discusses the flood of Allied propaganda in the United States in the years 1914–1917, the economic and industrial effects of the first two and a half years of the war on American business, the strange diplomacy of the time, the "patriotic" missions of Colonel House, the pro-Allies' activities of Walter Hines Page, and the vacillations and blunderings of Wilson. In all this he is by no means exhaustive, but his book is heavily documented and well organized, and presents a good and generally accurate picture of the real forces that worked to bring us into the war. Mr. Grattan's general attitude agrees with that of the Fay-Barnes school of historians. "Through America's ignorance of the Allies' true aspirations in the war," he says, "and through lack of skill on the part of the German leaders in presenting their peace terms [in 1916], the way was smoothed for the American entrance. The Germans stupidly provided the emotional issue on which the country could be persuaded to war, an issue as thin as that which had carried the English people into the war in 1914. . . . The United States failed to hold the balance level as between the Allies and the Central Powers. She allowed her interests to become entangled with the Allies' until Wilson's whole programme became no more than an idle dream. That it ever was more than that, political realists may presume to doubt." There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

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Entering Its Fourth Year the LITERARY GUILD *Remains the Most Practical Way to Acquire the Best New Books*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LAW. *With Special References to the Seventeenth & Eighteenth Centuries.*
By Richard B. Morris. *The Columbia University Press*
$4.50 9 x 6; 285 pp. *New York*

American Colonial law has been greatly neglected by nearly all legal historians. This has been due partly to the conservatism of the bench, and partly to the tremendous labor involved in exhuming the material. It was not, for example, till 1843 that "The Body of Liberties," adopted by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1641, was first brought to light. Dr. Morris's present study is the first detailed consideration of American law before the Revolution. It is a sort of general survey, and is concerned mainly with the problems involving the alienability and distribution of real estate, the position of women in the law, and various phases of legal liability in an agrarian society. There is an extensive bibliographical essay, and also an index.

THE PAGEANT OF THE PACKETS. *A Book of American Steamboating.*
By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew. *Henry Holt & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 314 pp. *New York*

Mr. Eskew plainly knows steamboats and loves them. He here writes about their history in the Western rivers with full knowledge and great tenderness. The book is full of gorgeous stuff, especially the chapters on the roustabout life and the Coonjine songs. As for the present and the future, it is true, he says, that "there are more new steamboats and barges on the river today than there have been in twenty-five years. . . . But the activity appears intense only when it is compared with the almost dead condition of steamboating in the near past—say between 1912 and 1920. When you compare the present-day status of steamboating with the great days of forty years ago, or more, a casual observer would say that steamboating is still rather dead." The railroads have eaten into the business, and thus have killed "the grand manner, the gesture, the flourish, the impressive dignity that sat so splendidly upon steamboating of other days." There are many illustrations. Stanley Walker, city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, contributes a foreword.

WHY IS HISTORY REWRITTEN?
By Lucy Maynard Salmon. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 9¼ x 6⅛; 217 pp. *New York*

Miss Salmon answers the question of the title thus: "History must always be rewritten because we can only approximate to absolute truth, never hope to attain it; . . . because each new day, to the votary of history, brings a new adventure, a new voyage of discovery, a new invention, a new creation,—a lens of greater magnifying power that will enable him to understand the complex organism of 'the infinitely small,' or to penetrate still further into the as yet impenetrable darkness of the most remote past. The new day may enable him to readjust his vision, to see the past in truer perspective, to clear away the mists that have obscured the white light of truth." To the support of this obviously sound thesis she brings a tremendous amount of information gleaned from almost every branch of learning, and thus achieves a very interesting book. There is an index.

THE ARTS

PAINTERS OF THE MODERN MIND.
By Mary-Cecil Allen. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 81 pp. *New York*

MUSIC: 1900–1930.
By Alfred J. Swan. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 86 pp. *New York*

MODERN SCULPTURE.
By Joseph Hudnut. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 90 pp. *New York*

THE MODERN THEATRE IN REVOLT.
By John Mason Brown. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 89 pp. *New York*

POTABLE GOLD: *Some Notes on Poetry & this Age.*
By Babette Deutsch. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 96 pp. *New York*

These excellent five books belong to the series of The New Arts, edited by Philip N. Youtz. They are all ably and soberly written, and present a fair picture of what has been going on in the five major arts in the last twenty-five years. All the authors are plainly in sympathy with the "newer trends," but they are not fanatical about them. Mr. Swan, for example, though he has many good things to say about Stravinsky, the father of most of what passes for revolt in modern music, does not hesitate to criticize him severely. He thinks that of late he has "worked incalculable damage, having really lost his sense of direction once and for all." He ends by saying that on many counts the entire output of the master must be placed "beyond the pale of art." Mr. Swan's book has an index, and Mr. Brown's has a bibliography. The others are lacking in both.

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS.
By Cuthbert Lee. *The Yale University Press*
$10 10⅜ x 7⅞; 350 pp. *New Haven*

Mr. Lee, who was formerly assistant secretary of the American Federation of Arts, here considers in

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THE 26 LEAD SOLDIERS WHICH CONQUER THE WORLD

IF you will take time in your busy life to weigh the full meaning of that headline, you *may* be more grateful for the thought it contains than for any advice you have ever received. It is infinite in its possibilities ▲▲▲ The 26 lead soldiers are the pieces of type of the 26 letters of the alphabet. By learning to manoeuver them wisely and well, you can extend your power, your pleasure and your life ▲▲▲ These 26 letters with a few numerals and signs are all you need if you command them with sufficient skill and perseverance. They will campaign under your leadership along any educational lines you choose. They will make you king or queen of any empire you select ▲▲▲ You can earn financial rewards and distinction in life by the use of this small army with its magic power, for with well directed education, obstacles are overcome ▲▲▲ By study you can increase your progress in business, in social or in civic life ▲▲▲▲

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Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
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Harmony
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History
Investments
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Marketing
Mathematics
Personnel Administration
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brief form the life and works of Robert Feke, Joseph Badger, Matthew Pratt, John Singleton Copley, Benjamin West, Charles Willson Peale, James Peale, Ralph Earl, Gilbert Stuart, Joseph Wright, John Trumbull, Mather Brown, Robert Fulton, and Edward Greene Malbone. All the fourteen were born in this country before or during the Revolutionary War; five were of foreign parentage, and nine of native stock. The general period in which they lived was the century between 1725 and 1825. Of them all Mr. Lee says: "They thought little about art and produced portraits which as a group cannot be excelled for faithfulness, not merely of likeness, but of spirit. As a whole their work remains a picture of the origin of our race and of our nation which no country can match." There are many illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE LABOR INJUNCTION.
By Felix Frankfurter & Nathan Greene.
The Macmillan Company
$5 9½ x 6⅜; 343 pp. *New York*

This is probably the most up-to-date, thorough and judicious discussion of the labor injunction in print. Messrs. Frankfurter and Greene begin with a consideration of the early use of the injunction, especially in the Federal courts. Then they proceed to an analysis of injunction procedure and of the proofs underlying labor injunctions, after which they deal with such things as restraining clauses, judicial correctives, and the mechanics of enforcement. Finally, they consider the various forms of legislation that have been enacted with regard to substantive law, equity jurisdiction and equity procedure. They point out that "the position of labor before the law," despite all the talk of reform in the past twenty-five years, "has been altered, if at all, imperceptibly. Common law doctrines of conspiracy and restraint of trade still hold sway; activities widely cherished as indispensable assertions of trade union life continue to be outlawed. Statutes designed to contract equity jurisdiction have been construed as endorsements merely of the jurisdiction theretofore exercised. . . . The one notable change, so far as the Federal courts and a few States are concerned, is the protection of jury trial in contempt proceedings that involve accusations of crime." As for future legislation on the subject, the authors do not offer anything highly specific, but they do indicate what they believe should be the general direction of reform. They think that in all legislation to come, especially Federal, "emphasis upon procedural safeguards in the use of the injunction must . . . rank first. . . . The self-denying ordinances which far-sighted and courageous judges have imposed upon themselves must be made part of the conventional routine of legal procedure." There remains, of course, the wider question of public policy with regard to the place of labor union activities in a society wherein free competition, theoretically at least, is the rule of all. "Primarily this is the task of legislatures. Only within narrow limits is it the function of courts to apply their own notions of policy." There are nine appendices, containing much valuable record material, including the litigation history of reported Federal labor injunction cases, the summary of reported Federal labor injunction cases (1901–1927), Judge Hough's injunction against the United Mine Workers, and a list of New York cases. There are also a table of statutes and an index. Mr. Frankfurter is Byrne professor of administrative law at Harvard, and Mr. Greene is a member of the New York bar.

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC & FOREIGN POLICIES.
By Otto Hoetzsch. *The Yale University Press*
$1.50 8 x 5⅜; 116 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Hoetzsch is professor of history and international relations at the University of Berlin, and has been a member of the Reichstag for more than nine years. He belongs to the Conservative party, and sees "in monarchy the form of state most suitable for, nay, even essential to, the German Reich." The present book he first delivered as a series of lectures before the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He assures the world that whatever the future form of government in Germany will be, it "will not be the Russian system of class dictatorship and communism. Germans decline that absolutely. There is only a minority of adherents to the Russian model. Germany has been, will be, and wants to remain the bulwark of European civilization against Bolshevism." He doubts that "the German Constitution will be able to get along with so few revisions or amendments as has been the case with the Constitution of the United States." As for foreign affairs, "it is impossible to establish real and lasting peace in Europe without revision of the Treaty of Versailles. . . . The work of organizing peace will not come to a successful end, but must lead to a new war, unless the European states reach a method of peacefully revising the Paris treaties." There is an index.

AMERICA & ENGLAND.
By Nicholas Roosevelt. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 5¾ x 7¼; 254 pp. *New York*

Mr. Roosevelt, who is a member of the staff of the New York *Times*, does not share the common view

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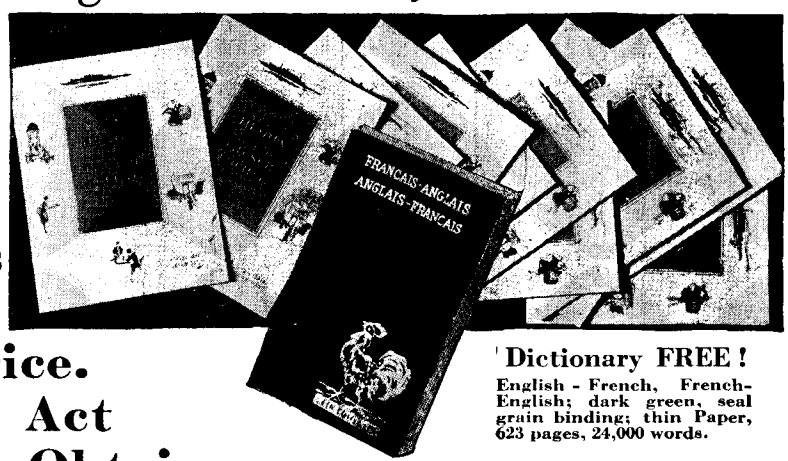

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that the British Empire is on the down-grade. He grants that it was severely shaken by the World War and that the rise of the United States as a world power offers it uncomfortable competition today, but he believes that the skill of the English at international affairs will get them through their present difficulties, as it has got them through even worse difficulties in the past. No similar talent, he says, is visible in Americans. They do not know how to present a united front to the world. Their diplomacy is amateurish and ineffective, they have no settled and rational foreign policy, and they neglect to coördinate politics and trade. The sheer wealth of the United States, of course, gives it vast power and influence, but the power and influence of England remain greater. The author discusses in detail the current effort to bring about effective naval disarmament, and shows what impediments prevent its realization. His book is simply and clearly written, and contains a great deal of important matter in succinct form. At the end he reviews the concessions that must be made by each side if England and America are ever to come together in a workable alliance for peace.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS.
By Walter B. Pitkin. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 419 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pitkin is professor of journalism at Columbia, and chief editorial adviser of the Universal Pictures Corporation. He was formerly American editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and for a time was a member of the Columbia battery of realistic philosophers. The present book is made up, in the main, of case histories of numerous prominent personages of the past, and also of everyday men and women of today, the chief purpose being to determine why they were happy or miserable. The last chapter is entitled, "How to Live Happily." Says Dr. Pitkin: "For the first time in the career of mankind happiness is coming within the reach of millions of people. . . . We know today that happy living can be attained by at least six or seven people out of every ten, simply by the right education, the right organization of personal effort, and the right selection of one's life work and environment. . . . I do say, without qualification whatsoever, that in the more highly civilized sections of the United States . . . all the *external* conditions required for happy living are present, waiting to be used by those who can. The one remaining obstacle is psychological." The starving mill-workers in the South, the thousands of lean and hungry miners in Pennsylvania who are out of work, and the millions walking the city streets in search of employment will be glad to hear this.

THE SCIENCES

500 CRIMINAL CAREERS.
By Sheldon Glueck & Eleanor T. Glueck.
Alfred A. Knopf
$5 9⅝ x 6⅜; 365 pp. *New York*

Dr. and Mrs. Glueck here present the results of an investigation of the subsequent careers of 510 young men who left the Massachusetts Reformatory during the years from 1911 to 1922. The unparallelled thoroughness of their work is shown by the fact that they account for all save 27. In more than 90% of the cases almost complete information is presented. What was found out about these graduates of an institution maintained to reform the wayward makes melancholy reading. Of the 422 whose conduct beyond the parole period could be traced in detail, it was established that 333, or almost 80%, returned to law-breaking. These men, taken together, committed 1014 offenses, were arrested 936 times, and were returned to confinement 811 times. The common assumption that the parole system is 75% or 80% effective is thus shown to be grossly in error. "The figures," say the authors, "should refer to *failures* rather than successes." The record is presented very elaborately, and nothing of any significance is omitted. It includes a number of life-stories. The authors close with recommendations for the improvement of the reformatory system. They believe that a more humane and intelligent method of dealing with young offenders might save many who are now lost, but they admit that there remains "a considerable residue who do not respond to any known form of correctional or punitive treatment." These had better be handed over, they think, to the psychiatrists. The book is well ordered and has a good index. There is a preface by Dr. Richard C. Cabot. The title-page and binding show an attempt at so-called Modernist typography that succeeds only in grieving the judicious.

THE MAKING OF CHEMISTRY.
By Benjamin Harrow. *The John Day Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 223 pp. *New York*

Dr. Harrow, who is assistant professor of chemistry at the College of the City of New York, says in the preface that his aims in writing this book were "first, to stress leading principles only, the discoveries and hypotheses centering around the few personalities upon which the progress of the science has depended; secondly, to avoid, in so far as possible, technical expositions which embarrass and mislead the non-scientific reader, and yet to explain, within certain obvious limits, the significance of such hypotheses and discoveries." He has carried out these objectives

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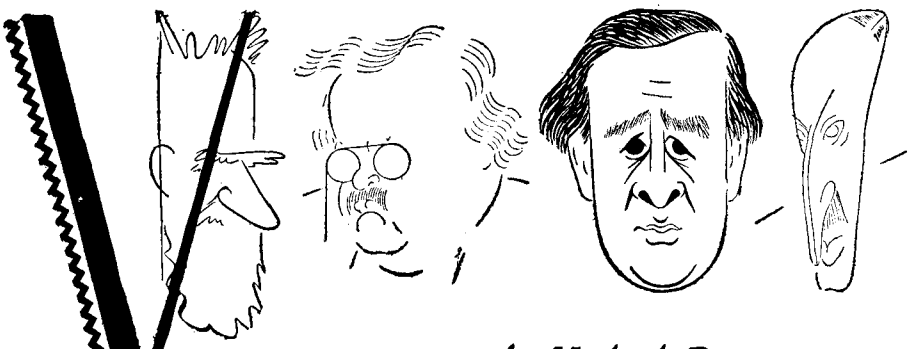

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admirably, and his book should prove of great value and interest to the layman. He writes simply and clearly, and his discussions of such things as the periodic law, the principles of organic chemistry, and the theory of electrolytic dissociation are models of popular scientific exposition. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

THE EARTH FOR SAM.
By W. Maxwell Reed. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 9¼ x 6⅝; 390 pp. *New York*

Dr. Reed was formerly professor of astronomy at Harvard. The substance of this book he originally wrote in the form of letters in answer to his young nephew, Samuel McCobb Reed, who was in the habit of showering him with the familiar questions of childhood about the earth, the stars, the mountains, etc. The present book is thus a sort of primer of anthropology, geology, botany and the related sciences for children in the teens. It is an excellent job, and the line drawings by Karl Moseley add greatly to its readability.

THE THEATRE

EUGENE O'NEILL. *The Man & His Plays.*
By Barrett H. Clark. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 214 pp. *New York*

STUDIES ON SIX PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL.
By Alan D. Mickle. *Horace Liveright*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 166 pp. *New York*

Mr. Clark's book is without doubt the best critical biography of O'Neill in print. It is full of material impossible or extremely difficult to obtain elsewhere, and is comprehensive in its treatment of the dramatist, both as a man and as an artist. Mr. Clark's critical judgments are always judicious. He has the highest respect for O'Neill's work as a whole, and thinks that even if he "were never to write another line, it must be recorded that he has once or twice walked the heights." He is especially fond of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "Desire Under the Elms," "Strange Interlude," "The Great God Brown," and parts of "Diff'rent," "Ile," and "The Hairy Ape." The later plays, however, leave him full of doubts. "Dynamo," he thinks, "is a failure," and he finds much to criticize in "Marco Millions," which he calls "one of the less ambitious works of our playwright." He is especially irritated by O'Neill's recently acquired "Apocalyptic manner. I wish [he] would forget for a time the Books of Revelations and Jeremiah. . . . I don't think he has reached his full stature. He has written a good deal that is just as well forgotten, he has given us plays that are inept, violent and verging on the pretentious; he has unmistakably set up his standard as a prophet; he has too often striven to write jewelled passages instead of stinging dialogue; he is, in short, a maker of plays that are good, bad and indifferent. But so far he has never written a line that was deliberately insincere, nor has he once tried to capture the prizes of material success." There is a bibliography, but an index is lacking. Mr. Mickle discusses "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape," "The Great God Brown," "The Fountain," "Marco Millions," and "Strange Interlude." His book is a torrent of uncritical praise. He says of "Marco Millions": "It is a mighty satire, a satire worthy of a place beside 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Penguin Island.' Quite possibly Time will show it to be more deeply rooted and higher reaching than either of them. Certainly there is more in it."

EURIPIDES. *A Student of Human Nature.*
By William Nickerson Bates.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$5 9¼ x 6; 315 pp. *Philadelphia*

The biographical section here occupies less than twenty pages. The remainder of the book is given over to a detailed analysis of the plays. There is a comprehensive description of each of the nineteen extant dramas and of each of the fifty-five lost plays, which have been reconstructed from fragments. There are twenty-four illustrations. Dr. Bates is professor of Greek language and literature at the University of Pennsylvania.

TRAVEL

CARL AKELEY'S AFRICA.
By Mary L. Jobe Akeley. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 321 pp. *New York*

Akeley married Mary L. Jobe, herself an explorer of some note, on October 18, 1924, and in January, 1926, they started upon what was to be his last expedition to Africa. He died among the Kivu volcanoes, in the Belgian Congo, on November 17 following. This last journey had two objectives. The first was to collect specimens and prepare backgrounds for the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History; the second was to study the mountain gorilla in the Parc National Albert on a commission from the Belgian government. The first objective was carried out, but Akeley died soon after the second was undertaken, and so the work had to be continued under Mrs. Akeley's direction. Her account of the trip is based upon her diaries, and is full of interesting

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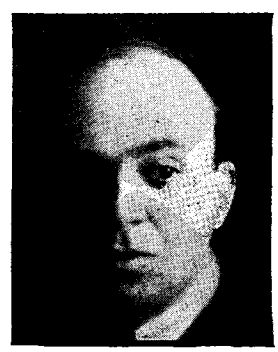

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 East 33rd Street, New York

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and unfamiliar stuff. She disputes a great deal that is commonly believed about gorillas, and also has something new to say about lions. Her book is lavishly illustrated. Of special interest are the photographs made in the Kivu forest, which Akeley believed to be the most beautiful part of Africa, and indeed the most beautiful spot in the world. They show a gnarled and grotesque landscape, covered with vegetation of truly amazing luxuriance. On part of the trip the explorer and his wife were accompanied by George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, and by other friends.

MEET THE GERMANS.
By Henry Albert Phillips. The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3 8½ x 5⅜; 346 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Phillips spent a year wandering about Germany, from Lübeck in the north to Berchtesgaden and Mittenwald in the far south, and from Breslau and Königsberg in the east to the Dutch frontier. Obviously he found the land and its people greatly to his liking, for his account of both is full of enthusiasm. He did not confine his travels to the tourist centers, but visited many small towns, and it was in them that he found life most charming. His story of his adventures should be interesting and useful to everyone contemplating a German tour. It is not a guidebook, but it contains a great deal of information that guidebooks commonly pass over. There are thirty-four full-page illustrations.

MY MONTH IN PALESTINE.
By Max Heller. The Bloch Publishing Company
$2 7⅞ x 5⅜; 247 pp. *New York*

Dr. Heller, who until his death a short time ago was a prominent rabbi and Zionist in New Orleans, spent the month of April 15-May 15, 1927, traveling in Palestine. The present book contains his impressions of the land. They are very vague impressions and strongly colored by the author's Zionistic faith, and are thus of small value to one in search of the truth.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. 1930.
Edited by H. Davies. The Trade & Travel Publications
$1 7 x 4½; 746 pp. *London*

This, the seventh edition of a popular handbook, is even more valuable than its predecessors. Some 2000 changes have been made in it since last year. There is an excellent up-to-date map.

BIOGRAPHY

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS. *The Story of Adventure.*
By William Bolitho. Simon & Schuster
$4 9½ x 6⅛; 351 pp. *New York*

The twelve of the title are Alexander the Great, Casanova, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro (and Seraphina), Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon I, Catiline, Napoleon III, Isadora Duncan, and Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Bolitho has unearthed no new material about any of these personages; his studies are what are nowadays politely known as "interpretations." What his interpretations are it is very difficult to make out. His prose is so tortured and so pretentious that whole sections of it are almost unintelligible. His sentences are seldom less than six printed lines long, and his paragraphs frequently take up whole pages. Very often one is forced to read a passage four or five times before one gets any sense out of it, and even then one is not sure that one knows precisely what the author is talking about. The admiring critic who said of him that he writes "like a man from Mars" was obviously right. Another difficulty in the book is Mr. Bolitho's phrase-making. He says of "the chosen tribe that God purchased from Moses" that it "stands at the bottom of the cosmical process of munching, which is their interpretation of history." Mahomet, he thinks, was "even a little stupid, which is the quality of robust sanity." In the section on Lola Montez he observes that the lady's "changes accelerated their rhythm." In the chapter on Cagliostro he favors us with this *obiter dictum*: "that most insipid of fairy-tales, the novelette." All this may be profound, but it is also nonsense. There are sixteen excellent illustrations.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS: *Man of the Renaissance.*
By Samuel Putnam. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅞; 530 pp. *New York*

FRANCIS RABELAIS: *The Man & His Work.*
By Albert Jay Nock & C. R. Wilson. Harper & Brothers
$5 8¼ x 5⅞; 359 pp. *New York*

Both of these biographies are good, though they are addressed to somewhat different audiences. That by Messrs. Nock and Wilson is a sort of general survey of the great Rabelais, and its main purpose apparently is to arouse the interest of the intelligent layman in the subject, rather than to treat him "as a mere literary exhibit." Their account makes very pleasant reading, and is generously illustrated. The Putnam book is not as well written, but there is far more substance in it. Mr. Putnam is the American translator of

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VICTOR HUGO

By Raymond Escholier

For the first time the real romance of this greatest of French poets and novelists is revealed. "An important biography, eminently readable."—*Walter Yust.* "Vivid, competent . . . eloquently written."—*New York Telegram* . . . $5.00

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AUTHORS ANNUAL, 1930

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By Ben Ray Redman

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By Nathan Asch

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By Robert Penn Warren

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Edited by Dorothy L. Sayers

"The greatest anthology of detective stories ever compiled."—*Christopher Morley* . . . $3.00

BREWER & WARREN Inc., 6 East 53rd Street, New York

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Rabelais, and is probably the greatest authority on him in the United States. His book will interest both the general reader and the scholar. He is especially concerned with demolishing the legend that Rabelais was little more than a monk gone on a spree. The creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel, he says, was a man of great erudition, and humor was not his only possession. There are passages in his works when he "is deadly in earnest, others when he is deeply religious, while still more frequently, his jibe takes on a bitterness that puts it on the other side of the boundary line between the provinces of humor and of satire." There are many illustrations. Unluckily, both books lack indices.

J. RAMSAY MacDONALD.
By Mary Agnes Hamilton.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 7½ x 5⅛; 305 pp. *New York*

The substance of this book first appeared before the general elections of 1923 under the pen-name of Iconoclast. Since then it has been greatly revised, so that the present volume is practically a new book. Mrs. Hamilton, a Laborite and a Member of Parliament herself now, is naturally very favorable toward the Prime Minister. Her account, nevertheless, is not all praise. She admires his great courage and his amazing political sagacity, but she is not blind to his faults. Among the latter she lists the following: "his incapacity to communicate, his inaccessibility to colleagues, his imperfect power of delegation, his inaptitude for direct statement, his mysterious reserve." There is no index.

PETER THE GREAT.
By Georges Oudard. *Payson & Clarke*
$3.50 9⅛ x 6; 386 pp. *New York*

PETER THE GREAT.
By Stephen Graham. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 9⅛ x 6; 339 pp. *New York*

Both of these books leave something to be desired, but that by Mr. Graham is the better. It is more ably and soberly written, and shows a better acquaintance with the documents. The picture it presents of the seven-foot Russian giant of the Seventeenth Century, who was so cruel in his personal relations and yet did so much to Westernize his country, is an excellent one. But it would have been better if there were more in it about the political and cultural conditions of the Slavs of the time, and of their relations with the neighboring peoples. The Oudard book is a fictionized biography, and shows all the familiar defects of the species. In one place we note that Peter was at a certain time "in excellent humor," and in another that the eyes of two of his lady friends "were filled with intelligence." Mr. Graham's book has several illustrations and an index. M. Oudard's, which is translated by F. M. Atkinson, has a bibliography, but no index.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON: *American Scholar.*
By Joseph B. Harrison.
The University of Washington Chapbooks
65 cents 7¼ x 5⅛; 32 pp.; paper *Seattle, Wash.*

Mr. Parrington was born in Aurora, Ill., in 1871, was educated at Harvard and the College of Emporia, and from 1908 till his death last year was professor of English and American literature at the University of Washington. The present memorial essay is by a former student and admirer. Mr. Parrington apparently was a stimulating teacher and a man of much common sense. It must be added, however, that his writings, few as they were, were rather mediocre. His chapter on "The Puritan Divines" in the Cambridge History of American Literature is a dull piece of writing, and betrays very little insight into the subject. The same is true of the first two volumes of his "Main Currents in American Thought." They are full of errors of omission and of commission, and they do not show a thorough and fine understanding of all the problems involved. The second volume is especially defective in this regard. What the third volume will be—Mr. Parrington left it in fair MS. form—it is difficult to say, but if his essay on Sinclair Lewis, published in the same series as the present essay, and the chapter on "The Development of Realism" in Norman Foerster's "Reinterpretation of American Literature," are any indications, one can only look forward to it with some fears. For a frontispiece there is a photograph of Mr. Parrington.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
By Louise Schutz Boas. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 216 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Boas, who showed such amazing "interpretative" powers in her recent biography of Sir Walter Scott, here lavishes her incomparable gifts upon an "imaginative" study of the celebrated lady invalid of English literature. As before, she writes omnisciently. She knows that just before Browning came on the scene Miss Barrett had not given up all hope of love ever coming to her: "And yet somewhere romance might exist. Perhaps sometime even for her the fairy prince might come riding—but no; she was too weak, too insignificant; and then she would demand too much." Then, in God's good time, Robert wrote his famous first letter to her, and expressed a fervent desire to see her. She was, of course, interested, but she

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was also troubled by doubts: "She had thought him different from other people; and here he was after all of common clay." At last the two met. Elizabeth was "embarrassed . . . and deeply touched." Things began to move swiftly. "However refined," says Mrs. Boas wisely, "love cannot escape its simplest manifestations. . . . He would bring her flowers which she would forget until he was gone when she would herself rise to put them in water; and they would have the grace to survive even when he, all unheeding, had sat upon them upward of two hours! It was a good omen that his flowers lived with her in her room where other flowers had always died." Before long things became more interesting. "Browning was no ascetic lover. . . . If Elizabeth had any doubts as to the nature of affection his behavior soon dispelled them. . . . Gradually little loving words would escape him, which she tried to disregard until for all her watchfulness she found herself using them too. She knew she ought to say him nay; she tried and failed. . . . When he first kissed her hand it was doubtful which of the two was more embarrassed. They were both novices in the art of loving; they had to learn step by step this path of love; they sipped their heady wine, savoring each drop." Mrs. Boas should be able to do a very interesting biography of Eve.

VICTOR HUGO.
By Raymond Escholier. *Payson & Clarke*
$5 9¼ x 6; 315 pp. *New York*

In form this is a novelized biography, but it is far different from the usual rubbish of the sort. There is not the slightest trace of the baleful Ludwig influence in it. It sticks close to the facts, and shuns all sighing and prying into inner feelings and thoughts. M. Escholier's guiding idea throughout is that "the existence of the only great man France can set beside Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, is itself the most fabulous of novels." He is the custodian of the Victor Hugo Museum, and has incorporated into his book a great deal of hitherto unpublished material. The translation is by Lewis Galantière.

BORN TO BE.
By Taylor Gordon. *Covici-Friede*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅝; 236 pp. *New York*

Mr. Gordon, one of America's most celebrated Negro spiritual singers, started in life as a page in a "resort" in White Springs, Mont., of which town he says, "If God ever did spend any time here on earth, that must have been His hang-out, for every little thing that's natural and beautiful to live with is around White Springs." Then he was a Pullman porter, a chauffeur to John Ringling the circus man, a doorman and usher at movie palaces, a choir boy, an

Continued on page xxii

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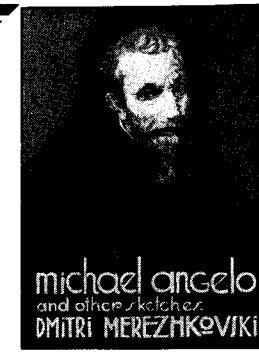

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elevator man in John Wanamaker's New York store, and a banjo player for a vaudeville circuit. Here he tells in his own strange but extremely effective way what he observed of life in all these occupations. He is plainly a man of great insight into human character, and his story is one of the most interesting ever put between book covers. There is a foreword by Carl Van Vechten, and an introduction by Muriel Draper. The ten illustrations by Covarrubias are superb.

SIR FRANCIS BACON: *The First Modern Mind.*
By Byron Steel. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 208 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This is little better than a high-school essay. It betrays no original research whatever, or even acquaintance with all the works by and about Bacon. The writing throughout, to be sure, is simple and clear, but it is also empty. Bacon was a master of English prose, and by his "Novum Organum," "The Advancement of Learning," and the "Natural History" earned a place with the greatest philosophers of all time, but no one reading this book would know it. Mr. Steel does mention these books, but he says almost nothing about their content, and nothing whatever about their tremendous importance in the history of scientific methodology. There is a bibliography, but it is so brief and uncritical as to be worthless. There is no index.

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS.
By Edwin Arlington Robinson. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8 x 5¼; 1018 pp. *New York*

This volume contains all the poems in the previous editions of Mr. Robinson's works, from "The Children of the Night" (1890–97) through "Cavender's House" (1929), his latest poem. A highly distinguished collection; many of the longer poems have already attained a classical dignity. The printing and binding are very well done. There is a reproduction of the Lilla Cabot Perry painting of Mr. Robinson. Indices of titles and of first lines are appended.

FIREHEAD.
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This is a narrative poem of the Crucifixion as seen through the eyes of John and Judas, of the two Marys, of Peter, of a merchant of Babylon, of a tortured bondman, and of Thaddeus the unborn. It opens with Jesus on the cross:

His spindling body, like a vine,
Was stretched as still 'twixt earth and sky
As anything alive might lie
Between two lion's paws——

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and closes with the Resurrection, and a ringing pæan of joy: "He hath not perished, He doth live!" Miss Ridge does not present a fresh interpretation of the characters of the drama, nor does she offer a disparate philosophy, but she has nevertheless achieved, in a variety of meters, a work of singular beauty and strength. Her characterization of Judas as a frustrated crazed wretch, however conventional, is one of the most awesome passages in modern poetry.

GABRIEL.
By Alexander Pushkin. *Covici-Friede*
$10 8¾ x 5⅝; 33 pp. *New York*

A charming edition of Pushkin's gorgeous poem about the human adventures of the Angel Gabriel, in an interesting translation by Max Eastman. "My rhythm is the same as Pushkin's," says Mr. Eastman in his introduction, "and in the matter of rhyme I obeyed what seems to me a valid rule for translators of long rhymed poems. I strove to find a rhyme in English only where rhyme was an integral part of the wit of the original. . . . Pushkin's own rhyming in this poem is irregular, and so even here my translation is not unfaithful to an essential form. My one extreme freedom was to omit a twenty line . . . dedication to a young Hebrew girl of the poet's acquaintance—or imagination. My reason is that . . . I found the lines clumsy and irrelevant." Rockwell Kent has made the illustrations. The edition is limited to 750 copies on Arnold unbleached cream wove (English hand-made paper) from the text set by hand in Deepdene type designed by Frederic W. Goudy. The typography is by S. A. Jacobs, under whose care the whole was bound in Pergamus sheepskin parchment at the American Book Bindery.

POEMS.
By John Masefield. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8 x 5¼; 438 pp. *New York*

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DEAR JUDAS.
By Robinson Jeffers. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 129 pp. *New York*

In the opening title poem, a "species of passion-play," Mr. Jeffers represents Judas as loving Jesus; his

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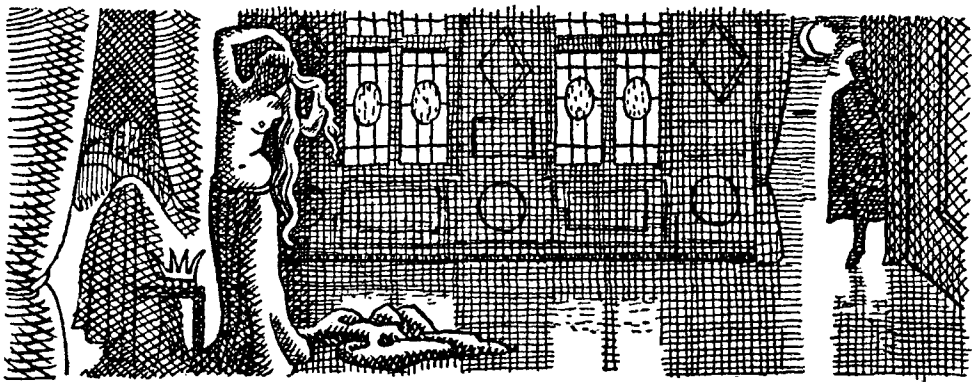

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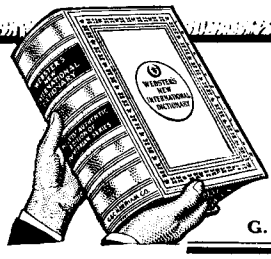

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act of betrayal, he says, was really an act of pity; he revealed Him to His enemies in order that He might be insured the martyrdom and deification He craved. The narrative contains some fine passages, but it is less dramatic than "The Loving Shepherdess," the second long poem in the book. Clare Walker's lover kills her father and deserts her; her father's house is burned, and his flocks scattered until only a dozen sheep remain. Clare is with child and the physicians say she will die at the birth. But she is determined to care for the sheep that need her until her death. She wanders ever to the northward, with her pitiful, diminishing flock, loving all things and giving herself in love, until, one day, "she creeps down to the river and hides her body in a willow thicket. In the evening, between the rapid summits of agony before exhaustion, she calls the sheep about her and perceives that none comes." The volume concludes with half a dozen lyrical pieces of secondary interest.

PHILOSOPHY

THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY.
By John Dewey. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$4 9 x 6; 313 pp. *New York*

The substance of this book was first delivered by Dr. Dewey for the Gifford Lectures of 1929 at the University of Edinburgh. In it is to be found the latest statement of his epistemological and metaphysical positions. His attitude toward both problems is the same, in the main, as it has been in the last forty years. Ignoring big slices of philosophical history, he says that "the common essence of all" past epistemologies "is that what is known is antecedent to the mental act of observation and inquiry, and is totally unaffected by these acts. . . . They all flow . . . from the separation (set up in the interest of the quest for absolute certainty) between theory and practice, knowledge and actions." These traditional assumptions, he continues, "have been abandoned in concrete scientific procedure. . . . Standards and tests of validity are found in the consequences of overt activity, not in what is fixed prior to it and independently of it." As for the place of ideas in life, they "are designations of operations to be performed or already performed. Consequently, their value is determined by the outcome of these operations. They are sound if the operations they direct give us the results which are required. . . . Ideas are statements not of what is or has been, but of acts to be performed. . . . Ideas are worthless except as they pass into actions which rearrange and reconstruct in some way, be it little or large, the world in which we live." The criticisms to be made of these notions, one thinks, are obvious enough.

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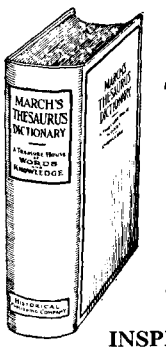

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Continued from page xxvi

To say, as Dr. Dewey does, that science has abandoned the concept of an independently existing reality, is to betray a superficial acquaintance with its metaphysical assumptions. Kant has proven for all time that all knowledge of objects, in the very act of knowing, posits a *noumenon*. Science, especially in its modern complicated form, would be completely helpless without such an assumption. The only possible way in which the Kantian logic could be attacked would be to prove the uselessness, from the point of view of scientific methodology, of the concept of the *Ding an sich*. Dr. Dewey has not done so, and neither has anybody else. Until it is so proven, it must be considered real and sound on Dewey's own premisses. There is an index.

MIND & THE WORLD ORDER. *Outline of a Theory of Knowledge.*
By Clarence I. Lewis. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8½ x 5½; 446 pp. *New York*

This book presupposes a rather intimate acquaintance with philosophical literature, and would be pretty heavy reading for the layman. But the initiate will find a lot of interesting ideas in it couched in graceful language. Dr. Lewis labels his own epistemological theory "conceptualistic pragmatism," and acknowledges his indebtedness for it to Peirce, James and Dewey. He is associate professor of philosophy at Harvard, and one of the leading authorities on mathematical logic in America.

TEXT-BOOKS

LABOR PROBLEMS.
By Gordon S. Watkins. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5⅛; 726 pp. *New York*

This excellent sociological text-book was first printed in 1922, but the present eighth printing of it has been so thoroughly revised that it is practically a new book. Dr. Watkins, who is professor of economics at the University of California, considers all of the historical, political, psychological and economic problems of labor, and his own comments on them are always fair. His discussion of Socialism, Communism and other such proposed remedies is full of sound information and sensible ideas. He plainly leans toward the liberal point of view of the labor question, but he keeps his head and sticks close to the facts. There is a tremendous amount of statistical data. The bibliographies that appear at the end of each chapter are well chosen, and the index is admirably complete. All in all, this book is probably the best one-volume sociological text in print. It belongs to the excellent Crowell Social Science Series, edited by Professor Seba Eldridge of the University of Kansas.

Continued on page xxx

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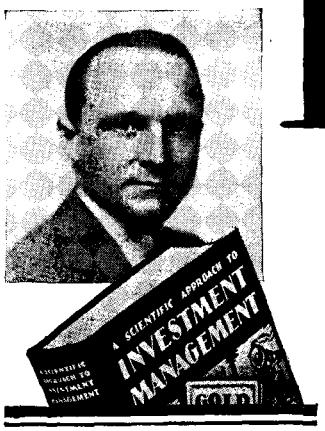

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AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT & ADMINISTRATION.
By Austin F. Macdonald. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3.75 8⅛ x 5½; 762 pp. *New York*

Dr. Macdonald, who is assistant professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania, has here written an excellent text-book on municipal government. After a rapid but inclusive survey of the history and growth of American city government, he considers in detail city-State relations, commission government, the city manager plan, municipal courts, the merit system, municipal zoning, police and fire systems, street lighting, traffic regulations, education and recreation, health and housing, utility regulation, and the pros and cons of municipal ownership.

TYPES OF PHILOSOPHY.
By William Ernest Hocking. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 462 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hocking is Alford professor of philosophy at Harvard, and one of the most prominent metaphysicians in the United States. He has charge of several freshman classes in philosophy in the university, and this book is apparently intended as a guide for them. It is a good book. It attacks the subject more from the point of view of its problems, than from its historical development.

REPRINTS

THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER.
By Baldesar Castiglione. *Horace Liveright*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 456 pp. *New York*

This reprint of the well-known classic of Renaissance court life follows the translation of Count Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. There are about 125 pages of notes by the editor that are a great help to the reader. This edition belongs to the Black and Gold Library.

THE PERSIAN LETTERS OF MONTESQUIEU.
The Dial Press
$4 9½ x 6¼; 328 pp. *New York*

These letters were first published in 1721, when Montesquieu, author of the celebrated "Spirit of Laws," was only thirty-two. They are ostensibly written by two Persian gentlemen, who are traveling through Europe, viewing the mode of life of the Occidentals. They are full of shrewd comment on the political, social and religious manners of the time. A French critic has called the book "a masterpiece which serves as a prelude to the whole French literature of the Eighteenth Century." The present edition follows the translation of John Davidson. It belongs to the Library of Living Classics, edited by Manuel Komroff.

Continued in back advertising section, page xlvi

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VOLUME XIX NUMBER 75

The American MERCURY

March 1930

THE ARCHANGEL ADVENTURE

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

THE Archangel adventure began in July, 1918, and ended last Autumn, when seventy-five flag-draped coffins, each containing more or less of an American soldier, were swung from a steamer hold to a pier at Hoboken. It cost hundreds of lives, millions of dollars, and an immense amount of suffering, and its military results were precisely nothing. Who was responsible for it I don't know—probably some fool in the uniform of the British General Staff. While it went on many a hollow chuckle must have issued from a certain marble tomb under the dome of the Invalides at Paris.

Things were going badly with the Allies in the early Summer of 1918. The Russians had collapsed, the Romanoffs had been murdered, and the Germans were preparing a mighty offensive in the West. Thus all sorts of desperate efforts were being made to remedy the mess in the East, and especially to prevent the Bolsheviki giving any aid, direct or indirect, to the enemy. To that end the Czecho-Slovakian Republic was hastily recognized, the Czechs and White Russians under Kolchak, then at Ekaterinburg, were urged to lay on, and a dozen other White armies, from the Caucasus to Vladivostok, were supplied with arms and supplies, and set in motion. And then the unknown genius launched his plan to send a force of 10,000 men from Archangel on the White Sea to the Trans-Siberian Railway—a thousand miles through the heart of a hostile country!

At Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean, perhaps 500 miles by sea from Archangel, there was already a British force under Major-General F. C. Poole, and in June it had pushed down by land as far as the Finnish border. Now plans were made to move it to Archangel, and make it the nucleus of the expedition. The United States was invited to participate and promptly accepted, but General Poole remained in command. On August 3, with the U. S. S. *Olympia* helping to cover his landing and American blue-jackets taking part in it, he occupied Archangel with 1,500 men. Simultaneously the Allied High Command announced that the objects of the expedition would be as follows:

1. To protect material lying in Russian ports and originally destined for the Czar's troops.
2. To prevent Germany from establishing submarine bases at Murmansk.
3. To keep possession of these ports for further offensives in Russia.

On August 18 Washington announced formally that American troops would take part, and that their objectives would be to guard any military stores which might subsequently be needed by loyal Russians, and to render such other aid as might be

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acceptable to them in their own defense. This was amplified the next day by a pronunciamento that our troops would establish contact with the Czechs, at Ekaterinburg and with them get control of the Archangel-Vologda-Ekaterinburg Railway and the river and railway line between Archangel and Yvatka.

All very nice! But—and it is a large but—before any Allied troops had reached either Murmansk or Archangel the Bolsheviki had looted the storehouses of the mountains of supplies accumulated there. At Murmansk they had been in control until the British landing parties drove them out, and at Archangel they had held on until Poole's arrival. So before the Washington objectives had ever been published, reasons for the first two of them had ceased to exist.

Indeed, in so far as the Allies in general were concerned, *all* the objectives of the original announcement had been obtained. There was no more material to be protected, the occupation of Murmansk and Archangel prevented the establishment of German submarine bases, and sufficient troops were on the spot to ensure the holding of both ports.

Why, then, did the United States send troops to North Russia? Was it to carry out the only remaining announced objective—a junction with the Czechs? In that case one regiment of infantry, one battalion of engineers and a handful of auxiliary troops would hardly have been sufficient. The only tenable theory is that the whole thing was no more than a polite gesture—a gesture to uphold Great Britain's hands. A gesture made blindly, with the familiar American sentimentality and without the slightest investigation whatever of the moronic idea—or lack of idea—which lay behind it.

One must turn to the map to realize what the tactical problem really meant. From Archangel, it will be observed, a single-track railway runs due south to Vologda, connecting with the Petrograd-Vologda-Yvatka-Perm-Ekaterinburg-Omsk section of the Trans-Siberian. Also at Archangel is the mouth of the broad Dvina river, up which one may travel—from June to December only—five hundred miles to Kotlas, the terminus of another railway running to Yvatka, two hundred miles further south.

One has, then, a right triangle, with its apex at Archangel, its 700-mile hypothenuse the Dvina river-Kotlas-Yvatka line, its 400-mile side the Vologda Railway, and its 400-mile base the Petrograd-Ekaterinburg line. The Czechs were at the last-named town, almost 500 miles east of Yvatka. Assuming that they could drive the Bolsheviki west to Yvatka, there were alternative routes for a force coming down from Archangel to meet them—either the combination river and railway line, the 700-mile hypothenuse, or the all-rail route along the two sides, an 800-mile drive.

If these alternative lines had been open throughout the year and lay in friendly territory, neither would have presented any very serious problem in logistics. But the river—in August—would be open for only three months more, and after that, for six months of appalling Winter, communication along that route would have to be by sleigh or pack-train, over mere apologies for roads. And the base, Archangel, would also be closed tight by the ice during the same period.

As to the country itself, there could have been no doubt about conditions in it. All that terrain is a dreary, watery wasteland, sparsely scattered with scrub pine—marshy tundra in Summer, and a wind-swept hell in Winter. Habitations are few, roads practically *nil*. A scanty population ekes out a starvation existence. It is a country in which it would be absolutely impossible to feed an army cut off from its base. But once an army had got astride of the Trans-Siberian, it would be in better terrain.

Add to all this that the Bolsheviki were hostile and gathering to repel the invader, and one may realize that General Poole had something of a nut to crack.

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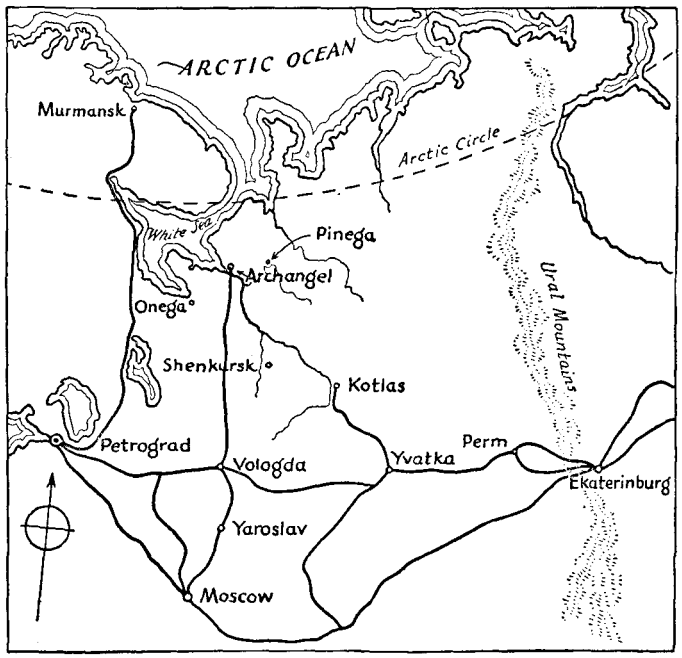

Sketch Map of Northern Russia

On September 4, 1918, America's gesture arrived off Archangel on board the British transports *Somali*, *Tydeus* and *Nagoya*. It consisted of the 339th Infantry, one battalion of the 310th Engineers, the 337th Ambulance Company and the 337th Field Hospital of the 310th Sanitary Train, all units of the 85th Division—approximately 4,000 officers and men, commanded by Colonel George E. Stewart of the Regular Army. Later, when bullets and disease began to take their toll, there were to be added 500 replacements from the same division. The 85th was a draft division of husky boys from Wisconsin and Michigan—grandsons, many of them, of the men who won fame for the Iron Brigade in the Civil War.

They came from Aldershot, where they had run afoul of British rations and British customs, such, for instance, as two meals a day and a bellyful of tea—for young men with Middle Western appetites! At Aldershot they had had their American rifles taken away and replaced by Russian rifles, scaled in places and not too accurate. There also they had been issued Lewis and Vickers machine-guns chambered for Russian ammunition.

There was, although these young men did not know it, a reason sound in theory why they should receive this Russian material. The question of supply would be made easier, for there were the mountains of munitions theoretically waiting in North Russian storehouses. Someone had given thought to all that. But he had not, unfortunately, taken into account the possibility of the Bolsheviki seizing this ammunition—which, in fact, they had done. Nor had he given any thought to the fact that the Vickers machine-guns were water-cooled and would be useless in zero weather. The unfortunate Yankee gunners, however, were to give some hard consideration to this as their work unfolded. Later, Colt guns were substituted for the Vickers—too late, alas, for some of the gunners.

All these men were equipped with the British Winter kit—the so-called Shackleton kit. Their rations were also based on the recommendations of that famous British explorer. These rations, far inferior to our own Alaska ration, had no fresh vegetable component; instead there was 1/100 of a gallon of lime-juice a man a day. Neither did they have a coffee component. Tea took its place.

Who were to be their comrades? Poole had a mixed force of British infantry—detachments of famous regiments: the Royal Scots, the King's Liverpools, the 6th Yorkshires (Green Howards), and the Durham

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Light Infantry—to the approximate numbers of one American war-strength infantry regiment. But—who was responsible for this?—many of these men were in Class B-2, and unfit by reason of wounds or disease for fighting on the Western front. Unfit for the Western front—so they sent them to the Arctic Circle! Poole also had a battalion of the French 21st Colonial Infantry—men trained for service in the tropics. And they sent them to the Arctic Circle too!

But he also had the 16th Brigade of Canadian Field Artillery—two batteries, the 67th and 68th—hard-fisted fighting *éclaireurs de bois*, veterans of months of war on the Western front, brought up to the rigors of the North. He had something in that outfit, as it was to prove again and again. In addition he had two sections (two guns) of French field artillery, two sections of French machine-gunners, an armored train carrying one 77mm. and one 155mm. gun, and, on the rivers, gunboats and transports. All in all, he had in regular troops 11,500 men, of whom the available fighting force could not have been more than 10,000. He also had a very mixed force of irregulars—White Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Czechs, Esthonians and Chinese, some 4,000 in all, and totally unreliable.

III

Thus the stage was set. The Yanks were debarking. What had Poole done? Surely he must have made some estimate of the situation—his mission, his available troops, those of the enemy, the terrain, the climate, the logistics. He had been there, by now, for a month. He had already sent out one detachment—his B Force, a mixed army and blue-jacket aggregation under one Colonel Hazelton—an outfit which wandered aimlessly about in the marshes, was ambushed, spanked and driven in with considerable loss. Some of our *Olympia* sailors were with it. Poole must have had some sort of staff, some sort of intelligence section whose duty it was to advise him on the enemy's strength. He must have had sufficient evidence to convince him that he had before him an enemy ready and willing to fight, and perfectly able to take care of himself on his own terrain.

If he was to attempt to carry out his mission, for which he had a force entirely inadequate, a bold dash in full strength along either of the two lines to the Trans-Siberian Railway was plainly indicated. He had two months of open weather for it, and ahead lay the possibility that, once astride the objective line, he could live off the country. It was a one to one hundred shot—but fortune favors the brave. If, on the other hand, he was going to content himself with the defensive, he should have taken up positions with his force so consolidated that the enemy would be forced to come to him over the inhospitable terrain, while he himself held the advantage of interior lines.

Such were the alternatives—a bold, decisive dash with all his forces, or a deliberate occupation of defensive lines. Then why in the names of all the gods of war did he start off by dividing his force? Was it to be an offensive? If so, then he was violating all the basic principles of tactics. Was it a defense? Then he was deliberately begging the enemy to destroy him in detail.

Why did Poole do as he did? Who advised him? From the British War Office comes silence. Silent, too, are the American dead whom he frittered away.

The dream of Stewart and his men as they debarked that September morning—the dream of fighting as an American unit—soon went glimmering. The infantry was split, the engineers were split, the medicos were split; the British held the reins. Stewart, with most of his 2nd Battalion and his Headquarters and Supply Companies, was destined to stay at Archangel—a sort of fifth wheel to the wagon; the others, three-quarters of the force, went under British command to the Onega river, to the Vologda Railway, to Kodish, to the Vaga, to the Dvina and—later, this—to Pinega.

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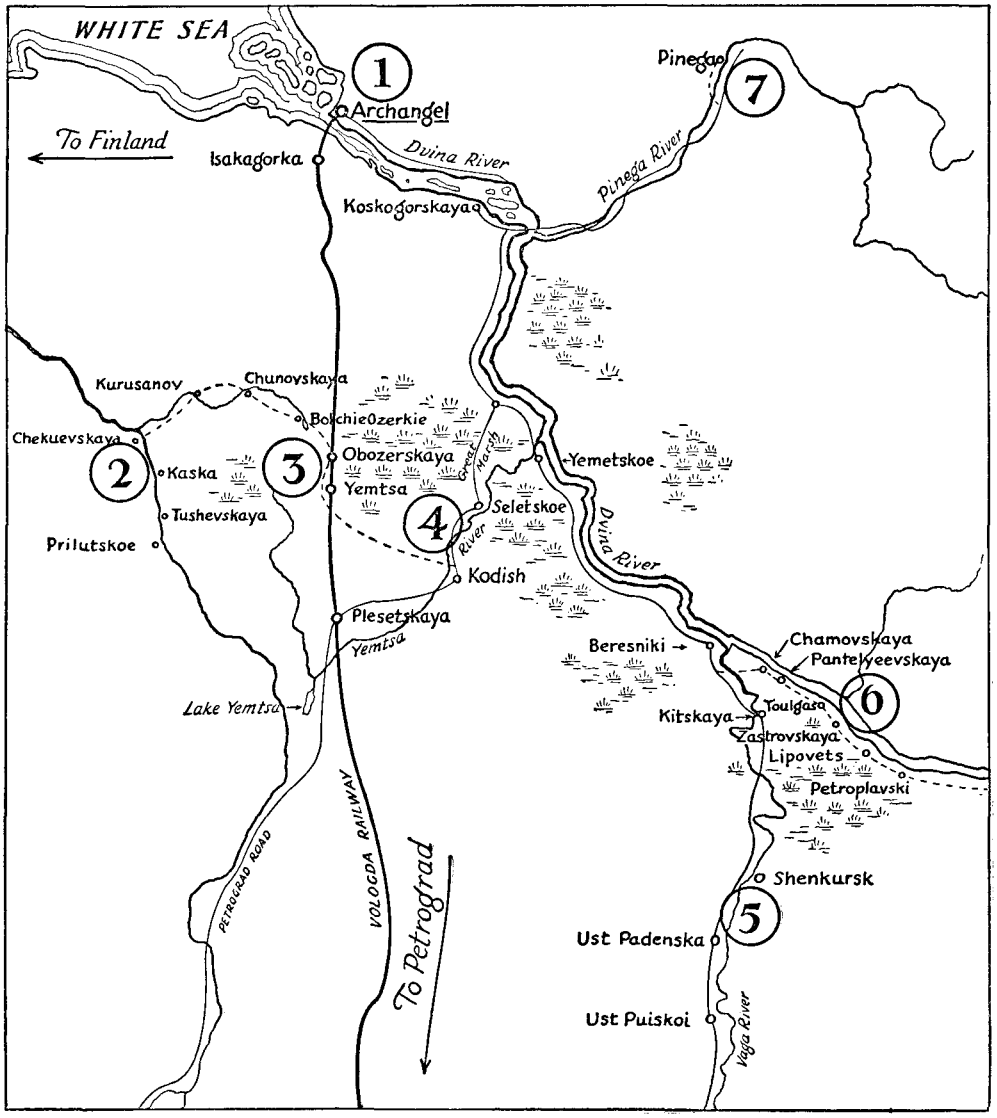

The Archangel Campaign, 1918-1919

From now on the story of the A. E. F. in North Russia becomes a saga of the tundra. Poole sent six futile, fumbling fingers poking fanlike into the maw of the Bear; at the tip of each was a group of Americans. Follow which finger you will—it leads to misery, to heroism, and to death.

It is hard to make head or tail of the first two months of inane muddling. Move and fight—move by boat, move by marching; fight and move again; forward, backward; up river, down river. One might almost think that the British brass-hats in Archangel occupied their time throwing pins at the map—eenie, meenie, miney, mo: watch the poor damned Yankees go!

On the Onega river H Company plunged into a fight at a place called Kaska (marked ② on the larger map), attacking in con-

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junction with a detachment of loyal Cossacks and Russian volunteers. Cossacks and Russians melted away at the first Bolshevik volley—the first in flight, the second in desertion to the enemy. The commander, Captain Barton of the Royal Marines, had with him two squads of ours, and this little group cut its way back to the rest of H Company under overwhelming odds. The whole party retired. Fiasco No. 1.

Up on the railway line I and M Companies, with machine-gun and trench-mortar detachments, tried to carry out, in company with the French, a British-planned attack against the Bolshevik defenses south of Obozerskaya (marked ③ on the map). A marvelous plan in minor tactics, with a holding force and a maneuvering mass. But the master mind who evolved it failed to take his spurs off the desk long enough to find out that between his maneuvering mass and the enemy lay an impassable swamp—the Velekoe Boloto. So M Company and half of I, sunk to their waists in the soggy tundra, lay racked by Red machine-gun fire while the unfortunate trench-mortar detachment, abandoning its guns—it had no infantry support—cut its way through to the French lines. Fiasco No. 2.

Over to the east Major "Fighting Mike" Donaghue's two companies, K and L, after a march of 200 miles from the Onega river straight across the entire front almost to the Dvina—a march during which they had some stiff skirmishing, by the way—were ordered to attack Kodish (marked ④ on the map). Someone—who was it?—led them into overwhelming artillery fire at the Yemtsa river bridge, and they were checked. Fiasco No. 3. Later, "Fighting Mike's" merry men, 240 strong, stormed Kodish, driving out 2,700 of the enemy; took it and held it for a month.

On the Dvina and Vaga rivers the entire 1st Battalion, with detachments of the Royal Scots and some White Russians, went at it hammer and tongs, fighting from village to village, playing tag from river to river, while Bolshevik gunboats sprayed them with high explosives. Here, too, the Russians of the Slavo-British Legion—the White Russians—melted away in flight and desertion.

What was the condition of our men after two months of this aimless ring-around-a-rosy? On the Dvina front, on October 21, according to the report of Captain J. C. Hall, of the Medical Reserve Corps, our soldiers had had no socks for weeks, their shoes were gone, and they were smoking tea leaves, straw, hay, bread crumbs and moss. Pyorrhœa and scurvy were raging. There were little or no medical supplies. The British medical officers either did not have supplies or would not issue them. Hall leaves us in doubt. He says only that they were "hard to work with." He adds that Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Corbly, nominally commanding the 1st Battalion, could do nothing to remedy matters, for his men were scattered under British command all over the lot. "There ought to be an efficient hell-raiser from one end of the front to the base, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel," comments Hall.

Sergeant Kolbe, of the Machine-Gun Company, wounded in the jaw when his Vickers gun blew up during the fight on the railway on September 28–29, was evacuated to the British hospital at Bakharitza with other American wounded. "Nothing was done except take our names, etc.," reports Kolbe under date of October 9. "They gave us a little beef broth and broke their necks to get us out of there, so they wouldn't have to feed us any dinner!"

Major C. G. Young, the senior American officer present at this same fight—the fiasco of the forgotten swamp—comments that the officer commanding the A Force lacked initiative, that his adjutant gave inaccurate data, and that reconnaissance was poor. He also notes that the Russian rifles of his men were unsatisfactory, jamming frequently and firing high and inaccurately.

Still on the railway, M Company had its first day's rest on October 6. It had arrived at the front on September 10. As

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for I Company, its men were falling asleep in water up to their waists, under machine-gun and shrapnel fire, such was their exhaustion.

The men of K Company floundered about on the Kodish front for a month or more without a change of shoes or underwear, having been sent up without their barracks bags. Whose the fault was I do not know.

A platoon of D Company, under Lieutenant Wallace, pushed out in that same sector under a White Russian commander to a small place called Tarasavo, and went without a change of clothing for ten weeks. When they got back they were wearing cast-off British and Bolshevik overcoats. This from the report of Major J. Brooks Nichols. Something was wrong, radically wrong, with the service of supply all along the line.

And now, with the beginning of November, snow was falling, and the mercury plunged down to 45 and 50 degrees below zero. Ice was gathering in the rivers. Nature was putting its own check on the British staff's parcheesi game; Poole's futile, scattered offensives were stopping. On all fronts the 310th Engineers were working like madmen, putting up log block-houses and stringing barbed wire. There would be no further real southward move.

On the Dvina the Allied force had advanced 180 miles to meet B Company at Toulgas, 160 miles as the crow flies from Archangel. On the Vaga were A and C Companies, at Ust Padenska (marked ⑤ on the map), 190 miles from Archangel. On the Yemtsa, K and L Companies were clinging to Kodish, 125 miles south of the base. On the railway—the line which should have been most easy to operate—the fighting had not netted a mile; the lines were still a few miles south of Obozerskaya (marked ③ on the map), about 100 miles from Archangel. On the Onega, H Company was working its way slowly towards Prilutskoe (marked ②), 110 miles south, with patrols keeping open the trail through Bolchie Ozerkie between the Onega and the Vologda Railway line. Influenza was taking its toll on all fronts.

Up in Archangel Poole was relieved early in October. In place of him came a striking personality—Major-General Sir William Edmund Ironside, six foot four of fighting soldier man, of whom I believe it may be said that he tried honestly to repair the situation he found. Ironside had no problem of attack; it was now purely a matter of defense. The Bear Who Walks Like a Man was on his hind legs; where would his first slashing blows fall? That was Ironside's problem. Red intrigue, Red propaganda, kept Archangel boiling. Leon Trotsky, it was known, had come to North Russia in person to lead his VIth Army—34,700 men, 378 machine-guns and 94 guns—with the slogan "Drive the invader into the sea!" There had been strikes and uprisings. There were to be more.

November 11, 1918: Armistice Day. On the Western front the roar of battle died. On the Dvina, at Toulgas (marked ⑥ on the map), B Company of the 339th, with one company of Royal Scots and one section of Canadian Field Artillery, came pouring from their scanty shelter as a torrent of fire—small arms, machine-guns, high explosives—cracked down on them. On the river enemy gunboats, spouting fire, were creeping through the ice. On the land hordes of gray-coated Bolsheviki were breaking from the woods from three directions, charging for the squalid settlements.

That was fighting! Yanks and Scots, side by side, held their posts. The Canadian gunners, their one gun firing shrapnel, sprayed the charging enemy with muzzle bursts. The Russian "Hourra! Hourra!" reverberated through the village. Up to the very cannon's mouth the gray tide swept—and broke. The defenders breathed a moment's respite; then another attack. And again. With nightfall the Allies were still holding on. With the dawn another attack. For four days the storm beat vainly

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about Toulgas, each rush a bit weaker. Then B Company, leaving the Royal Scots to hold the lines, went out into the snow and drove the Reds from their own positions.

There was an incident in that nightmare fight which deserves relation. In the first rush some of the enemy, led by a black-bearded giant named Melochofski, got inside our lines. Melochofski stormed into the dressing-station, shouting that he would kill the wounded. But a quick-witted British hospital steward shoved two jugs of rum before him and the giant stopped to quaff. With him was a slim, boyish companion, who pleaded with him to spare the wounded, and then led him, when his thirst was quenched, back into the fighting.

Melochofski fell, mortally wounded. His slim companion dragged him back to the same dressing-station, tending him until he died. Then *she* turned to and nursed our own wounded. Lady Olga, they called her; good looking and refined they say she was; a member of the Battalion of Death. What became of the Lady Olga?

For a month, then, quiet in Toulgas, if horrid monotony—no diversion, no relaxation—can be termed quiet. Men huddled in their hovels through the long Winter nights, their only light made by rags floating on bacon grease in bully-beef cans. They froze on lonely vigils. Timber wolves nosed the barbed wire. Patrols were sniped at in the woods. In January came another attack, another repulse. In February the 82nd Tarasovo Regiment, clad in white smocks to render them invisible against the snow, were discovered as they sneaked through the barbed wire and were caught between two fires. The survivors, according to deserters, refused once and for all to face again the American "fiends," threatening to shoot their commissars.

Again monotony. The war was over. Men began to wonder—to complain. They threatened to go on strike. Remember, they were not professional soldiers. They had been drafted to fight Germany. Instead, they had fought here in the Arctic and now that the war was over they wanted to know why. When the answer was unsatisfactory they thought they could do what they would have done in civil life—lay down their tools and walk out on an unsatisfactory job. But when they were told that this was mutiny they quietly took up arms again and carried on—carried on until the ice went out and the thaws came and the Bolsheviki could no longer use the roads. Then the boats came up and took B Company back to Archangel.

IV

On the Vaga the deluge fell a little later—about the first of the year. At Ust Padenska (marked ⑤ on the map) was half of C Company, one platoon on a hillock in front, the other in the village. There were forty-seven men on this hillock. The Bolshevik wave washed over them and only six got back. A relief party went out on the slope and the invaders held their fire while fifteen of our wounded were picked up and brought in. Note this, for I will have something to say about alleged Red cruelty later. The rescue accomplished, the attack was resumed, raging for four days. Then, while incendiary shell set the wooden huts blazing, the defenders evacuated, falling back along the river trail to Shenkursk.

Here was A Company, with some White Russians, another section of those hard-bitten Canuck gunners, four 2.9 in. mountain-guns and three trench-mortars. The survivors of Ust Padenska joined them. The Bolsheviki surrounded the village, thousands strong, with one 9 in., two 6 in., four 4.7 in. guns and a battery of light field pieces—77's. This artillery soon made the place untenable.

At midnight on January 25, while the Red fire roared about them, the garrison slipped out by a secret path. On a flanking path the White Russians had been moved to cover the retreat. They were to hold on

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until our rearguard could deploy outside the village, and then drop back under cover. Instead, after a few moments, several came running back to announce that the rest of the detachment had deserted—some to the Reds, some just running away.

The Bolsheviki, warned by the deserters, swarmed over the trail. It was fight and fall back, turn and fight again, night and day, yard by yard, along all that *via dolorosa*, from village to village, for thirty miles. Sniped at from the flanks, rushed from the rear, starved, frozen, short of ammunition, the Americans doggedly kept their faces to the foe until they arrived at Kitskaya, the base for the Vaga front, where the garrison, the other half of C Company, took up the battle until the gaunt, exhausted force could get a breathing spell.

Kitskaya was defendable. There was food of sorts; there was ammunition. A and C Companies settled down. They were there when Spring came and the Russians withdrew their artillery lest it be bogged down in the thaws. They stayed until relieved in June with the rest of the 1st Battalion.

Trotsky's attack struck K and L Companies at Kodish (near ④ on the map) on November 8. Driven out, they retired to Seletskoe and dug in for the Winter. At the bridge over the Yemtsa, where their outposts stood, Red speechmakers came nightly and orated in English on the wonders of Bolshevism. "Fighting Mike's" men listened and cheered, punctuating their remarks when the talk became boresome by taking pot shots at the unseen speakers. An amusing diversion—the only one they had.

On the Onega front we left H Company, with Polish and British detachments creeping south up the river. They reached Prilutskoe (near ② on the map) on December 31. Everything seemed rosy. They celebrated New Year's day by consolidating their position, only to receive at 5 P.M. an order to evacuate in two hours. Why? God knows! At any rate they obeyed orders. Leaving behind them all their impedimenta, the little detachment moved backward, harried by an ever-increasing enemy, until they reached Kaska, where they dug in.

The Bolshevik VIth Army, flitting by the railway line, which was apparently thought to be too strong to be rushed, had turned its attention to cutting communications between the Onega river detachment and Obozerskaya on the railway (marked ③ on the map). This communication was a trail running from the Onega river eastward to the Dvina. The enemy plan was doubtless to box the Vologda railway force by nipping around to the east, and then take in detail the Kodish and Dvina communications.

Freezing temperatures had hardened the marshy terrain between the Onega and the railway. With Plesetskaya on the rail line as their base, the Bolshevik troops moved in a general north-north-westerly direction towards Bolchie Ozerkie, squatting on the trail. They took their time.

On March 16 the usual Allied patrol left Chekuevskaya for Bolchie Ozerkie. It never came back. The next day Red troops had passed the trail west of the latter village and cut the line. The ill-fated patrol must have run into overwhelming numbers. When it did not return a detachment of thirty men of H Company, with one Lewis gun, carrying four days' rations, moved out to the east, under Lieutenant Collins. The outfit travelled in ten sleighs. They reached the village of Usolia where they found the officer commanding the Vologda force—one Colonel Lucas. Why he was there, unless he had been on a tour of inspection and had been cut off from Obozerskaya in the Bolshevik advance, I do not know.

At any rate Colonel Lucas ordered Collins to escort him back to his headquarters at Obozerskaya on the railroad. They got to within a half mile of Bolchie Ozerkie when they fell into an ambush. Heavy enemy machine-gun fire opened on them, the horses bolted, the sleighs were upset, and the detachment only escaped anni-

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hilation by creeping away in the snow, the enemy fortunately firing too high. Colonel Lucas lost his dignity and froze his hand. Falling back to a small place called Chinova, Collins and his men waited there, while Colonel Lucas hurried on westward to Chekuevskaya.

A half-platoon of H Company was rushed to reinforce Collins, while Colonel Lucas thawed his hand. Three companies of the 6th Yorkshires—the Green Howards—hiking from the Murman peninsula to the Vologda Railway, came through Chekuevskaya over the trail. These Yorkshiremen, 600 strong, commanded by Major Mundy, marched to Chinova, and, combining with Collins, who now had seventy men, attacked in the direction of Bolchie Ozerkie, with Collins' men leading. He was mortally wounded and the attack was repelled.

Then the outfit was again reinforced, this time by the Poles and by most of H Company under Captain Richard W. Ballaesinger. Attacking on April 1, they could not get through. The Yorks blundered, the Poles—well, ask H Company about the Poles. An enemy counter-attack crashed through, but was held up handsomely by Lieutenant Philips' platoon of H and twelve men of B Company, the Yorks. The Polish detachment, which had Colt machine-guns, would not come into the line, according to Ballaesinger, but, unlimbering where they were, opened a long-range, useless fire over the heads of our men.

A roar of battle in the icy air; blood-stained snow; shouts; shrieks; bullets zipping through the trees. Someone raises a cry that the enemy has broken through in the rear. The Poles stampede, officers and men, in panic.

"I was forced to draw my revolver and threaten to shoot Polish officers," writes Captain Ballaesinger in his report.

There was a gradual rally of the main body while Philips and his handful of Yanks and Yorks held up the advancing foe. A sergeant and three men of the medical detachment sneaked out the wounded, under fire, to the sleighs. Then came a fighting retreat—back to the Onega line. There was no more communication with the railway from the west.

During all this, Bolchie Ozerkie (near ③ on the map) was holding out against a series of attacks. M Company was holding the village, with a detachment of the Yorks and two 3 in. guns manned by a White Russian detachment. March 24 saw the first appearance of the enemy in strength. On March 31 the assault began. It was Toulgas all over again. Three battalions of the 2nd Moscow Regiment led the Red attack on the right, cut through, and swung around to the rear. With the White Russian gunners' aid, M Company drove them back. Dotted about in little block-houses the Yanks held a dogged line. Repulsed that day, the Bolsheviki returned on April 1, while the fighting to the west was going on. With the 97th Saratov Regiment in front, and the Kazan Regiment in the rear, they foamed and raged about the block-houses. Post No. 1 was the honor point. There twenty men—M's fourth platoon and six Yorks—drove back attack after attack. In the height of the fighting, eight of the enemy deserted to our lines. Next day the Bolsheviki attacked again, this time with heavy artillery support. Again they were thrown back, the second platoon of M holding the honor point this day.

All through the Winter Archangel had been in a state of turmoil. December 11 saw the mutiny of the Slavo-British Legion—put down when all the available men of the Headquarters Company, 337th, with the band, the cooks and the sanitary troops, fell on them with machine-guns. The French, the British, our own men—all were dissatisfied, all felt that the war was over, all were eager to get out of that land of ice and death back to their homes. News from home began to sift in. Soldiers read distorted things about their own doings. I Company went on strike—it was the same sort of thing as B Company's

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affair at Toulgas. But as soon as I Company realized that its strike was mutiny, it too went back to work.

General Ironside had in some measure relieved conditions. The American ration had been improved. Coffee was added. Supplies were at hand. All well and good for those in the city, but the men out in the block-houses, cut off by miles of almost impassable roads, their needs attended to once in a while by pack-train and sleigh when the Bolsheviki had not cut communications—these men saw little improvement.

V

Spring was coming. With it came rumors of relief. The British and White Russians were taking over the lines, and our detachments were slowly sifting back. The end was near. But before coming to that another subject must be taken up. It has been said that the Bolsheviki treated the Allied wounded in a horrible manner. It has even been said that the French on the railway line killed their wounded to save them from capture and torture. The bodies of an American officer and an enlisted man, left wounded on the Vaga, were later picked up with the heads bashed in and the limbs severed by ax strokes. But that this was done before death cannot be proven.

At Ust Padenska I have told of the chivalric holding of enemy fire while C Company rescued its wounded. At Shenkursk the enemy is said to have given careful burial to the bodies of Lieutenant Powers of the Medical Corps and Corporal Lehman of A Company, killed in action in the retreat. Months after our withdrawal from Archangel men listed as missing were being passed out of Russia into Finland by the Red Cross, and its agents told of very considerate treatment at Moscow. Private Earl Fulcher of H Company, wounded and captured at Bolchie Ozerkie, was taken to Vologda, and his wounds dressed; he was exchanged on May 4. Strange things happened in North Russia—anything was likely to happen. But it cannot be said that there was any concerted inhumanity to American prisoners by the Bolsheviki.

A word for our Allies and I am done. It was natural, under the conditions, that there should be little love lost between Americans and British. But under fire they fought like a band of brothers—Yank and Limie, back to back. So with the French. And it was a British officer who, praising the work of the American engineers on the Vologda front, mentioned one of them, Sergeant Benson, in a letter of commendation, as "a jewel without price."

It is June 26, 1919. Back home the folks have been protesting. Back home Senators and Representatives have been fulminating. The Czechs have withdrawn east of the Urals; the Red armies are gathering to invade Siberia. The dream is done. Washington, tired of this gesture that has led nowhere, has announced to Britain that our men must come back. Off Archangel, transports—British transports—are lying, and Americans are scrambling over their sides. There will be more weeks of lime-juice and tea, but what of it? We're going home! Going home singing:

> Home, boys, home, boys; home we ought to be;
> Home, boys, home, in the land beyond the sea!

But from the 102 caskets shipped to the United States from Archangel in 1919; from the seventy-five that arrived in New York the other day; from those waiting disposition in France; from the hundreds of lonely unmarked graves in the tundra—Yankee, British, French—there comes no singing.

I should hate to be the staff man who planned that dream of a Winter march through Arctic Russia.

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WHITE MAGIC

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

"White cities." The phrase is almost meaningless to us, the vision it evokes nebulous and insubstantial, for such things lie outside our ken, unless, indeed, we venture far past the Pillars of Hercules into the once well-travelled roads of the Adriatic and Ionian and Ægean Seas. We live in grayness and our eyes are nourished (so to speak) on dun-colored towns; the mud-browns and gross gray-greens, faded and sullen, of mill towns; the harsh reds and clay-drabs of industrial plants; the rust of iron and the black of coal smoke.

One writes: "If you would visualize Cadiz you must write the word *white* with a white pencil on blue paper," but the vision still remains aloof and intangible. That swift-rushing line from Chesterton's "Lepanto"—"They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy"—flashes a sudden gleam of light across customary shadow; but it hardly achieves permanence, and it fades on the moment, leaving only a wistful wonder as to what these white things may be. Fall River and Johnstown, Greensborough and Grand Rapids we know, but what are "white cities," and in what fabulous land do they lift their walls and towers above blue seas and against violet hills?

Nor does the nearer Europe aid us much. Gray and red and brown achieve a certain transfiguration in England where old villages blend in with older groves of great trees and immemorial meadows. France—the old France of lords and peasants—lifts the key a little, and increasingly southward, in Spain and Italy, the possibility becomes more real, with Segovia and Cadiz and Umbrian hill towns in the sun, but always the undertone of gray and brown asserts itself and—Spain apart—leaves only a mitigated whiteness and a wonder as to what the absolute may be.

It is a real wonder and an abiding desire. Why is the white city so evocative in its name and why is *white* in itself so far more than a word and the denomination of a tincture? It is so beyond question, and even to the walls of the New Jerusalem we attribute the living effulgence of luminous ivory and the pale radiance of mother-of-pearl. Memory or anticipation? Who knows? But the dream and the desire are always there, and if, by the grace of God, eyes blurred by the gray clay and the dull mud of familiar housing open suddenly on the radiant vision of apocalyptic white in a setting of blue, violet and gold—given sea, mountains, verdure—heart and soul answer with the thrill of revelation, the caught breath of ultimate fulfillment.

It is in the far eastern Mediterranean that the white cities still linger in isolation and merciful forgetfulness on the part of a world alien in temper and in impulse. Beyond the brave approximations of the Adriatic and the Ionian Seas, you must go to the coasts of Greece and to the islands of the Ægean and the shores of Anatolia. The littoral of North Africa also, to Morocco and Algeria, to Tunis and Tripoli, but this alluring land I do not know. I can tell only of some of the white things seen in cruising over the seas and along the lands where once Minoan ships and Egyptian, Phœnician and Carthaginian, Greek and Roman, Byzantine and Frank and Venetian and Moslem, cut the blue waters

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and contended with the wild winds in ceaseless and tangled traffic. The sea is unchangeably the same and the fanciful land-masses; snow-crowned mountains and violet headlands, opal island-peaks and the lavender walls of strange continents.

Here tall cities have risen with each successive culture only to fall before ruthless devastation and vanish utterly away save for heaped débris, and the racked platforms and sagging steps of temples and palaces and theatres. Knossos and Mykænæ, Troy and Halicarnassus, Alexandria, Antioch, Athens, Nicea, Thessalonica, Mistrá, all have passed and their stones have been used over and over again after strange and alien ways, only to fall at last in final abandonment. Even the multitudinous castles of Franks and Venetians and Genoese and Crusaders, with their churches and palaces, are fast disintegrating, and Cyprus and the Morea show only shattered vestiges of a civilization that held sway for two hundred years.

It may be a lesser culture that survives and that for its own housing has built its white cities of the stolen marble of great temples and of rubble and plaster instead of the moon-white stone of Paros and Pentelicus, but the whiteness lasts and, ever and again renewed by washings of lime, still offers the simulacrum of the gleaming marble of a civilization that would not accept the substitute for the reality.

II

Sailing south from Piræus past the silver columns of Sunion on its high cliff—hail and farewell of Athens to its mariners—and threading a devious way through a city of mauve islands on a rippling plain of lapis lazuli, it was the marble island of Paros that began to weave the white magic of white cities. The goal was not this, nor was it dreamt of. It was only the Church of an Hundred Gates, known vaguely for its unique archeological qualities and because of its founding by the Empress Helena. The church itself proved disappointing in a measure, for it had been largely rebuilt after an earthquake in the Eighteenth Century (earthquakes and fires and bombardments should never have been permitted by a kindly Providence later than the Sixteenth Century if the circumstances implied attempts at restoration), but as the yacht—a white city in itself—steamed slowly into the little harbor of Paræchia compensation, and more, revealed itself, for all along the sea rose a slender but faintly pyramidal town, whiter than the snow crown of Helicon, silhouetted against the Parian peak, and bubbling into little white domes on and around its old acropolis.

Landing in the midst of wind mills and wine casks, with a vine-hung trattoria in front and a snow-white and domed little chapel to the left, with the great pale dome of the hundred-gated church further away, it was the path to the town that lured, and that fulfilled the promise of the silvery apparition from the sea. White, yes, the whole town, with its narrow and climbing streets, its pavements and curbstones and house steps of white marble, but *white* means so much more than snow. Once inside the town it appeared that the little houses with their outside stairs and their flat roofs were of all possible hues, rose and mauve and pale ochre and cobalt blue mingling with the vivid white of lime-wash, and with the round white domes rising in every vista. Cleaner than clean, the blue-shadowed, narrow streets were shaded by luxuriant grape vines trained from side to side, translucent gold and emerald under the high sun. Fragments of Parian marble everywhere, spoil of the dismantled acropolis and its temples, and mingled with them medieval statues set in niches on the arched stairs to upper stories.

Strangest of all, a half-ruinous castle of the Frankish dominion, built wholly of temple marble: architraves and pilasters laid in level courses, alternating with the drums of Greek and Roman columns set end-wise in the walls in uncouth pattern-

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ing. On the very crest of the acropolis a little white-domed church, a part of the walls the lower courses of the cella of the vanished temple, a diminutive Gothic-arched cloister on one side and within the intricately carved iconastas all dull gold around its painted icons.

And the arcaded fore-court of the Church of an Hundred Gates was no less white than tiny Paroechia. Spotless and gleaming, with clear blue shadows under its procession of wide arches, and in the midst flowers and tall bronze cypresses, black against the dazzling church and the sequent arcades.

A white town in the midst of golden vineyards and orchards of orange and pomegranate, with the blue sea below and the blue mountain peak rising behind. The whiteness of a life that may have forgotten Hellas and its Parian symbol of white life, but had not known the drabness and the murk of the culture of coal and iron and all that they imply. Yes, one could live there well in the white lights and the blue shadows and the golden gleams of vine leaves.

In the open sea again, now wine-dark under driving winds, though the sun is bright. Ahead a lavender silhouette grows slowly, clearer and more definite, Santorine, of old the island of Thera. As we come nearer the blue wall shows a narrow cleft, and suddenly to the left one headland blooms into a vision of ivory and white and gold under the low sun. From the very edge of the tumultuous sea the white begins, walls and terraces and domes like great pearls, mounting irregularly up the steep slope, a full thousand feet, to the very crest where it spreads out into a wide city around the silver of a crowning medieval castle. Maxfield Parrish may have made this picture, but otherwise, so fantastical is it, it has no other reality.

The yacht slips through the purple gates and the dream city is gone, all too soon. Within there is a quiet inland sea, walled by astounding cliffs eleven hundred feet high, the vast crater of a volcano once, some fifteen hundred years B.C., greater than Ætna. The towering walls are almost vertical, a cross section of volcanic deposits, striated in many layers and every shade of tan, cocoa-brown, ochre and puce. There is a huddle of white and black at the one possible landing place on the edge of the water, and zig-zagging upward the thin line of a mule path cut in the face of the cliff, ending at last on the very brim, where, amazingly, there spreads a long white city, again with its walls and terraces, domes and towers, luminous, dazzling, like the icing on a giant layer cake, or a heavy fall of immaculate, drifted snow. It is incredible, no less; outside all former experience.

The city itself, the snow crown of the crater cliffs, is not old enough to be good nor new enough to be bad, but it is white, white, with its terraced, flowery gardens creaming over the brink and dripping a little down the sides of the abyss, its narrow and climbing streets in blue shadow, its arcades and belfries and dim passages from one level to another. On the crater side the fall is sheer to the blue disc of the sea with a low black hump of dead lava and scoriæ, the sluggish, intermittent crater of the still extant volcano. On the other side the city ceases as abruptly, but here the long escarpment sweeps gently down to the island perimeter, gold-green with vineyards and market gardens and orchards of orange and olive and pomegranate. It is all exceedingly improbable. Why has no one told of this strange thing before? At least one might have been warned, or was it better to have this sudden revelation of a wonder unique in the world?

III

Shards of white cities along the coasts of Crete and Rhodes and Cyprus, but fragments only. Desolated by modern civilization both through destruction and reconstruction: Candia, Lindos, Rhodes, Larnarca, Famagosta; then the amphitheatre of Symi with its circling tiers of new white houses and later the purple mountains

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of Doris and Ionia, leading on through the maze of islands to incredible Halicarnassus.

Or rather, perhaps, one should say Boudrum, for the city of Mausolus no longer exists, even as scattered stones amongst the olives. It is as though it never had been; not even the fire-warped pavements of Phæstos or the gaunt stylobate of Delphi. Only a green slope of gardens and gray Turkish houses separated by dilapidated stone walls. Boudrum. The name suggests nothing, raises no anticipations of possible wonder, but as we neared the mountain wall of Anatolia, here rather low and without marked diversity, a line of whiteness along the sea extended itself, lifted in the centre and grew more luminous and at last, as we cast anchor, revealed itself as an amazement. Another low-lying white city, or rather village, but in the midst, rising sheer from blue water, an enormous medieval castle with high battlemented ramparts, tier above tier, and many tall towers, turreted and crenelated, and all, not silver gray or tawny like the other castles we had seen in the Morea or the Cyclades, but dazzling white as though it were built of the marble of Paros or Pentelicus.

And white marble it is, the whole amazing erection, and reared by the Franks from the white and chiselled spoil of the mausoleum and the palace, the agora and the theatre of vanished Halicarnassus. Quite incredible, this white vision against the lavender hills; a dream castle that might have housed Lohengrin or guarded the Holy Grail. By rights a castle should look its warlike part; it should be steely gray like Ludlow, or black and ominous like Loches, but here in Greek lands under Moslem occupancy stands this Gothic castle white as moonlight and fanciful as a dream. Indeed, the Turk himself recognizes its quality for in the childish process of changing old names that has infused Asia as well as Europe, Boudrum became Akyourt only the day before we arrived, the new name meaning the White Place.

Until the Great War the castle stood absolutely intact, as complete an example of medieval military architecture as existed anywhere in the world. During the war every French battleship that passed toward the great and futile tragedy of the Dardanelles, threw a casual shell or two at the towering walls, bursting breeches here and there, splitting turrets from tower angles and piling marble wreckage in the courts and on the edge of the sea. Still the keep and most of the towers stand, though with gaping holes here and there, and from the sea the partial ruin seems almost intact, a silvery silhouette, unreal, intangible. So should Camelot have seemed, or Joyous Gard or Montsalvat, the dream castle hoarding the Holy Grail.

From such a castle as this to Patmos of the Apocalypse is not so violent a transition after all, as it is no great distance over liquid sapphire amongst purple islands. Castle and monastery, workshop and cathedral and secret bower were all but varied showings of the same thing, a life that had, almost for the first time, fundamental unity. Fighting and worship and labor and love were all good things, each in its time and place. There was no real conflict, for all were more frank and natural than now, and none was blurred by psychoanalysis, blotted by a Manichæan Puritanism or distorted out of all human shape by technological civilization. These things divide and destroy; the old life united and synthesized. Only its white memory remains and we can seek it best in these Ægean seas.

Patmos rises gaunt and barren to its low but dominating peak above a thin, deep, land-locked inlet of harbor. Here, as always, there is a low whiteness of quiet housings along the sea with a zig-zag of sun-baked road up to the gray fortress-like monastery on the high crest. High walls, sombre and unfriendly, militant rather than ascetic, but once through the gate the radiance of unblemished white is almost blinding when the sun shines down into the little cloistered courts and through

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pointed arches that are apparently wilful in their endless multiplication. Here the shadows are almost as blue as the sea but paler and more limpid. White stairways climb up past wandering galleries to flat white roofs where bronze bells hang in white belfries, arch upon arch, against the vivid sky.

This is perhaps the whitest thing to be found anywhere, only the black habits of the old broad-bearded monks cutting into the hundred shades of what is in the end only white; but the little church is within all gold, and the faded hues of old frescoes, and the brown of carved wood and the flicker of myriads of lamps and chandeliers of brass and crystal. The white light and the gold of the Revelation of St. John still seem to irradiate these courts and cloisters after the passing of two thousand years.

IV

So one goes on from one white thing to another in these Eastern waters, but it is to Athens one comes back in the end for final apotheosis. Not to the new Athens, a rather horrid place, reaching out and clutching the helpless country in every direction in jerry-built suburbs, not unlike the newer Detroit. A wilderness of tan and ochre plaster and streets of tawny dust driven by immoderate winds. A sad place and meaningless, swelling without conscious motive or sense of direction, rather pitiful when it tries to recover touch with its far past and sense of inheritance through cheap architectural reproductions and plaster replicas of originals in Pentelic marble.

Out of this welter of fading yellow rises always the great rock of the Acropolis. Roman ruins and Greek huddle around its base, and thoughtfully the authorities have preserved some space of trees, here and there for measurable isolation. Busses and automobiles roar around the rock, and gasoline and cinema signs fight for nearer approximations, but at the base of the scarp civilization ceases and culture—or the memory of a culture—begins. Orthodox Christians, Moslems, Franks, Venetians, predatory amateurs and archeologists have sequently contributed their share of destructive energy, and now restoration comes in to play its part, but still some immortality fights down mortality, and the Acropolis, ruined, desecrated and defiled, still reveals and proclaims something in the life of man that had the whiteness of pure flame, a thing that could not die.

And yet there is no whiteness here as of snow or lime or deep-sea pearls. Rather it is all blue-silver and old ivory and amber from Samarkand. But the word means so much more than pure pallor; it embraces all these warm hues, that, as with the spectrum, together make the white fire of pure white. From the sea the Parthenon shows white against the mauve of Lycabettus and the blue of the Pentelican hills. It is white under the sun and white under the moon, but it is the white of some higher purity that transfigures its material accidents.

Approached, as the Acropolis should be, under a late sun on a cloudless day, the Propylæa is a towering wonder of clustered, truncated shafts of chiselled ivory glowing with an interior fire that makes these dead stones a living breath. I have never seen this before except once, long ago, when, at his jubilee, Pope Leo XIII was borne into St. Peter's in his sedia gestatoria. How should marble of Pentelicus become ivory and how should this ivory glow into still flame? The chryselephantine statue of Athena in all its wonder of chiselled ivory and wrought gold is gone, refashioned perhaps into dice and traders' coins, but something of its soul has drifted down from the violet-crowned height to infuse these stones of the portal with their undying flame.

And through the last of the pale, fluted shafts opens the bare, blue rock, like a broken pavement of tarnished silver with cobalt caught in the clefts and shadows. On one hand, the girlish slenderness of the pearl-white Erechtheion, on the other,

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high, high as the tallest hills, the Parthenon, final and supreme achievement of the highest intellect of man. Here also is the texture of old ivory so that the touch lingers and caresses, but the color is of the honey of Hybla and of the wrought amber of Turkestan. Out of a giant stylobate of blue-silver it rises against purple Hymettus into a blue sky that is infinite depth; less color than the radiant profundity of interstellar space.

Under the moon all color is burned away, and the Acropolis and all it sustains become burnished silver with shadows that are neither black nor violet, but something akin to both. Then Athens vanishes in the dark, transmuted into a widespread star cluster, a fallen milky way of gleaming stars, the sky is impenetrable and the moon paints the ghost of Hellas in dark shadows on the pale silver of column, entablature and pavement. But the lasting memory is neither of ivory, nacre or amber, but of *white*, for it is this that is the indwelling spirit of the Acropolis.

I do not know the secret of this white magic that still lingers in these enclaves and islands and hidden places of the old East that saw the birth of the human world we know. It is more than what the eye sees, more than the joy of something clean and utterly pure. The final appeal is interior, mystical, taking hold, in some way, of ultimate things. It is criticism and judgment, but it is also illumination. We know little enough of the Beatific Vision, but one thing we can safely assume and that is that it has that perfect whiteness that has its pale simulacrum in the white cities of the Ægean Sea.

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FRANKENSTEIN, INC.

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

WHEN John Doe is lured into a bank or trust company by a poster genially reminding him that tomorrow he may die and he had better protect his loved ones by making a will, he doesn't realize that this is a portent of a future, not far distant, when all his legal affairs—his divorces, his fence fights, his contracts, and his damage claims—will be handled by a corporate machine.

You can't stop an evolutionary process—whether it moves backward or forward or sideways. But it is desirable to be aware of it. Yet John Doe has no inkling of the drift of things. He is being prepared gradually and painlessly for a change which, when consummated, will not seem the least bit startling. Some day—perhaps Anno Domini 1950—there will appear inconspicuously in the New York *Times* and other papers an item more or less as follows:

> Thousands of cases pending in courts throughout the United States were dismissed yesterday on motion of the United States Law Corporation which recently merged with the Lawyers of America, Inc.
>
> The new concern will enjoy a virtual monopoly of the law business and is expected to proceed as rapidly as possible to dispose of all cases in which the merging companies previously represented adverse interests. It is believed that this will reduce litigation in this country to 25% of its former volume. . .

Consider the straws in the wind. "Write your will now," one bank advertises. "Our consultation is free. We invite you to come in." And another: "Today is the very latest you should come in to make your will and attend to the administering of your estate."

The good old-fashioned lawyer, if mentioned at all, is brought into the picture as a sort of supernumerary clerical assistant. "Have your lawyer draft your will," say the more conservative companies, at the same time loading their customers with forms and suggestions for the guidance of the attorney in appointing the trust company executor and trustee, with unlimited powers of sale and management.

In view of the success of this sort of advertising, it is hardly surprising that some of the less punctilious outfits have gone into the field whole hog with no compunctions at keeping the lawyers out altogether. One corporation announces: "Wills and legal papers drawn—Estates managed—Law Department—Open Tuesday and Saturday evenings until eight." While several openly bid for legal work of nearly every description.

Apparently many bright young bankers have visions of a future in which a few gigantic corporations will monopolize the "law business"—drafting contracts, deeds and wills, settling disputes and closing deals—all at a fixed fee per hour or unit of service. In which event the old-time lawyer with his quiddities and his quillets will naturally pass off the stage, along with the vanishing family medicine man.

II

It is possible, as Carl Sandburg says, that "the lawyers know too much." Perhaps they knew too much when they played with the divine fire—long before the advent of the tel-electric man—and created an artificial person who could exercise many human functions, with the advan-

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tage of relative immortality and the soullessness of a robot.

That peculiar type of imagination, known as the legal mind, has originated many ingenious devices for circumventing reality, but the invention of the corporation was the lawyers' supreme contribution to the cumulus of illusions that rule the world. This conception of a legal organism—built up of individual cells like the human body, but having a separate existence of its own—has affected social history as profoundly as Christianity, democracy, and the mechanism of money and credit.

When the lawyers fashioned their corporate creatures and taught them to walk alone, they soon realized that they had let loose forces which they might find hard to restrain. So they set up certain fences to keep corporations out of the legal preserves. You cannot act as executors, administrators or trustees, said the lawyers, and above all you must not practice law. But the corporations broke through some of those bars at an early day. The restrictions against their acting in a fiduciary capacity were found untenable and the lawyers were forced to acquiesce in the enactment of statutes permitting corporations to administer estates and to be trustees.

The last taboo, however, that a corporation cannot practice law, the lawyers still stoutly maintain. But it is not strange that the corporations, having once tasted the rich pasturage of estates and trusts, should make sporadic efforts to go further. It is only natural for a successful business man, newly elected to the board of directors of the Mammoth Trust Company, his head buzzing with projects for standardization and large scale production, to pop up at a board meeting and say: "We've got corporation lawyers; why not lawyer corporations? We should open a law department to advise our clients—at standard rates."

This tendency of corporations to invade the legal profession so alarmed the lawyers of Illinois that the Illinois and Chicago Bar Associations collaborated in an investigation and finally brought suit to enjoin the Peoples Stock Yards State Bank from practicing law or collecting fees for legal services performed for customers of the bank by the bank's salaried employés.

The comment of the Chicago *Tribune* on this case, which is awaiting decision in the Illinois Supreme Court, forcefully presents the attitude of the man in the street:

> The petition is interesting as revealing the somewhat antiquated attitude of the bar, if not of all lawyers, toward their profession. This attitude is not shared outside their profession. The ordinary man feels, and rightly, that he is in better hands when dealing with an established bank than in going to some lawyer with whom he is acquainted or to whom he has been recommended. We believe the public interest would be served if law firms were incorporated like other business establishments. In this way the formation of stable houses, with excellent traditions, would be encouraged, and the man in need of legal services would be in a better way to get what he needs promptly and at a cost commensurate with the service.

Such a suggestion is met by the lawyers with determined opposition, based upon reasons which (like many legal doctrines) the layman will find it difficult to understand. According to the law books, a corporation cannot practice any of the "learned professions." This is one of the unalterable tenets of the law. A profession is something sacrosanct and personal. Or as the lawyers put it, the right to practice a profession is in the nature of a franchise from the state, conferred only on those who are qualified by character and education.

A corporation, being soulless, has no character, and the legal imagination, though otherwise versatile, pretends to be baffled trying to visualize a corporate entity standing on its own legs before a state board of examiners and explaining the rule in Shelley's case.

But really, protests the layman, why can't a corporation practice law through a staff of duly licensed attorneys? Because it simply isn't done—theoretically, at least. In the words of a venerable judge:

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> As it [a corporation] cannot practice law directly, it cannot indirectly by employing competent lawyers to practice for it, as that would be an evasion which the law will not tolerate. *Quando aliquid prohibetur ex directo, prohibitur et per obliquum.*[1]

Res ipsa loquitur. When you find a Latin tag it often covers some confusion of thought—though the theory may be ancient and honorable. A corporation necessarily does all its acts indirectly. It cannot function except through agents. Therefore, if it cannot do indirectly what it cannot do directly, it is condemned to twiddle its corporate thumbs in complete inertia. The *quando aliquid* rule in this instance is merely an evasion.

The only sound reason advanced for keeping corporations out of law practice rests on public policy. A lawyer employed by a law corporation, the argument runs, would owe allegiance primarily to his employer and not to his employer's clients. He would be in the position of trying to serve two masters. As the judge already quoted puts it:

> The corporation would control the litigation. The money earned would belong to the corporation and the attorney would be responsible to the corporation only. His master would not be the client but the corporation, conducted it may be wholly by laymen, organized simply to make money and not to aid in the administration of justice, which is the highest function of an attorney and counselor at law.

And further:

> There would be no remedy by attachment or disbarment to protect the public from imposition or fraud, no stimulus to good conduct from the traditions of an ancient and honorable profession, and no guide except the sordid purpose to earn money for stockholders. The bar, which is an institution of the highest usefulness and standing, would be degraded if even its humblest member became subject to the orders of a money-making corporation engaged not in conducting litigation for itself, but in the business of conducting litigation for others.[2]

[1] When anything is prohibited directly, it is also prohibited indirectly.

[2] In re Coöperative Law Co., 198 N. Y., 479.

This states the case as strongly as it can be stated. But it would all apply with equal force to the corporate practice of architecture, engineering, accounting, and other pursuits requiring high technical training and integrity. Yet corporations can and do practice these younger professions in many States without any interference.

And benighted business men, engrossed in "the sordid purpose to earn money," may well question the sincerity of a profession which creates corporations for almost every purpose under the sun while it steadfastly protests that such mechanisms are too degraded and corruptible to engage in the service of the law.

To the cynical layman it may seem that it is not so much a tender solicitude for the public as a strong instinct for self-preservation that makes the lawyers say over and over to themselves, "a corporation cannot practice law." If the newspaper journalists had only seen the light in time they might also have constituted themselves a "learned profession" and escaped the devouring progress of the gigantic press Frankensteins which now control the news and public opinion. The Danas, Greeleys, Wattersons, Bennets and Medills have vanished from this world like the great auk because they did not arise and cry out, "A corporation cannot practice journalism."

The lawyers knew better. They refused to give up their individual freedom. The corporate genii which they had created to serve their business-minded clients were all right in their place, but they must be kept there and not permitted to usurp the powers of their masters.

This was all very well, but while the lawyers were sitting serenely at the legal table, their corporate creatures discovered ways of getting into the kitchen through the back door, and before the lawyers could say skat! there they were licking up the cream—not mewling kittens, but full-fledged lions, who were prepared to stay.

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III

The truth is that corporations actually have entered to a remarkable extent what the Chicago *Tribune* is pleased to call "the law business." Some of them do it openly, like the Illinois banks which joined in circulating a Schedule of Fees listing charges for services in drafting deeds, land contracts, bills of sale, etc., and the corporation which offered assistance to the public through its service department as follows: "Legal services, leases, contracts, liens, property rights, fence laws, inheritance, etc., collections and adjustments such as claims against railroads, express companies and other common carriers, insurance companies, corporations, commission firms, etc."

This open solicitation of legal business can (and probably will) be stopped through pressure brought by the bar associations against offending corporations. Much more insidious, from the lawyer's point of view, are the methods of certain corporations which successfully maintain that they are not practicing law—technically at least—yet usurp many of the functions of the old-time lawyer. Their reply, when attacked, is to tell the lawyers to go back to their law books and to limit their activities to those things which they have an *exclusive* fitness to perform. The real business of the world, they say, is better handled through corporate organizations.

And apparently the public has agreed. Witness the growing dependence of the business man upon quasi-lawyer corporations. He buys a factory site through a brokerage company, which (if he permits it) will draft the sales contract for him. This is legal work pure and simple. The seller furnishes evidence of his title in the form of a "guarantee policy" issued (at a premium) by a title guarantee company, which insures the owner against adverse claims. These corporations *say* they are not practicing law—they are engaged in the title insurance business. But their principal work is done by a staff of salaried title examiners, grubbing away at their abstracts like any old-fashioned lawyer.

These same title companies also maintain escrow departments whose chief function is to act as stakeholder in real estate deals. But, if requested, they will *pro rate* all items and close the transaction for both buyer and seller without the assistance of a lawyer.

Our business man, having bought his factory site, needs a building loan. He applies to a bank or mortgage company which in most cases will draft all the necessary papers on its own forms through salaried employés, who may or may not be licensed to practice law. Some companies even charge a borrower for this under the designation of "legal services."

The factory is built and filled with workers. Someone might get hurt. The boss buys liability insurance covering him against the claims of employés and of the public also. This looks like insurance business only, but a careful examination of the policy shows that the companies not only agree to indemnify the insured against claims, but also to defend him against litigation. They will stand all court costs, attorneys' fees and other expenses. The insured has no control of any litigation which may arise. The policy is practically a contract to render legal services. As a consequence the insurance companies handle a vast volume of law work—partly through salaried employés and partly through attorneys who work for a yearly retainer. In any event, such lawyers are *not* employed by the litigant but by the company.

In all these affairs the business man may, and probably does, retain a personal attorney, but his attorney acts as a very specialized special advocate, the chief burden of the legal work being assumed, or rather appropriated, by the business man's corporate servants.

And they continue to serve him. The business man needs more capital and decides to raise it by incorporating and selling stock. This time he will probably go

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directly to his lawyer, but no sooner has the state granted a charter than the lawyer and the new corporation are besieged by what may be called "corporation companies." They are organized ostensibly to assist lawyers in the intricate details of corporate taxes, blue sky laws, foreign licenses, etc. But their work, though largely clerical, is the practice of law. "The Blank Company," advertises one of them, "is in effect, an extra, and decidedly extraordinary, law clerk for the practicing attorney." And another, specializing in Delaware corporations, sends out a price list as follows:

> $100,000 corporation complete..... $ 73.00
> $500,000 corporation complete..... 113.00
> $1,000,000 corporation complete... 163.00
> The above prices include drawing charter, furnishing incorporators, holding first meeting, adopting by-laws, election of directors named by you and payment of all fees and expenses.

This company guarantees to get you incorporated within twenty-four hours after receiving your information blank and remittance.

Like as not, the business man's collections are handled by a commercial adjustment company, his tax matters by a tax bureau, his claims against the United States or foreign governments by an incorporated government claim bureau, his income tax by an income tax service company, and when he dies, the chances are ten to one that a trust company will take over his estate as executor and trustee.

IV

As long ago as 1913 George W. Bristol in the *Yale Law Journal* predicted "The Passing of the Legal Profession."

> The lawyer is being devoured by his own Frankenstein. It may be better for society that titles be searched, that wills be drawn, that litigation be conducted and corporations organized by corporations. It may be better for society that the lawyer be eliminated entirely. Then why not let the corporation appear as attorney of record in cases and do away with the legal fiction of having a lawyer appear as attorney for a party in a case —when the corporation is the real master and the lawyer a mere puppet in its invisible hands?

But such an eventuality Mr. Bristol did not approve. He concluded with an earnest appeal to his legal confrères.

> Shall we continue to practice law as a profession, honor its traditions, cherish and live up to its high ideals, and die poor, or shall we fall in line with our more progressive brothers, pass over into the business world—incorporate—exploit the public—and live rich?—Mr. Layman, you pay the bills under both systems; which do you like best?

It is quite likely that Mr. Layman, contrary to Mr. Bristol's hopes, will answer this really important question with an emphatic, "Give us law corporations." The interest of the public will lie on the side of economic advantage, and economic advantage—under contemporary doctrine —is with the corporate form of organization.

The lawyers themselves have been the greatest champions of the corporate form. The reputation of being a corporation lawyer is the accolade of success at the bar. And rightly so, for corporation lawyers have been the engineers of those great mergers and combinations which characterize Big Business today.

It is only poetic justice that the legal profession itself should be subjected to the same organizing furore and that the corporations in their turn should apply to the practice of the law the doctrine that only a corporation can administer the greatest good to the greatest number: a doctrine which the lawyers have ardently promoted, thereby sounding the knell of the small tradesman. Perhaps the lawyers' chickens are coming home to roost.

In fact, all the arguments in favor of the corporate form—economy through standardization and large scale production, efficiency, continuity, financial responsibility—might apply equally to the practice of law. It would be well if banks and trust

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companies would openly advocate an extension of their legal functions on the ground of public welfare, instead of keeping up the pretense that they do not encroach upon the practice of law. They will find support in the words of eminent and capable counsel:

> No sense of craft control can properly dictate a course of opposition which will stem the tide of economic advantage, that will and should permit a corporation to bring to the suffering people a product of capital, industry, multiple result at minimum cost, experience and skill.
>
> It is not enough to say that corporations encroach upon private practice. Whatever they can do better and cheaper, and with no countervailing disadvantage to the public, is supported by economic principle. The fact that it violates existing law is no argument against it, save to avoid the consequence of violation of the law, but it is a substantial argument against the law. Repressive law which serves no useful purpose may retard progress but it does not represent eternal verity.

These utterances by Charles A. Boston in an address[3] before the Association of the Bar of the City of New York must not be taken as advocating the corporate practice of law, but they do suggest a point of view which will shock many conservative practitioners who will inevitably attempt to exorcise such heresy by raising the bogey of ethics.

Their argument runs like this: A corporation is necessarily an instrument of commercialism. It has no responsibilities except toward its stockholders. If permitted to practice law it would sacrifice its clients on the altar of corporate profits and thus degrade a noble profession. Which is plausible, but if true, it would lead to the conclusion that corporations for any purpose whatever are essentially vicious and anti-social.

Possibly they are. Possibly they should be prohibited from acting as fiduciaries. Possibly also it is high time to scrutinize corporations generally and especially those which control natural resources and administer public utilities.

But the public is distinctly not interested in such inquiries. The public believes (despite minority howls) that a corporation can do no wrong—except to withhold dividends. According to the current *mores*, corporations should be permitted to appropriate whatever powers and privileges it may be profitable for them to appropriate—including, it may be assumed, the right to practice law.

A resort to argument over ethics will not stem the evolutionary tide. The law, it is true, is an ancient and honorable profession—honorable to a remarkable degree considering the opportunities it affords for profiting by the laity's legal ignorance. It has been active in purging itself from time to time of champertists, shysters and highwaymen.

But the legal profession must nevertheless prepare itself for a change. Like Little Black Sambo when confronted by the tiger, the lawyers will have to discard most of their trappings and plead: "Oh, please, Mr. Corporation, don't eat us up, and we will give you our deeds and our contracts, our clerical work and all our bookkeeping."

Whether the individual lawyer will eventually be obliterated cannot be foreseen. If he is ingenious and versatile enough he may survive as a specialist and free lance. But it is certain that he will have to relinquish those acts and services which can easily be standardized. The business man of the future will buy most of his legal assistance from the "big shops of the law" at a fixed price per unit of service.

The lawyers may extract some comfort from the prospect that the corporate Frankenstein which threatens to destroy its creators will end in destroying itself. By an inherent irony the processes of change usually carry their own corrective. When the United States Law Corporation finally merges with the Lawyers of America, Inc. in one grand legal monopoly, we will

[3] "Lectures on Legal Topics," New York, 1920–1921.

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achieve a state of benevolent anarchy under which the whole structure of law and government will be nullified. *L'état c'est la compagnie* will be the new legend. And after that perhaps the deluge.

"Poppycock!" says the literal-minded lawyer, irritated by these prognostications and believing that our present state of perfection will go on forever. I wish I could agree with him. Every lawyer instinctively bristles at the suggestion that a corporate invasion could by any chance threaten the existence of the legal profession. It is pleasanter to close the eyes and retain the dream of ancient prerogatives unabated and continuing world without end, like the old attorney in More's "Utopia":

> Nay, quod the lawier, this could never be so stablyshed in Englande, but that it must needes bring the weale publike into great ieopardie and hasarde. And so saying he shaked his heade, and made a wrie mouths, and so helde his peace.

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A BOHUNK WOMAN

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

Sometime after I came to San Pedro, in California, years ago, I was looking for a woman to clean my apartment once or twice a week, and a Dalmatian fisherman there with whom I became acquainted recommended to me a Mrs. Tanasich. She was *nashka*, he said—"one of ours"—, in low circumstances, and needed work. Her husband had been permanently disabled in an accident while working on the docks two years before and she supported both him and herself by doing housework by the day and the hour for people in town who were willing to employ her; and they were not many, because she was old and unwell. She drove from job to job in a stuttering old Ford, working here a full day or an afternoon, there only an hour or two.

She was a tall gaunt woman, in her fifties, as I learned later, but older looking; quite emaciated, almost skin-and-bone, suffering (as I also found out by and by) from an incurable ailment. Her angular sallow-brown face, with its high Slavic cheekbones, was etched with a network of tiny wrinkles. Her deep-set, lusterless eyes had a look of discomfiting calm, a flat disinterestedness, a profound monotony. The points of her broad, slightly up-curved chin and rather longish thin nose came within about an inch of meeting over the toothless, tight-shut mouth, with its drawn yellowish lips: which gave her face a flitting suggestion of weirdness. Her hair, what there was left of it, was ashen-gray and, combed straight back over the skull, usually hidden under the dust-cap. Her brown loose-skinned hands were all awry from too much work. Her long frame, with its stooped shoulders, curved back and awkward broad hips, seemed longer than it actually was because of the outmoded dark dress, made of the cheapest material, that she always wore, with the back of the skirt trailing on the floor.

Her manner was apathetic, cheerless, mechanical. At first I was vaguely annoyed by her (ill-looking people generally affect me unpleasantly); and perhaps I would have told her not to come any more had it not been for the fact that—maybe because she was a countrywoman of mine—I developed at once an irresistible interest in her personality.

The work she accomplished with moderate competence, but without a suspicion of zest. To change the bedding or empty the waste-basket obviously had for her neither value nor meaning; there wasn't in her a trace of the fussiness that is characteristic of elderly women. I began to sense in her an invincible indifference to everything.

For our mutual convenience she generally came toward evening, and the light by which I most frequently saw her was, by consequence, either defective or artificial; but I think that because of that fact I saw her, in a sense, more clearly than most of her daylight employers. The dimness of my apartment in which she moved, sweeping and arranging things, gave me a kind of perspective upon her; it softened the sharp outlines of her personality, endowing them with a slight nebulousness, and at the same time bringing out the suggestion of a death-calm fatalism that, for a moment now and then, lifted the tragic aspect, which was the dominant aspect of her figure, to a rigid abstract quality.

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There were no old-woman exaggerations or exuberances about her. She was drudgery incarnate; going through certain definite motions; a drab, cold woman, almost unliving, hovering on the edge of existence, undisturbed by emotional demands or vital communal sympathies. She seemed beyond all that. But presently her very drabness, like that of a banal, bleak old house, abandoned to collapse by itself, offered a sort of beauty and dignity.

Aided by memories of peasant women I had seen in the Old Country in my boyhood, I tried to imagine her as she had probably been in her younger life in Croatia: stalwart, full-built and hard, of the type of women I had watched carrying gracefully and with surety great burdens on mountain roads or working long hours in the fields with a careless, even cheerful, fatalism, yet whose whole beings seemed at the same time fixed upon a purpose of inconceivable importance: decisive, ready and capable, their faces flushed from the sun, with the honor of freedom and poverty in their words, glances and gestures.

She evidently had been in America a long time.

II

At first, when I tried to talk with her, yes and no comprised most of her answers to my queries and remarks. Her voice had a dull, unnatural huskiness which seemed incongruous with the rest of her; it sounded, almost, as if it came from a source remote from herself; but in time I became used to it, too, and it commenced to harmonize for me with her physiognomy and her inner character, as it was gradually revealed to me—dulled, unemotional and, little as she spoke, very monotonous.

Sometimes, when I said something, she merely shrugged her shoulders or shook or nodded her head. She showed no annoyance at my questions or remarks; she was just flatly unresponsive, indifferent to my curiosity. Her brief answers came, perhaps, in the same category as cleaning the rug: something one was obliged to go through as part of the earthly ordeal, which she obviously had determined to endure with minimum ado, simply, without elaboration, sentimentality or impatience.

I came to a kind of instinctive understanding of her and before long I would look forward to her coming Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, aside from the fact that my place needed cleaning.

Occasionally Croatians in San Pedro who had known her for years told me things about her. Her doctor, for instance, who also was a Yugoslav, described to me the nature of her disease, and told me he had been giving her drugs to dull the intolerable pain so that she could get around and work.

Last year, he said, her condition had still held out a little hope, but she had refused to submit to an extremely dangerous operation, unwilling to take the risk of not surviving it. She had to live a while longer; she did not want to leave her husband, who was dependent upon her and whom she expected to die before long. No doubt the drugs helped to dull and mystify her whole personality.

She worked for me several months.

One afternoon I happened to return to my apartment just as she drove up. I noticed that she parked her Ford a bit uncertainly. It was just before sundown. The rich, reddish California sunlight flooded her somber figure and haggard face as she got wearily out of the machine. Watching her gave me, momentarily, a heavy sensation. She did not seem to belong among the living. Her person emanated a chill mustiness.

"*Dobar vecher*," she greeted me in Croatian, as was her wont. Her voice was hollow and far-away.

She ascended the few steps to my apartment with great difficulty, but without a groan or a sigh. Inside, she stopped in the middle of the room and started to sway a little, as if struggling against swooning.

I helped her to a couch. Could I do anything for her? She shook her head. Her

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eyes were closed; her arms lay limply by her sides.

I managed to reach her doctor by telephone, but he said he could not possibly come before an hour and suggested that meantime I give her some liquor if I had any; it could do her no harm. He said she was so far gone that the drugs he was giving her had scarcely any effect upon her. He didn't think she was in pain, but perhaps was very weak, and a strong drink might do her good.

I had recently procured a bottle of fierce Jamaica rum from the steward of a British vessel that had been in port, and, in vague desperation, I gave her a big drink of it. It nearly knocked the breath out of her, but after a while it seemed that a little color appeared in her face.

Sitting by the couch, I was wishing the doctor would come sooner than he had promised. Now and then a creepy feeling seized me. She might die here and now.

I turned on the light. Then she opened her eyes and looked at me a long time. Her eyes now were large and somehow seemed faintly luminous.

A twitch that perhaps was meant to be a smile passed across her lips and, with a sort of quick, out-running impulse, a jerky, sudden movement, she took hold of one of my hands with both of hers, which were cold and dry.

"Thank you," she said in Croatian, "you are kind to me." Then, after a pause: "I should have gone home instead of coming here, but I thought I could hold out another hour. I am very sick. So weak."

It was the longest speech she had yet spoken to me. Her voice was low and very remote.

I gave her another drink of rum. It was almost pure alcohol; it choked her a little and deepened the color of her cheeks.

For several minutes she lay very still, her eyes closed. She scarcely breathed. Now and then her left hand twitched a little.

Then she made a move as if to rise. "I feel much better now," she said. But she couldn't move herself, whereupon she was still and silent for several minutes once more.

"I can't move," she said, "but I feel very good. Very good," she repeated. "Indeed, I don't feel anything, just a queer glow all over. What was that you gave me? Rum?" Her face twitched again in an attempt to smile. Her voice seemed nearer; her eyes shone with a low, quiet light. "My head is very clear—so clear. Nothing matters."

Then she was silent again for a while, as if thinking over what she had just said. "Please touch my hand if you don't mind," she said then.

"I scarcely feel you," she said when I complied with her request. "As though I wore very thick gloves. . . . You are kind to me. I like your room. You have many books. Books . . ." She fell silent, as though going over something in her mind.

Then, again: "People are good, many people all over the world, but the world —I mean life—life is cruel and evil. People want to be good, but can't. Strange, isn't it?" she philosophized. She spoke in very good Croatian, now and then putting in a word or a sentence in English. "People are good, but they make a bad world, and the world makes them bad. It's a circle," and she made a vague round motion with her hand. "Good and evil . . . but there is too much evil . . . too much. One is best dead. I have died many years ago. I had lived . . . but too much sorrow . . . Life was too cruel here. America is big and terrible. It devours us like a beast. So big and terrible. I had seven children; they are all dead except one, perhaps. I had four husbands; three of them died; the fourth one is still alive, but would be better off dead. . . . But perhaps nothing matters. I don't matter. Only life . . . life and America. Life must go on: a terrible process. America must become great. . . . We all came over from the Old Country to help America become great and terrible."

She closed her eyes and was silent for a long moment. Then she looked at me again, then around the room. Her lips

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twitched with some success into a fugitive smile. "Everything is so lucid," she said. "I have never seen things so clearly. Nothing matters. I can't feel anything, just a glow—the rum you gave me, perhaps—, but I have never been so alive . . . so sharply conscious of everything . . . you and this room. I wish I could stay here forever. I hope the doctor never comes. He can't do anything for me. I don't want him to do anything for me. He told you to give me rum; that was all I needed. Everything is all right. Everything is clear and . . . and kind."

I gave her more rum.

"You are good to me. Rum is good. I never felt this way before. I can't move my body, but I don't care. I hope you don't mind my being here a while. My body . . . it doesn't matter. I have loved four men and borne seven children. Four and seven . . . four and seven," she repeated. "Four and seven . . . just numbers. One, two, three, four . . . one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Numbers."

I had an eerie feeling, quite indescribable. I went to the telephone to get the doctor, but couldn't rouse the operator. I hung up and, in a vague sort of desperation, put a record on my gramophone. It was a Croatian national song.

Mrs. Tanasich listened to it with her eyes open, lying very still. Music made the situation even weirder, but I let the record play out.

"That was nice," she said. "I barely heard it . . . far off."

I sat down again by the couch.

She continued talking to me; the doctor was late; and before he came she told me of her life in America—facts, essentials, stripped of all emotion. "Can you hear me?" she once interrupted herself. "I can scarcely hear myself. Very strange." Her voice was low, but I had no trouble understanding her in the stillness of the room.

Several of the facts in the story that follows had come to me before, and others I learned later from people who knew her; most of them she gave me herself.

III

Twenty-seven years before, in the Old Country, she had been in love with a young man whose first name was Mato. They were poor peasants in the same village. Mato came to America to earn some money and in two years return to Croatia, whereupon he would buy some land, build a house, and marry her. Milla—her name—waited for him. But in the 90's there was a long panic in America, and Mato earned little more than he needed to keep soul and body together. He worked in the mines.

He went to Idaho and found work in the mines there. He wanted her; she wanted him. Two years went by. They were writing to each other. Then he sent her money to join him, and she came.

Milla arrived in Idaho just as the long strike started in the Coeur d'Alene mining district, in the latter half of the 90's, when the Western Federation of Miners was coming into being. There was a bitter war between the miners and the mine-owners. Men were shot dead, openly and in the dark, on both sides. There were frequent battles between organized groups of armed workmen and company guards and the militia.

Mato married Milla. A week later he and two other workmen were found dead in a gulch. The miners' union buried them. They were heroes; the company gunmen had killed them.

A month later a Serbian, whose name was Dushan, asked her to marry him. She accepted him. He was good to her and to Mato's child when it was born. He worked in the mines; she ran a boarding-house for unmarried miners, and each year, of course, gave birth to a child.

She bore Dushan four children; then there was a cave-in and two weeks later they dug him out of the mine dead, with five others.

She married the third time. He was a Dalmatian; his first name was Ivan. He was a fine man, too fine; a good worker, intelligent, aflame with resentment against

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conditions under which he and other men in his circumstances earned their living in America. He read many books and papers, and made Milla read them. He had gone to a city school in the Old Country. He was an active radical. His English was good, and he often spoke at workers' meetings.

But, being an agitator, a class-conscious underdog, he frequently had trouble finding work; and when he found it he seldom kept a job very long. He was blacklisted far and wide.

The family was compelled to move from place to place. From Idaho they went to Nevada. There two of Dushan's children died of scarlet fever. The company doctor was not interested in the case, and they could not afford to send for a good doctor to Reno.

Milla had two children by Ivan. He was good to her and all the children, but it was a trial to be married to him. As soon as the company found out that he was an I. W. W. agitator he was discharged.

From Nevada they went to Arizona. Ivan found work in the mines near Bisbee. Milla begged him to curb his radicalism, and he heeded her plea. But he always read and studied and meditated. Nights he could not sleep, brooding over the injustices of the industrial system.

Then, suddenly, he turned away from radicalism. He had discovered, it seems, that Socialism, I. W. W.-ism, and all such organized movements were futile. He became an extreme individualist. He read Tolstoy and studied his life. He went daft on the subject of Tolstoy and individualism. He made Milla read all his works. Then he proposed that the entire family withdraw from the evil world and live the simple life, go back to nature, into the wilderness, away from the perversions of industrialism and wage-slavery. He would take them to the mountains somewhere, he said, and there provide for them from what nature offered. They would use nothing produced in factories, for that was helping to continue the terrible slavery of millions of people, many of whom did not realize they were slaves. Every intelligent person ought to do that, said Ivan; then all the ills of life in America would vanish. The factory system must go. People must return to the simple life. Tolstoy was right.

But Milla, feeling responsibility to her children, would not go with him. She begged him to be sensible; after all, he was but a tiny grain of sand upon an enormous beach. But Ivan had seen the great Truth; it became an obsession with him, and, Tolstoy-like, he left Milla and the children, and went off to lead the simple life by himself.

He pitched a tent near Bisbee and worked just enough to exist. He chopped wood and did other odd jobs that people had been doing before industrialism descended upon the world. He visited the family and begged Milla to join him; but Milla couldn't if she had wished to. The children were growing up, and thought the man was crazy.

So she ran a boarding-house for miners and supported herself and the children that way for a number of years.

Then Ivan disappeared altogether. He walked all the way to New York, as Milla learned later, actually walked. He would not ride in a train even if he had the price because railways were part of the evil industrial system, nor would he steal a ride for the same reason. Besides, he was too proud—an individualist.

He reached New York and there got in touch with some Dalmatian fishermen who had just purchased an old American sailing ship and were about to sail for the Old Country, and fish there. Ivan had no objection to fishing and fishing-boats, and he went with them.

He got back to Dalmatia just before the outbreak of the war. He was determined to live according to his Tolstoyan ideas there. People in Dalmatia, he thought, were unspoiled, and would not laugh at him.

Ivan was a pacifist; Tolstoy's "Ivan the Fool" was his favorite book; and so when

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the Austrian government ordered him to report for examination for military service, he refused to go—and a few days later he was shot.

Milla heard of his execution, and then she married the fourth time, her present husband. He, too, was a Dalmatian, a miner in Bisbee, a good, simple, middle-aged man. His name was George Tanasich. She had a child by him in Arizona, her last.

Her first son, growing up, became a miner too. He was Mato's son. The second year in the mines he was killed in an explosion five thousand feet underground.

Then Milla began to hate the mines with everything that was in her. She wanted to leave Bisbee at once and get away from the mines forever. She heard there was a large Dalmatian colony at San Pedro, in California, and induced George to quit his job and take the whole family there.

They went. George was getting old, but he found work in a shipyard in San Pedro. The children were growing up. The two eldest ones—Dushan's boys—went to work too. They were strong, ambitious boys. They were Americans, getting ashamed of their mother, a Bohunk woman, and her aging, inarticulate Bohunk husband.

America entered the war, and the boys joined the Army. One died of influenza in a camp on this side, the other went across; he came back to the United States after the Armistice, so far as she knew unharmed, but she never heard from him again. Telling me of this, she said matter-of-factly: "America swallowed him. America is so big."

Her two children by Ivan also died of influenza during the war, and her last-born—George's—of infantile paralysis soon after the Armistice. Thus all her children went. Seven of them. She had long since given up hope of hearing from Dushan's boy who had disappeared upon leaving the Army.

During the war George made good money, but most of it went for doctors' bills and funeral expenses. They bought and paid for a small house.

Getting old, the best George could do was to work occasionally on the docks as a stevedore. He made enough for them to live on. Then something fell on him and he was crippled for life. That happened two years before I met her.

Milla was in ill health for many years. First her teeth went bad. Then rheumatism. Then she developed terrible agonies in her womb. She had borne so many children without getting the proper care.

George's compensation for his injuries was not sufficient to keep them alive, so Milla went to work to support herself and her man. She went from house to house in her old Ford wherever people would give her work. She was through with life, but she wanted to go on till after George died; she did not want to leave him alone. After all, he had been her best husband.

But now, it seemed, she was done for altogether. The drugs that the doctor was giving her were becoming futile. "But," she said, "no matter. George can't live more than a few years longer. There is the house. He can sell it. He will have enough."

She talked perhaps fully an hour, then fell silent. She closed her eyes and lay still. To my offer of more rum she made no response.

IV

Finally, the doctor came.

She opened her eyes once more and managed to make me understand that on a certain table in her house was last month's gas bill, and would I please see that it got paid. George couldn't leave the house. There was some money in a certain bowl over the sink in the kitchen.

She thanked me for the rum; it had made her feel very good. She thanked the doctor for all his trouble with her, and asked him to keep an eye on George. She had arranged with some neighbor woman to feed him and see that he didn't die in his own filth.

We called an ambulance, but she died before it came.

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EDITORIALS

Disaster to a Bystander

One of the sad by-products of the Hoover administration, I suspect, will be the disappearance of the engineer as a hero. Hitherto he has been a great popular favorite in that rôle. One never encountered him, in books, on the stage or in the films, at discreditable work. Always he was throwing romantic bridges across Andean valleys, beating off hordes of savages, and rescuing aphrodisiacal females from yellow-faced villains with rings in their ears. And always he was a slim, tall and elegant fellow of the general architecture of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, Barney Baruch or Jack Gilbert. But now the plain people are learning a lot about engineers that they never knew before. It is discovered that they may be fat, and it is discovered that they may be quite as responsive to enlightened self-interest as lawyers or Prohibition agents.

The thing that dims the chastity of Dr. Hoover is simply the fact that he can't get his mind off 1932. He began running for a second term the moment the news of his victory over Al came in, and all of his operations since have been fashioned to that end. This sufficiently explains such obscenities as the nomination of an Anti-Saloon League rabble-rouser to the Federal bench in Kansas.

Dr. Hoover is not overly sensitive to indelicacy, else he would not be where he is, but he is surely sensitive enough to gag at anything so plainly disgusting. However, he had to hold his nose and swallow it, for if he had gagged the Anti-Saloon League would have declared war on him, and he knows, having profited by it, how much its admiration is worth. The next time, I daresay, he will find it easier. For practice makes perfect, in that line as in more seemly ones.

One may well observe the business without heat, for there seems to be no remedy for it. We are governed, both in State and in nation, by men who have learned to do, day in and day out, what no self-respecting man would ever do in private life. It is an art like any other, and probably requires a certain native talent. Most of us, confronted by the first mandate from the Anti-Saloon League, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan or any other such organization, would invite it to go to hell—and so achieve a swift retirement. But there is a type of man, otherwise, perhaps, normally decent, who can take orders of that sort, and still assure himself that he is free; nay, that he is heroic. Of such men the Congress of the United States is composed. Nearly every one of them, in his day, has jumped through a hoop, held up for him by a scoundrel. Nearly every one has learned, like a chorus girl in a thigh and navel show, to hold his natural blushes. Once every four years the luckiest in the pack becomes President.

As I say, all this bears harshly upon engineers, who must now resign themselves to being kicked out of the movies. If they are continued in heroic rôles, the public will begin presently to hoot them. In the emergency I hope I do not go beyond decorum when I suggest to the movie magnates that they substitute magazine editors. They will, at worst, last a long while—far longer than the Andes-leaping, villain-scotching engineers. For before their turn comes to supply a victim for the White House pyre there will have to be the turns of the automobile magnates, the princes of advertising, the investment securities dukes, and the Methodist bishops.

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Comfort for the Ailing

Modern medicine still labors under the medieval conception of disease as a sort of accident or abnormality, thrust upon the body in violation of what are, or ought to be, natural laws. The truth is that, to the gods who run the cosmos, disease and health probably look pretty much alike. I am not, of course, privy to the secret lucubrations of Yahweh, but it is certainly imaginable that a hearty, incandescent boil gives Him quite as much satisfaction as a damask cheek, and maybe a great deal more. The boil, I suspect, is harder to fashion, if only because it is more complex, and hence it must be more stimulating to the artist, as busting the Bill of Rights is more stimulating to a judge than busting an ordinary law. As for a carcinoma, a strangulated hernia or a case of paralysis agitans, it must needs fill its eminent Designer with a very soothing professional warmth. Second-rate gods, it is manifest, could never have invented such things. They show a high degree of ingenuity, and something hard to distinguish from æsthetic passion.

What is the thing called health? Simply a state in which the individual happens transiently to be perfectly adapted to his environment. Obviously, such states cannot be common, for the environment is in constant flux. Am I perfectly well today, with the temperature 55 and a light wind blowing? Then I can't be perfectly well tomorrow, with the mercury at 30, and a wild gale roaring out of the North. Moreover, I am abstemious today, for it is my saint's day, and in consequence my duodenum is quiescent; tomorrow will be my Uncle Wolfgang's birthday, and I must gorge and guzzle like a dry United States Senator. A week hence, according to the insurance actuaries, the chances are one in so many that my heart will begin to cut capers, for I am getting into the age for it. Twenty years hence it is at least a ten to one bet that I'll be stuffed and in the National Museum. And so, as they say, it goes.

It seems to me to be fair to say (and certainly it is comforting) that uninterrupted health is possible only to creatures of very simple structure, beginning, say, with the *Rhizopoda* and running up to the common lot of college boys. They have little conflict with their environment, for they make few demands upon it. So long as it does not bombard them in a gross and overwhelming manner, like a falling house, they are scarcely conscious of it. But on higher levels there is a vastly greater sensitiveness, and so there is much more illness. History tells us of few really distinguished men who were completely healthy: the biography of the high-toned is always largely concerned with aches and malaises. In the great days of the Greeks only the athletes were good insurance risks —and of the athletes, then as now, we hear nothing save that they were athletes. There must have been thousands of them, first and last, but not one of them, as he grew older, ever amounted to anything. No doubt the average hero of the games spent his last days keeping a wine-shop or serving as night-watchman at the Academy. Meanwhile, the philosophers pored over the works of Hippocrates, and were steady customers of all the quacks who swarmed in from the East.

Happiness, like health, is a passing accident. For a moment or two the organism is irritated so little that it is not conscious of it; for the duration of that moment it is happy. Thus a hog is always happier than a man, and a bacillus is happier than a hog. The laws of the cosmos seem to be as little concerned about human felicity as the laws of the United States are concerned about human decency. Whoever set them in motion apparently had something quite different in mind—something that we cannot even guess at. The very life of man seems to be no more than one of their inconsidered by-products. One may liken it plausibly to the sparks that fly upward

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when a blacksmith fashions a horse-shoe. The sparks are undoubtedly more brilliant than the horse-shoe, but all the while they remain secondary to it. If the iron could speak, it would probably complain of them as a disease. In the same way, I daresay, man is a disease of the cosmos. . . . But here I begin to argue in a circle, for I started out by suggesting that disease itself may be only a higher form of normalcy. Perhaps I had better shut down.

Immune

The most curious social convention of the great age in which we live is the one to the effect that religious opinions should be respected. Its evil effects must be plain enough to every one. All it accomplishes is (*a*) to throw a veil of sanctity about ideas that violate every intellectual decency, and (*b*) to make every theologian a sort of chartered libertine. No doubt it is mainly to blame for the appalling slowness with which really sound notions make their way in the world. The minute a new one is launched, in whatever field, some imbecile of a theologian is certain to fall upon it, seeking to put it down. The most effective way to defend it, of course, would be to fall upon the theologian, for the only really workable defense, in polemics as in war, is a vigorous offensive. But the convention that I have mentioned frowns upon that device as indecent, and so theologians continue their assault upon sense without much resistance, and the enlightenment is unpleasantly delayed.

There is, in fact, nothing about religious opinions that entitles them to any more respect than other opinions get. On the contrary, they tend to be noticeably silly. If you doubt it, then ask any pious fellow of your acquaintance to put what he believes into the form of an affidavit, and see how it reads. . . . "I, John Doe, being duly sworn, do say that I believe that, at death, I shall turn into a vertebrate without substance, having neither weight, extent or mass, but with all the intellectual powers and bodily sensations of an ordinary mammal; . . . and that, for the high crime and misdemeanor of having kissed my sister-in-law behind the door, with evil intent, I shall be boiled in molten sulphur for one billion calendar years." Or, "I, Mary Roe having the fear of Hell before me, do solemnly affirm and declare that I believe it was right, just, lawful and decent for the Lord God Jehovah, seeing certain little children of Beth-el laugh at Elisha's bald head, to send a she-bear from the wood, and to instruct, incite, induce and command it to tear forty-two of them to pieces." Or, "I, the Right Rev. ——— ———, bishop of ———, D.D., LL.D., do honestly, faithfully and on my honor as a man and a priest, declare that I believe that Jonah swallowed the whale," or *vice versa*, as the case may be.

No; there is nothing notably dignified about religious ideas. They run, rather, to a peculiarly puerile and tedious kind of nonsense. At their best, they are borrowed from metaphysicians, which is to say, from men who devote their lives to proving that twice two is not always or necessarily four. At their worst, they smell of spiritualism and fortune-telling. Nor is there any visible virtue in the men who merchant them professionally. Few theologians know anything that is worth knowing, even about theology, and not many of them are honest. One may forgive a Socialist or a Single Taxer on the ground that there is something the matter with his ductless glands, and that a Winter in the South of France would relieve him. But the average theologian is a hearty, red-faced, well-fed fellow with no discernible excuse in pathology. He disseminates his blather, not innocently, like a philosopher, but maliciously, like a politician. In a well-organized world he would be on the stone-pile, along with the lawyer. But in the world as it exists we are asked to listen to him, not only politely, but even reverently, and with our mouths open! H. L. M.

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THE PEDAGOGUES STAND PAT

BY CHARLES MASON BABCOCK

AMERICAN teachers of European history remain strangely indifferent to the universal revolution in ideas about the origins of the World War. The Revisionists have uncovered a series of facts sufficiently weighty to cause doubt in the minds of all European historians of any dignity, but neither new facts nor new opinions have had much effect in this country. Out of every ten American historians, nine are still rancorously anti-German, and only one shows anything resembling a fair and impartial spirit.

That the judgments of these learned men are not more evenly divided gives cause for reflection. The wonder becomes all the more marked when it is recalled that we are not dealing merely with matters of opinion, but with facts that have been proved beyond a doubt. Under the circumstances, the least that one could expect from a body of men who pretend to be historians would be substantial acquiescence in those facts, with perhaps a reasonable division of opinions as to their significance. But nothing of the kind is apparent in America. The Revisionists linger outside the gates. Most American historians mention them only grudgingly, if they mention them at all.

Now, however, that Professor Fay has published his findings on "The Origins of the World War," none of the historians will be able to neglect the Revisionist point of view altogether. But their attitude, if one may judge from what they have done since the book was published, will continue much as it was. Afraid to make a frontal attack on his heavily fortified positions, they will resort to sniping. Whenever they can find a shred of new evidence, on their side, or what passes for evidence in their eyes, they will rush into print with the announcement that they have undermined one of his conclusions. Witness the recent attempt to revive the very shaky legend of the Potsdam Council, made in *Current History* by the late Professor E. R. Turner of the Johns Hopkins.

When they attempt to explain the American entrance into the war they still resort to the ideology of the Creel Press Bureau. The "rape" of Belgium, the "crime" of sinking the *Lusitania*, and the "inhumanity" of submarine warfare, it appears, continue to "prove" that democracy, freedom of the seas and the abolition of war were the issues at stake in 1917. The irrefutable conclusions of Dr. Charles A. Beard's fine chapter on the American entry seem to have remained entirely without effect on the pedagogical mind. Here and there one meets with a timid suggestion that the United States may have been mistaken, but nowhere does one find the question of truth or error submitted to sober examination. Many assume the puerile argument of Professor A. B. Hart of Harvard—that the Revisionist point of view must be wrong because, otherwise, the historian would have to admit that the American people had erred!

The reasons for this strange phenomenon are not difficult of access. They lie partly in the obtuse unwillingness of most academic historians to admit they were ever mistaken, partly in ordinary intellectual laziness, partly in the dread of fighting against inert but dangerous popular superstitions, and partly, perhaps mainly, in a

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Puritanical refusal to let loose from a fine moral crusade. These failings are natural enough in newspaper editorial writers, but in contributors to such magazines as the *Journal of Modern History* and *Foreign Affairs* they become unpardonable.

II

Consider some of the nonsense that is still being written and taught.

"The World War would have been impossible if Germany, Austria and Russia had possessed democratic governments," says Professor W. S. Davis in the introduction to his "Europe Since Waterloo." Yet if there is one certainty about pre-war conditions in Europe it is that none of the so-called democratic Parliaments controlled foreign affairs. In Britain, the Foreign Minister did not inform even the Cabinet of his policies, let alone Parliament or the people. To reach a conclusion of this sort an historian must neglect all the investigations of the last ten years.

"Europe could not remain half-democratic, half-autocratic," is Professor Schapiro's contribution to the Babel (in his "Modern and Contemporary European History," 1929). "Should Germany succeed in what seemed to be her war aims and what the average American, whether right or wrong, sincerely believed to be such, the world's political progress of centuries would have been obliterated at a stroke," says Henry William Elson, A.M., Litt. D. ("History of the United States of America," 1929). Again, Wilbur Fisk Gordy, chairman of the Historical Commission of the American School Citizenship League, in his "History of the United States" (1927), writes a chapter entitled, "The Forces of Democracy Triumph over the Forces of Autocracy." Was Russia an autocracy in 1914? Forget it! Read the verdict of Edgar A. Bancroft in "The Mission of America," a collection of war speeches published in 1927, with an introduction by John H. Finley: "It was a reason of chivalry that sent Russia into this war."

All this democratic jargon about the origin of the war was the result of the fearful dilemma of British Liberals and pacifists faced by the problem of converting a plainly imperialistic war into a holy, idealistic one. Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, numerous French intellectuals and our own Woodrow Wilson snatched up the agonizings of the Liberals and blew them up till they burst. But ever since the Treaty of Versailles, at the latest, the democratic theory has been recognized as defunct—everywhere except in America.

An interesting variant of it has been invented lately by Jonathan French Scott, Ph.D., who has served on the history faculties of Bowdoin, Chicago, Michigan, Rochester and New York Universities. Professor Scott's thesis (in "Five Weeks") is that the best method of judging which government was to blame for the war is to determine which government exceeded the demands of the mob behind it. By quoting the comments of the Austro-German press first, by relegating the violent Serbian press to the background, and by citing just the right newspaper comments in each country he is able to show that the Central Powers were more aggressive than their public opinion demanded. Hence they were responsible for the war!

The democratic dogma insists on the influence of public opinion in all governmental policies. Hence, if there be democratic systems, public opinion must control foreign policy, and did control it in 1914. Therefore, Germany and Austria-Hungary did not have democratic control over foreign policy in 1914. But what has all that vaporing to do with the outbreak of the war? And in what country of the world, outside of America, could such a silly argument receive an enthusiastic reception among academicians? The true democrats of the Allied countries are much too busy trying to contrive a democratic system of control over foreign policy in 1930 to bother with a fragile assertion that they already had it in 1914.

Our 100% historians have naturally paid

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no attention to the new facts brought to light in connection with the immediate origins of the war. One of the most important of these is the confession of the Serbian Minister of Education of 1914 that the Serbian Cabinet knew a month in advance of the plot to assassinate the Austrian archduke. The Serbian government took no steps to stop the conspiracy or to warn Austria. Likewise, it took no steps to arrest the conspirators after the assassination. In a normal, neutral mind these facts should certainly create at least a presumption that Austria was justified in attacking Serbia in 1914.

Do they have that effect in America? Not at all. Professor Davis rejects the "alleged evidence that the responsible Serbian ministers had a guilty knowledge of the plot" as "'revelations' of a violent political opponent." One V. Trivanovitch, a Serbian propagandist, reproduces the same argument in *Current History* without drawing even a challenge. The fact that the Serbian Minister of Education was undoubtedly a member of the governing party in Serbia in 1914 apparently puts no barrier to the spread of this perversion of the truth.

American historians, in fact, seem to understand little about the Serbians in general and nothing about their actions in 1914. In spite of all the evidence of Serbian plotting against the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, they persist in denouncing the severity of the Austrian ultimatum and in praising the "conciliatory" tone of the Serbian answer. Apparently they will never realize that relations between states are not based upon the precepts of etiquette. Nor will they ever cease their foolish prattle long enough to grasp the dishonest and evasive nature of the Serbian reply.

But their worst fault in handling the Serbian question is their adherence to the war-time point of view that the Austro-Serbian war was the same thing as a European war. Professor Gordy talks of "the breaking out of the World War on July 28, 1914," the day that Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. And Dr. William H. Mace, professor emeritus at Syracuse, says (in his "American History," 1925) that Austria attacked Serbia, that "Russia then went to the help of Serbia," and that Germany then invaded Belgium, thus bringing England into the war. Simple, isn't it? It *is* simple if the historian doesn't want to bother with the Russian intervention that made the Austro-Serbian war into a World War.

The classic excuse for Russia was invented by Pierre Renouvin, a French nationalistic historian. It runs to the effect that Russia ordered a harmless partial mobilization on July 29, and then found that technical military considerations forced her to proclaim general mobilization on July 30, before the general mobilization of any other Power except Serbia. Do the American historians know of this beautifully logical evasion? No, they do not need it. They assume that the fateful Russian action was quite natural and virtuous—"chivalry that sought to stop the Dual Monarchy from imposing its crushing ultimatum upon poor, long-suffering little Serbia" is the legend that Dr. Finley would like to perpetuate. "Russia joined Serbia at once," is the laconic statement of Dr. R. G. Adams (in "A History of the Foreign Policy of the United States," 1925). In brief, some of our evaders do not even bother to make use of the best evasions.

In some quarters, however, there are indications of a knowledge that the Russian government was the first to succumb to its military party. Professor Clarence Perkins (North Dakota) in "A History of European Peoples," writes that "in Germany and Russia the army leaders took control at the last and did much to precipitate the outbreak of war. The Russian army leaders were the first to do this." But he carefully avoids any explanations of Russian policy or any conclusion drawn from the fact that the Russian government was the first to surrender to the military. Instead, one reads that the Germans "could have dug

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trenches to defend their own soil from French and Russian attack, had they really wanted peace. This would have given time for a peaceful settlement to be arranged, but the German army leaders doubtless thought this would be risky and would neither add laurels to Germany nor force any foreign state to pay indemnities."

After this the reader will surely not expect to find any judgment passed on the *Russian* military leaders. The whole object of the discussion seems to be to distract the reader's attention from the damning evidence of Russia's prior mobilization.

Even more elaborate and deceptive is the protective padding that Professor Davis wedges into his account of the Russian mobilization. He first sets the stage by describing Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg in July, 1914, as a peaceful manœuvre, particularly the "warning" he gave Austria against doing anything serious. He neglects to mention the fact that the Franco-Russian decision to make a World War rather than let Austria-Hungary shake off the Serbian menace was taken by Poincaré and Sasonov *before* the Austrian ultimatum. The next step is to distort conditions in Berlin into a military dictatorship as early as July 26, when Moltke wrote out the ultimatum to Belgium. "The real power in Germany, for which the Wilhelmstrasse and the civilian ministers were a decent veneer, was coming to its own." In a similar way, Professor Schapiro writes as though the civil government in Germany "gave way to the army chiefs" at the same time as the Czar yielded in Russia.

Having put the military power into control in Berlin five full days before historical accuracy will allow, Professor Davis then turns to the wild stories that Russia had heard of German military preparations. These are his explanations of the fateful Russian mobilization. The Czar was weak, Sasonov tired, and Russian mobilization did not mean war, anyway. Bethmann-Hollweg himself, according to Professor Davis, "confessed that Russia had explained" that mobilization did not mean war. Hence no one can criticize the Russian government.

There follow, in Professor Davis' account, two serious blunders. Bethmann's statement "that Russia had explained that mobilization was not war" is suddenly converted into "by Bethmann's own words it was not intended to precipitate war." In other words, Bethmann repeats the Russian argument—and Davis attributes the argument to Bethmann himself! Again, he makes a comparison between the partial mobilizations of 1909 and 1912 in Russia on the one hand, and the full mobilization in 1914 on the other. Yet that method of avoiding the plain facts was untenable even in 1914 and has been demolished so often since then as to leave no doubt whatsoever of its inaccuracy. That it appears in an American account of Europe in 1914 shows conclusively both the prejudice of our historians and the weakness of their case.

And what of innocent, peaceful, democratic little France? In Davis' account France does not figure at all until after the decision for German mobilization. "France had remained, during these fearful days, helpless, and hoping against hope that the agony would pass. Her President and Foreign Minister reached Paris only on July 29,"—having been absent on a W. C. T. U. picnic, presumably. "Her acting Foreign Minister and her ambassador had exhausted themselves trying to second the British efforts to mediate between parties, one of whom arrogantly thrust aside all mediation." Then, when the time for the final decision arrived, the "nation of the Maid of Orleans and of Henry of Navarre was not flinching from the ordeal by battle." This, in his own words, is Professor Davis' version of Poincaré's inflammatory influence in St. Petersburg on July 20–23, of the constant encouragement given to Russia to throw Europe into war, and of the absolutely passive attitude of the acting French government in the face of the greatest crisis in the history of the Republic. Comment is superfluous. For if

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there is one government that did not lift a finger to prevent the catastrophe, that one was the French government of 1914.

Unbalanced as this method of special pleading seems, it is no worse than the American accounts of the various attempts to put pressure on Austria-Hungary and Russia, the two firebrands. The reader might expect that the facts of the case would be plainly stated, especially the fact that Germany encouraged Austria-Hungary at first but later tried to hold her back, whereas France and Great Britain continually encouraged Russia to go ahead. These are indisputable facts; facts that have been hammered out by years of research. How do they appear in American books? Let us see.

Professor Davis ignores the French and British encouragement to Russia altogether. The others simply reiterate the untruth that Germany did nothing to restrain Austria-Hungary. "The war," says Dr. R. G. Adams, "was the immediate result of Austria's attack and Germany must bear her heavy responsibility of having been the nation who could have prevented it." "Before the Austrian attack on Serbia," writes Gordy, "Great Britain, France and Russia used their influence for peace. Germany was urged to interfere and prevent Austria's attack. She refused. In this way Germany was responsible for the war, since only a word from her to Austria would undoubtedly have prevented war." Even a supposedly enlightened non-academic publicist, Clement Wood (in "The Outline of Man's Knowledge," 1927), gives the story as follows: "Alarmed English diplomats begged Germany to pacify Austria; but Germany, realizing that she was ready, and that France and Russia were not yet as prepared as she, saw no reason to stop the immediate coming of the war."

In all this literature there is not a single suggestion of the responsibility of Great Britain and France for encouraging Russia. Always, again and again, attention is directed solely to the German failure to check Austria-Hungary. Nor do these historians seem aware of the German reversal of policy of July 28 to July 31, a reversal that would have prevented the war if Russia had not mobilized. This reversal of policy has been described a thousand times in the various special books on the origin of the war. The failure of our historians to take cognizance of even Father Renouvin's account of it shows plainly how little interest they have in it. If, in the future, they find the courage to mention the subject in their books it is to be hoped they will employ a better camouflage than Professor Schapiro, who puts the German change of policy under the marginal caption, "Sasonov's plan of direct negotiations between Russia and Austria."

III

Toward everything German our magnanimous historians, with all their modern technique and their unlimited documentation, show a most striking and unhistorical antipathy. One and all they denounce Germany for wrecking the two Hague Peace Conferences, although the German attitude was no different from that of any other Power. One and all they describe the German governmental system as autocratic, although the plain truth was that the popular body, the Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, controlled the finances of the country. In apparent ignorance of similar conditions in other countries, Professor Perkins explains that German governmental propaganda convinced all Germans because of "government control of education, the clergy and the press, and the people's long training in obedience to and unquestioning belief in the government."

In that state of mind, no historian can resist the numerous tempting rumors circulated by German enemies at home and abroad in proof of German aggression in July, 1914. An investigator in search of the truth, say Professor Barnes, will examine the evidence about the alleged Potsdam Conference of July 5. He will sift the evidence on both sides. But not our Amer-

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ican defenders of the faith. Even after the legend has been demolished a hundred times, they still find reason to believe in it.

Professor E. R. Turner of the Johns Hopkins, who died only the other day, was a notable example. Only last November he bobbed up again with the old Potsdam legend in all its glory. By what historical technique did he recreate what never existed? To him, apparently, it was no feat. He simply took the discredited Morgenthau story and insisted that it was true. Did he mean that the conference actually took place on July 5? He does not say so, but leaves the reader to infer it. Read what he says: "Morgenthau"—who got the story from Wangenheim—"says he had not exaggerated and had no feeling then or since that Wangenheim was not telling the truth." Please note the historical principle involved—Morgenthau tells a story that was told him by Wangenheim, and the *truth* of that story is made to depend on Morgenthau's "feeling" fifteen years later that Wangenheim told the truth!

How does Professor Fay deal with this fable? Naturally, and in the only way possible to an impartial historian, he compares the Wangenheim-Morgenthau story with authentic records of what went on at Potsdam on July 5. The World War, he discovers, was not decided on then or there; most of the persons mentioned in the story were not there at all; and no conference was really held. But Professor Turner thought that Clio was served sufficiently by the feeble assertion that "it is not known where several of the German ambassadors were at this time." As in the Dreyfus case, absence of evidence means proof of guilt.

For sheer absurdity, the Davis account of the events of July 5 in Potsdam yields little to that of Professor Turner. Davis, too, professes to believe that a World War was decided on then and there. Did not the Kaiser ask his War Minister whether the army was ready and did not the War Minister reply "that it was"? Did not Davis, *ipse*, sojourn in Treves during the week of July 10, 1914, and did he not "hear the constant sound of rifle practice on the ranges"? Professor Davis might go further to inquire whether the other European armies were ready, or the British fleet perhaps, and whether bullets were flying on other than German rifle ranges during the Summer. He might so inquire.

Both professors confuse "the possibility" of a European war with a malicious plot to bring one about. Both bolster up a hopeless case by avoiding the essential facts on the other side. Certainly no fair historian can read the materials on the events of that day without reaching the conclusion that the German government considered a European war unlikely.

The prejudices of the 100% American historians appear in glaring colors whenever there is a basis for comparison between Germany and Great Britain. If the British maintain the largest fleet in the world and organize an army, that is a gain for peace. But the German army, by no means the largest, and the German navy, far behind the British—they are forces working for war. If the British make military and naval conventions with aggressive Continental Powers, our historians evade the issue by declaring these engagements not binding. But let the Germans make a military agreement with Austria-Hungary, and let an Austrian Socialist named Kanner call it a military convention for aggressive purposes, and at once they argue that Germany and Austria-Hungary were "plotting" something.

Does the German government make numerous proposals that would serve to prevent a European war? No matter, it wants one just the same. Does Grey propose to squeeze the Austro-Germans in another four-to-two conference? The German refusal to be squeezed is proof of war guilt. "Lord Grey's proposals for a conference in this spirit"—that of a European tribunal —"were not accepted," writes the editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica (in the new edition). In spite of all the evidence to the

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contrary, Professor Perkins declares that every Power in Europe except Germany accepted the conference. Barnard and Roorbach ("Epochs of World Progress," 1927) go so far as to say that Germany "refused to suggest any plan that would avert a conflict"—in spite of plain evidence that the German government suggested no less than five such plans. Strange to relate, Professor Davis mentions some of these German plans, but he removes them from their proper place in the narrative and reduces them to nothingness. His explanation of the German rejection of one of Grey's plans is possible only because he confuses dates until he brings Moltke into control at Berlin on July 26—five days early, in a crisis where careful historians reckon each minute important.

Why should all these American historians react so unfavorably to sincere German efforts to maintain the peace of the world and so favorably to insincere British proposals? The answer is that the British always used the phrases of the democratic dogma so beloved among our academicians. Even the impossible Serbians can obtain a favorable appraisal of their slippery answer to the ultimatum merely by suggesting the word Hague. Now, the British were much cleverer at this mellifluous phraseology than any of the others. Their suggestion of a "conference," so dear to the historian who substitutes wishes for ideas, is enough to turn our heroes' minds to mush. Empty words and phrases like "nationalism," "the sanctity of treaties" and "declaration of war" seem to benumb their faculties. No wonder that plain, direct-speaking Germans get no plaudits here in America. Alexander I could not have been more intoxicated with phrases about brotherly love than we are.

What of our historical journals? Do they present both sides of the case? Curiously enough, the conservative old *American Historical Review* turns out to be more historical-minded than the newer journals. Its pages are open to salvager and Revisionist alike. Not so the quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*. Under Professor Coolidge it was truly bi-partisan, but under Mr. Armstrong's direction it has become merely a sheet in which Renouvin, Florinsky and Armstrong himself dispense Franco-Slavic propaganda.

The *Journal of Modern History*, edited by Professor Bernadotte Evelyn Schmitt of Chicago, runs the same way. Professor Schmitt, sometime Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, worships the British Empire. To him Grey is a saint, and Grey's war a crusade. For the last three years he has refused to answer his critics on the ground that "his forthcoming book on the subject" will tell the world what he has to say. From behind this barrier, he snipes away at Fay, Barnes, Beazley and the other Revisionists. Under his direction, the *Journal of Modern History* devotes nearly half its space to British history and prints elaborate defences of Franco-Russian policies. The book reviews are full of unfriendly references to Revisionist views, long eulogies of such puppets of Grey as Lichnowsky, and absolute silence about books that do not suit the editor's purposes.

In brief, what we find in the current American historians is a constant flight from the plain facts, a long series of evasions of the realities of 1914. Democratic dogma, Wilsonian "idealism," gross illusions about inter-Allied and American motives—these form the obstacles to their thinking. Thus obstructed, they resort to what almost suggests special pleading in the police courts.

Perhaps one more example will help illustrate the peculiar workings of their minds. Geoffrey Parsons, in "The Stream of History" (1928), after admitting that his account is based on "the prevailing view of historians of the Allied nations and America," says that "it does not include the point of view of German historians or of the minority of Allied and American historians." Does he then discuss that other view? By no means. Instead, one reads, "Concealment, passion, national and racial prejudice make the truth of any

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conflict difficult to ascertain. Generations may elapse before the basis of an impartial view emerges." Again, in dealing with Anglo-German rivalry, he goes far enough to write that German trade was "fast outstripping British trade when the World War arrived," but just when the reader expects to find that the explanation of British hostility to Germany lies in that trade rivalry, this passage occurs: "The factors which control the human mind are too little understood to permit any analysis of national motives." Dr. Parsons declares it to be the "prevailing opinion of Allied and American historians that Austria-Hungary started the war in the Balkans with the approval and support of the German rulers and that the German decision to strike was born of fears and ambitions long held by her leaders and by them fostered in the mind of her people." Then there follows: "To what extent those fears and ambitions were justified must be left to future generations to decide—with a justifiable doubt that they will ever understand enough of the human scene to reach a final judgment." In other words, whatever the Allied Powers did and thought was good and whatever the Germans did and thought must be left to future generations.

IV

Curiously enough, the most evasive of all the evasions originated with a thorough Revisionist, Professor Robert C. Binkley, of New York University. His theory would deny all moral significance to Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, the article that proclaims German "responsibility" for all the damage done by the war, which is set down as "caused by the aggression of Germany and her allies." This article, he shows, goes back to an American proposal that Germany be made legally responsible for the damage done, once the war was started. France and Britain attempted to add moral to legal responsibility but the whole question receded during the negotiations of March and April, 1919, before the pressing question of just how much loot the Allies could get out of Germany. The resulting article was a compromise.

In answer to this interpretation of Article 231, many good arguments may be advanced. The removal of the article would leave the question of war-guilt still unsolved, so far as historians are concerned, for it is a declaration extorted from Germany at the point of the bayonet, and hence valueless for the larger issue.

Professor Binkley suggests that it might be made acceptable to the world if the Allies would issue a declaration to the effect that it had no moral significance. But he also admits that the whole treaty was based on the idea of the moral responsibility of the German government for the outbreak of the war. That basis was so well understood that few bothered to even mention it in the later months of the Peace Conference. But how can Article 231, which is part of the treaty, lack the essential justification of the whole treaty? To remove the moral accusation it would be necessary to scrap the whole treaty, a step which the Allies are not yet prepared to take publicly.

Let Mr. J. L. Garvin, British editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica (new edition, article on "War Guilt"), answer Professor Binkley. After stating that the Germans would like to have the insulting Article 231 removed or altered, he writes, "As will be seen, this form of moral triumph is impracticable. It would have a one-sided effect. It would, by itself, be interpreted as an admission by the ex-Allies—with or without their former Associate—that they were chiefly in the wrong. This their people do not admit now, and never will hereafter." Thus does Mr. Garvin somewhat awkwardly endeavor to evade Professor Binkley's suggestion.

The important fact is something Mr. Garvin carefully avoids mentioning and Professor Binkley stresses only lightly. That is the connection between responsi-

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bility for the war and the payment of the colossal indemnity. All the pronouncements of German war-guilt by the Allied political leaders have been made with loot as their primary object. Thus, both Lloyd George and Poincaré have roundly declared that German reparations were to be paid because the German government was guilty of starting the war. They have declared it so often that Article 231, even though in the beginning merely a legal statement, has become a moral denunciation in the minds of all nations.

It would be pleasanter, doubtless, for those who invest in reparations bonds if "there be no confusion of reparations and the war guilt question. Americans will not wish to leave their titles to an investment compromised by the agitation of the *Kriegsschuldfrage*." Professor Binkley's scheme of an Allied declaration renouncing the moral claims of Article 231 would serve this purpose. Unfortunately, it cannot be. As in the case of so many other parts of the treaty, the Wilsonian wording has come to mean something quite different when left to the interpretation of the savage "pacifists" who execute the terms of the treaty.

On the question of the origin of the war our American historians are far behind their European rivals. The latter, when they hear Lloyd George say that none of the governments of Europe wanted war in 1914, or when they read Poincaré's statement that the German government did not systematically plan the war, or when they peruse Grey's confessions in the preface to the popular edition of his Memoirs, realize that the Entente theories have become a bit shabby. They are ashamed to peddle the old nonsense unmodified. Even M. Renouvin, the ablest and most relentless of the Entente *comitadji*, admits (in the new Britannica) that the Russian intervention that precipitated the conflict was dictated by no "vital interest" of Russia. The American pedagogues, however, have not yet begun to question the intentions of the Russian government. Instead, they are content to repeat the old silly stories long since discarded by the "statesmen" in whose frightened noodles they originated. When the chief actors in the diplomatic drama desert our heroes, they rush for consolation to impostors like Seton-Watson, the champion of the Pan-Slavs, or to Kanner, the Socialist with a grievance, or to Emil Ludwig, the interesting but ridiculous weaver of romances. What could be more absurd?

The whole thing narrows down to this: Will American historians recognize that there are two sides to the case? No one asks them to embrace the German arguments; no one demands, even, that they become Revisionists. It is not a question of believing one side or the other. But it is a matter of common decency that they should present both sides of the dispute—that they should drop their dogmatism in relaying the Entente fables and their pussyfooting in the face of Revisionist facts.

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THE END OF OOFTY GOOFTY

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

A LOT of folks from Texas, reading this explanation, will set me down for a Hoover Democrat same as Judge Grigg.

I'm not.

A newspaper man like me, wandering over the length and breadth of the State, running a linotype in Lubbock, writing sports in Temple, doing county politics in Sugarland or selling advertising in Abilene, has to switch beliefs too often to be even that type of a loose thinker. I don't monkey with major issues. Wherever I happen to be uplifting journalism at the moment I think with my wheat-cakes, which means I write as my boss wants me to. And I always concentrate on home stuff. It's snappier and permits a fellow to become an expert in a short time.

There's a hell of a difference between writing up a nice argument on road appropriations in McMullen county and jigging around with this tariff yarn. It's even got the big boys dizzy up in Washington, so where would I get off, opinionating? You'll tell me I'll never get a name as a writer, sticking close to the prairie; but look at Mr. White up in Emporia and remember George Bailey down in Houston. I'm the sort that prefers being a big fish in a little puddle to *vice versa*. And let me tell you I wouldn't trade the welcome I get from the capitol correspondents when I walk into the Austin Hotel coffee-shop for the presidency of this Gridiron Club that Mark Goodwin's always yelping about when he comes back to Dallas to see the folks.

However, this story's about Judge Grigg and the jam he's in and not about myself. I'm merely the chronicler of the drama. At least it's drama to the judge, although there's a lot of folks scattered over the country who claim to see a lot that's funny about it.

Everybody in Texas knows how the mess started but it's astonishing how few people outside of here know what came afterward. I was talking to a man from Smackover the other day and he told me he'd never even heard of Oofty Goofty, or Judge Grigg, or even me that telegraphed the story of the trial to the New York *Herald Tribune* and got a letter of congratulation from my old friend Stanley Walker. He wrote me my copy took him back to the days when he worked under me on the *Plains Gazette*, over in Yoakum county. I was managing editor and boss printer of that sheet and I gave the lad his start—if I do say it myself.

Oofty Goofty has to open this recital. He's a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow. Or rather I mean he *was* a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow that you'd think you could knock over with a backhand swipe. But he's made the strongest men in Texas weep tears of mortification at their inability to hurt him. He challenged you to do your damndest and if you couldn't make an impression you paid up—anything from a shot of mule to a century note. They do say that in his home town of Galveston, where they were right proud of him, he once collected five hundred cold smackers for five consecutive wallops on the rear end.

That was Oofty's game. Wallops with a baseball bat on a rear end that was as tough as that of an army-truck. He worked

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up a reputation that made him famous from Galveston to Amarillo and from Texarkana to Uvalde. In the old days before Prohibition he played the saloons and did well. Like many another honest fellow, this dry law started his ruin. Speakeasy customers don't spend as much on side-attractions because they need more for their liquor. And the change to rotgut didn't do Oofty's insides any good either.

II

However, he was always what you would call a standard attraction. He'd blow into a town and pick his spot. In the old days it would be the biggest or most popular saloon. In later times the most respected speakeasy. After he'd made his arrangements with the proprietor a notice would go in the windows with this simple announcement:

HERE TONIGHT!
OOFTY GOOFTY
TEXAS' MOST FAMOUS SON
THE MAN WITH THE RE-ENFORCED
CONCRETE FOUNDATION.
Bring Your Own Baseball Bat—And Try to Hurt Him!
Oofty Goofty Will Positively Pay Ten Dollars to any Man or Woman Who can Knock Him off His Feet.

And then the price for taking a whack at him would be set down according to his estimate of the town's ability to pay. In big places like Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston or San Antonio he'd charge—and get—as good as ten dollars a sock. Then he would scale down through places like Austin and Waco at five dollars all the way to the river bottoms, where he has run from a quarter to a dollar. Yes, he's done his act for a shot of mule many and many's the time. And I've seen him pick up a fifty and even a century for a single crack, around the time of the oil boom in Mexia, Breckenridge and Burkburnett.

Just before the tragedy which is being set down here, Oofty had been hitting up the booze pretty heavy. After a long drunk he'd usually start up in a small burg so as to get his hand in and his nerve back. So he wandered into our county seat and set up his card in the window of Bill Truex's speakeasy.

On the night when the big doings came off there was as nice a crowd of solid citizens gathered in Bill's joint as I've ever laid eyes on. This Ranger Captain Hite, who was destined to play a big part in the ensuing drama, had come over from San Antonio way, supposedly to inquire into the liquor situation. He was certainly in the right place to carry on his investigations when he lit into Bill's joint. This Hite's a big broad-shouldered guy, an ex-cowman and a mixer, though a bit rough at times.

After some individual drinking had been going along, sort of spasmodically, Bill warmed things by setting them up twice all around. A bit later Oofty announced he was ready for all comers to take socks at two dollars apiece. He leaned over in his usual receiving position to show the folks the rules of the contest. He was a supple fellow, this Oofty Goofty, and when he was set for the clout his legs would be straight from the hips to his feet, which would be planted firmly on the floor. His hands would be in the same position, arms straight. He'd have his coat off, of course, and across the seat of his working pants there were two broad white stipes. These were for the guidance of the contestants and were parallel to the floor and about four inches apart. The top stripe was across the base of his spine for protection's sake, and Oofty always explained that as long as the indoor golfers would sock between the two lines everything would be okay.

I'd better explain right here that Bill's joint was in what had once been a store. Right in front of the bar there was a big plate-glass window, glazed over, of course, so snoopers couldn't peek and free audiences would be barred. Well, sir, Oofty faced the window about eight feet from it and then five of the lads took cracks but never budged him an inch. Then this

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ranger, Hite, asked if he could have a sock.

"Sure," says Oofty from the bar where he'd retreated for a snifter, "the bigger they come the better I like them."

So the ranger borrowed the last contestant's baseball bat. Oofty gets in position and Hite measures his distance, making a couple of preliminary swings and just brushing the edge of Oofty's pants.

Then he let go.

It was certainly a hefty sock and it pushed Oofty forward a full two feet. But that was okay according to the rules, which called for the actor being knocked off either his hands or feet before a score could be marked up against him. Oofty just slid along on all fours. Another way for him to have lost would have been an admission that he was hurt to the extent that he couldn't get in position for a second sock inside of five minutes. But Oofty just bounces to his feet, grins at the ranger and holds out his hand.

"Some slug, partner!" he said.

They shook on it, bowed to the applause and had a quick drink apiece. Then Oofty gets in position for another belt. But right as soon as he had leaned over the ranger laid the bat down awful quiet-like on the bar and pulled out a new ax-handle which had been sticking up out of his cowboy's boot. He got into a sort of a crouch, faster than it takes me to tell it, and bringing his shot up from away low-down, he caught Oofty clean amidships, lifted him off the ground, and batted him through that plate-glass window.

Believe me, that's when the nearest approach there'll ever be to hell started!

There was a lot of women folk out on the street doing their shopping when Oofty lit through. He struck the middle of the roadway and the howling that started was just awful. He lay there quite still and the folks all around and inside of Bill's speakeasy had too much to think of at the moment to bother much with him. You see, the window had been split wide open and there was Bill's bar in plain view of the entire populace.

And talk about luck, who do you think was standing right across the street? Nobody but the State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, talking about law and order with the police chief and complimenting him on the absence of crime and the lack of liquor! There were women yelling their fool heads off and picking slivers of glass out of themselves and their babies. Kids were cheering, thinking the circus had come to town, and the community's most respected citizens were all cluttered up and cursing each other around Bill's back door, trying to get out of the mess unbeknown to the audience on the main street. And the police chief, being deviled now instead of praised by the dry boss, was just shaping himself for a raid.

Finally they gathered Oofty, all blood and still unconscious, into a car and ran him to the hospital along with about a dozen females who'd got glass slivers in them. The cops then took in a few innocent bums who'd run over from the park to see what the trouble was and while doing it let the leading citizens make a safe getaway. When the smoke cleared off there was nobody left in the bar but me, being a newspaper man and immune from interference, and this ranger, Hite, he also being immune from arrest because of his official capacity.

I poured myself a shot from a broken bottle and Hite took one too.

"That was a lowdown trick," I said, "changing your weapon."

"I don't think so," he answered. "It was just a new one on him. Instead of driving I lofted. Did you ever play golf?"

I never had so I let it go at that.

III

The case came up in September. Oofty Goofty, plaintiff, Ranger Captain Hite and the Commonwealth of Texas, co-defendants. Of course the ranger didn't have two dimes to clink together but Oofty and his lawyer figured to collect heavy from the State, being that Hite was a representative

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and an employé. They claimed $200,000 for assault and battery on an innocent citizen.

They were mainstaying their case on the switch from the baseball bat, an admitted instrument of sport and pleasure, to the ax-handle, described in the complaint as a lethal weapon. They'd also tacked on a side bet of $50,000 for loss of earning power, Oofty claiming his nerve was gone as a result of the trip through the window and that he would never be able to face an audience again. If you'd have asked me I would have said that claiming $250,000 didn't look as if he'd lost much of his nerve.

Here's where Judge Grigg enters the drama. He's a noisy fellow from the Panhandle and personally I never had any time for him. But right's right and the way things came out I don't think he's had a clean break. I always gave him credit for sincerity and so did Jim Ferguson, although it was Jim who clapped the name on him that has stuck ever since.

It was around the time Jim was out campaigning for Ma, his missus, as Governor. There was a big meeting somewhere in the judge's territory—I forget just where—and Jim kept on talking about Necessity Grigg. Every time he referred to the judge—who of course was fighting him—it would be Necessity this or Necessity that. He got the crowd's curiosity stirred, which of course was what he was aiming to do, and from all corners they kept asking him what he meant. Jim let it drag along as much as he could and then proceeded to enlighten them.

"Well, boys," he says, in that slow drawl of his, "you know the old proverb 'Necessity knows no law.' Judge Grigg knows so little about law that you could properly say he don't know any. And that's why I call him Necessity."

The name has stuck ever since.

I almost forgot to tell you our own judge, Jim Wakefield, had got himself in bad with the boys when he handled the first case out of the Oofty Goofty mix-up. He'd given Bill Truex, who kept the speakeasy, two months for maintaining a nuisance, and poor old Oofty himself, still all cut up, got thirty days for damaging property when he passed through the window. But where Judge Wakefield, to my mind, showed real prejudice was when he dismissed all charges against Ranger Hite. Now if it hadn't been for Hite and his ax-handle there wouldn't have been any mess-up at all. But the judge was a dry and according to talk among the boys he was tipped off to let the ranger get by. I suppose the Anti-Saloon folks figured they'd never have got the evidence on Bill's joint if it hadn't been for Hite and his ax-handle and that consequently he was doing duty in a fine cause.

Anyhow, after that travesty of justice Oofty's lawyer, State Representative Ashton Sneed, applied for either a change of venue or another judge. Wakefield wanted to be out of the case, so it was all okay with him. And that's how Necessity Grigg came to be assigned to us.

There was certainly some entertainment spread out at that trial. More noise and backtalk than there was when the Klan paraded through Dallas at the opening of the 1923 State Fair. There were folks present from as far away as Lubbock and San Angelo. The streets were jammed with parked Fords, away out on to the edge of the prairie. Booger Red brought his crap tables over from Booger and did a mighty nice business at Bill Truex's—that is, till things blew up at the trial. Bill had moved his speakeasy from the actual scene of the crime and was certainly on the job. That two months he'd done in jail had drained a lot of booze out of him and had fired him with new energy for unloading the stuff on others. His joint was now in Bailey's alley, right next door to the office of State Representative Barney Cullom, who had been appointed counsel for the defense, acting for both Ranger Hite and the State.

Cullom had lent Bill the ax-handle with which the crime had been perpetrated and had told him he could keep it on exhibi-

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tion till it was called for at the trial. The police had tried to impound it but Cullom, who's right smart, got out a *habeas corpus* or something like that. Anyhow Bill had the weapon on the bar in a glass box, nailed down to the boards. The folks certainly did jam his joint for a look at it. Next to Oofty, who of course was the star of the opera, I guess the weapon was the cynosure of all eyes, as they say in the big town papers.

IV

Beside Booger Red's crap tables, Hamstrung Joe Voorhis, who had his tendons cut twenty years ago for sheep stealing, was present and accounted for. Hamstrung had brought along his bit of a rodeo, which he uses to tour around the Ozark country. He can't do any bulldogging since he got his punishment, but he carries two pairs of smart boys and girls with him. He set up in a field right across from the courthouse and did himself a nice trade with the overflow and at night. But this last part of his show was sort of cut into by the Blue Mountain Canary, who'd made the trip up from Houston.

Evangelizing seems to have gone flat down there since the Democrats used the town for their convention and the Canary didn't have more than just enough jack to land among us. But he sure started to collect after he'd got his tent up. First off, he declared himself in on Booger Red's and Bill Truex's businesses, swearing he'd preach sermons about their iniquities if they didn't come across. So they paid up. Four hundred talesmen had been called for the jury-picking and they all took religion from the Canary, figuring it might help them to get among the twelve good men and true. Even Oofty got half a dollar's worth of the Canary's comfort and did a good hour on the mourner's bench. I guess he figured it would help him too, poor unsuspecting soul!

There was also a sword-swallower, doing his stuff on the steps of the courthouse. The kids liked him, but he didn't go so good with me. I've seen better performers than him in the House restaurant the time I was up in Washington.

It took five days to get a jury, what with Counsellors Sneed and Cullom arguing with each other and Necessity Grigg asking the talesmen the foolest sort of questions a man ever listened to. Of course, all the boys wanted to get in the box and they cluttered up things quite a lot presenting their own arguments as to why they were qualified to give a fair and impartial verdict. There was one old fellow from the black-lands who took up the whole of a morning quoting those portions of the Scriptures that have to do with the wrath to come. It was just on lunch time before they found out that all along he thought it was Necessity Grigg that was on trial. He's had a grudge against the judge for thirty-five years.

However, all the delay had its advantages for Bill Truex, Booger Red, Hamstrung Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary and the sword-swallower. There were folks around who were saying that the five of them had put up a purse for the lawyers so they could drag things out and keep the crowd enjoying the pastimes of rum, religion, rodeo and gambling.

Finally a fellow from the county Farm Bureau came over and advised Necessity that the first cotton crop would be lost if he kept his show going another three weeks. You see, all the available help for miles around had gathered into town. So Necessity got busy. He had two men in the box ten minutes after the Farm Bureau agent had finished yelping. And he filled her that afternoon.

But, if they had only known it, they didn't have to worry about the cotton crop, for the Oofty Goofty trial didn't last long after the jury had got set. Sneed made his opening address for the plaintiff during the next morning session. He spilled a lot of Latin that I'd read parts of before in county seat newspaper editorials and he shot in some pretty fair poetry that the crowd seemed to like a hell of a sight bet-

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ter than the Latin. His main argument was that the greatest sporting character in Texas, offering his noble and invigorating example to redblooded men all over the world, had been brutally and underhandedly attacked by a hireling of that same great but occasionally careless Commonwealth. He wanted to know what was the use of baseball, football, duckshooting or any other health-giving exercise if the spirit of fair play which they engendered was to be ignored by the government itself.

"A thousand rangers," bellowed Sneed, "could have struck my talented client with a baseball bat and he would have turned to them a smiling face and a demand for further exhibitions of skill upon his person. But I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, when this hired minion of the Commonwealth of Texas—whose Governor even now should be hanging his head in shame—when this hired minion, I say, swapped a baseball bat—glorious token of redblooded athleticism—for an ax-handle, gentlemen, then I say to you fellow Texans, remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo, you twelve good men and true, for like Santa Anna this ranger had nothing else but murder in his heart."

That was hot stuff and he spilled a lot more like it. The crowd gave him a great hand when he came out for lunch. Cullom got his turn in the afternoon session. He's a different type from Sneed, not so fiery and loud-mouthed. But he gave a good show, and on the two opening speeches I would have said the crowd and the jury was just about even-minded. Cullom hardly said a thing at all about the crime but hung most of his conversation and accusations on to the counsel for the plaintiff.

V

It might be as well to give a bit of history right here. Judge Grigg, you see, went over with Oscar Colquitt after Al Smith had been picked as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Governor Colquitt led these Hoover Democrats, as they came to be called. Necessity Grigg, working along those lines, carried his county for Hoover, although he'd always been a Democrat—of sorts. Now Representative Sneed, who was appearing for Oofty Goofty, was sort of tarred with the same stick, although he hadn't been quite as active as Necessity.

Cullom started in to picking on Sneed's record in the lower house at Austin, not that I could see what it had to do with Oofty's case—but Cullom's no fool.

"This vacillating politician," Cullom told the court, "this well-fed exponent of the law [Sneed's a right hearty eater and kind of shows it] has the gall to come into this court and pose to you intelligent gentlemen as an expert on sport. Why I don't believe he'd know a baseball bat if he saw one. But that's neither here nor there. What I do propose to do is to take you gentlemen back a few months in order to prove to you that he not only knows nothing about fairness, honesty or decency, but that he also has dared to defame the fair name of Texas. He has not only defamed it in this court, where he seeks to collect from the public coffers money to assuage the well-deserved hurts of his mountebank client, but he has dared to defame it in the legislative halls of Austin, the shrine of the Lone Star State."

"How come?" asks Necessity. He never was very strong on strictly legal language. Sneed knew what was coming and tried to stop it. But the judge wanted to know and lived up to Jim Ferguson's description of him. He opined that most anything could go in an opening speech barring actual assault and battery and signaled Cullom to go ahead.

"This is not the first time that counsel for the defense has dared to impute unworthy motives on the part of this great Commonwealth," Cullom goes on. "Although he was born within her boundaries and although he has profited by every benefit which she has so generously distributed among her inhabitants he has dared to hold Texas up to the ridicule of other States——"

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"What's it all got to do with the case on hand?" asks Necessity, at last taking a tip from Sneed, who'd been tying himself in knots trying to get his eye.

"I'm going to tell you, I'm going to tell you," Cullom assures him. "May it please the court, I am now on the heels of proof that counsel for the plaintiff has always been a Benedict Arnold to the State in which he was born and bred. At the last session of the Legislature he sponsored a bill to legitimatize all children born in Texas out of wedlock——"

"I don't see anything—" starts Necessity. But Cullom cut him off short.

"The court knows," he shouted, banging his fist on the table, "the court knows, and I know, and this jury of fine upright citizens knows, and this splendid audience of Texas men and women know, that there are no bastards in Texas——"

Right here was where Juror No. 4 blew up the show. He rose in his seat and wagged a finger at Necessity sitting there on the bench.

"How about the two hundred thousand Democrats that voted for Hoover?" he yelled at the judge.

That was bad enough in all conscience, but Oofty, who has always been the right sort of a Texan in politics, had to shove his oar into the mess.

"Ye're damn tootin', fella!" he shouted at the juror.

Then all hell started. Three of the jurors jumped out of the box to pry the attorneys apart and private fights began all over court. Necessity wasn't any good at halting the riot and the man who finally brought about quiet was the defendant, Ranger Hite, who did it with the two guns he always totes around.

As soon as he could make himself heard Necessity announced that there would be a new trial and that this one was off from now on. Then he haled Juror No. 4 to the bar and slapped a fifty-dollar plaster on him for contempt of court. You could hardly blame the judge.

The concessionaires certainly burned up over the delay. It meant now that the show couldn't go on till after cotton picking time and folks had to live in the meantime, to say nothing of the expense of moving crap tables, tents, cow ponies, bundles of tracts and Bibles and the like over to another hot spot and then back again.

Oofty Goofty went out and got drunk that afternoon and when I found him toward evening he was laying up in Joe Wood's cow shed, a pretty fair sort of a mess. I wouldn't have been chasing after him only Necessity saw me on the street and told me to dig up the plaintiff and send him over to the judge's chamber, back of the courthouse.

VI

Oofty was wearing his working pants as the easiest way of carrying round a court exhibit. Saved him changing them any time a juror would have wanted enlightenment on the art of rear-end socking. He'd been over in Bill Truex's place with a couple of professional baseball players who'd been brought down as witnesses for the plaintiff to bust up the defence's contention that the big clout was a sporting proposition and not an attempt at murder.

When I found Oofty he had lost his belt. I guess somebody had swiped it because of the gold buckle which had been presented to him by the San Antonio Elks. He was in such bad shape that he needed something to hold up his pants and I, like a fool, lent him my gallusses. I always wear both belt and gallusses for protection.

You see, I'm setting all this down in fairness to Judge Grigg because if it hadn't been for the gallusses Oofty wouldn't be in the bug-house today. I shall testify to the facts when Necessity is tried and I hope I'll be able to help him out of his jam.

Well, I fastened him up and we made our way to the judge's chambers. Necessity was sitting there in company with a slim guy with a pompadour.

"This is Skylight Reed," he said to Oofty and me. "Skylight puts himself down as the finest golf player in Texas and

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he has a theory in this case that might simplify matters for me from a judicial point of view. He wants to try out both methods on you, Oofty. The baseball bat swipe and the ax-handle wallop. He promises to do what he calls a piece of putting when he uses the ax-handle which means that he'll pull his shot."

Oofty was willing, though, as I learned when it was too late, the success of Skylight's theory was of benefit to the defendant and absolutely none to the plaintiff, meaning Oofty.

Reed's idea was that Oofty depended on his grip with his hands and feet on the floor to hold off the downward sock of the baseball bat and that thus in this position he had no protection from the upward wallop of the ax-handle which twitched him off the ground and into the air. This would sort of tend to dispose of the theory that the ax-handle method was murderous assault and provide a contention that here was nothing more than a new method of playing the game.

Well, Oofty got into position for the first slug with the bat. Now, if I had had sense enough to look at him then I'd have seen what was wrong—but I'm sorry to say I paid no attention. Reed hefted the bat, measured his distance and gave it to him full force.

Oofty dropped cold and until we dug up Doc Griffith the three of us were sure he was dead.

As time passed we were able to learn what had happened. The first thing that struck us as being queer was that when Oofty came to about ten hours later the Doc offered him a swallow of honest-to-God red liquor.

Oofty turned it down.

The judge, who was taking on something awful, sent for a brain specialist all the way to Waco. This bird got in the next day and went all over Oofty. He figured that Reed had planted his wallop fair on the base of the spine and had knocked the vertebræ up a good couple of inches, so that the brain had been sort of flicked. He announced to us that Oofty was crazy as a coyote and would now have to be taken care of by the State. He finished up by ordering his committal after he'd offered the patient a shot of prescription booze like Doc Griffith had and had seen him turn it down. This brain specialist, who'd been an admirer of Oofty's for years, said he didn't need the evidence of the shifted backbone to convince him the man was daft. Turning down the drink, he said, was proof enough.

Well, of course they had to have an inquiry and some court procedure and what chance did Necessity have down here among real Democrats? He and Reed were both held for murderous assault and their trial comes up next month. I guess it'll be as big a thing as the first case. I know the gang's all coming down for it: Hamstrung Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary, the sword-swallower and Booger Red. As for Bill Truex, he's always with us.

The real angle of how the thing happened never struck me till Necessity had been ordered held. You see, when I put my gallusses on Oofty they tightened up his pants so that when he leaned over for Reed's sock the two white guiding lines between which he had to hit had been hitched so that the danger spot, the base of the spine, was dead in the middle of the two safety marks.

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A SUPERIOR PERSON

BY DUFF GILFOND

WHEN Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut was lately caught sneaking a lobbyist into the secret sessions of the Senate Finance Committee, his colleagues fell upon him with a malevolent enthusiasm which can only be explained as a compensation for their own unhappy inferiority. The transgression of a smaller, weaker brother would certainly have found them far less indignant. But the opportunity to pull down and belabor a man so much taller, so much more beautiful, opulent and successful than they: a degree-holder from Yale, Harvard, California and Cuzco, Peru; a former member of the faculties of Harvard, Princeton and Yale; a famous explorer with fifty-three lines in "Who's Who"; a man who writes books without ghosts; who never swears, gets drunk or uses *don't* for *doesn't*; who quotes Brazilian poets on the Senate floor; who makes a committee meeting on time by the use of a blimp; a suave, elegant gentleman whose entire career has been as perfect as his face—the opportunity to knock off this colossus was too gorgeous to be resisted.

Not only, indeed, is he handsomer, richer, more cultured and successful than any of his colleagues; he has never soothed their natural envy by seeking to conceal the fact. Far from it! Day in and day out he has corrected their boorish mistakes and told them how things should be done. Once when Senator Borah (a college graduate too, but of Kansas State, a cow college) read an authorized translation of a portion of the Nicaraguan constitution, Professor Bingham arose to advise him coldly that *falta* meant *absence* and never *default*. And then he dazzled the galleries by reading the whole passage in Spanish. On another occasion he interrupted Senator Walsh (who has no academic degree, but only a teacher's certificate) in the reading of a letter from a corporation, to inform him that "they make *machetes*, those large knives used in the Cuban cane plantations." The gentleman from Connecticut knows everything.

But instead of appreciating all this wisdom, as King Arthur's knights did when an earlier Connecticut Yankee fell into their midst, the Senators wriggle and squirm under it. Aspiring prima donnas themselves, they don't want to be told anything; they bristle when treated as sophomores. During the Professor's lectures they break in with queries and denials necessitating that he "go back to where I was at the time of the interruption." Forgetful of their Latin, if they ever knew any, they writhe when he swings into the language of his great Roman predecessors. Never have Senatorial vanities suffered so.

The truth of the matter is that they simply cannot understand their superlearned colleague. Like the late Senator Lodge, the Professor can speak to few men and hobnob with fewer. He is not a rough-and-tumble politician, ingratiating himself with elevator men and department clerks by soft words. His lofty thoughts are far away from the faces of tariff experts or any of the other fry that pop into his path. His humor is not the low, practical joker variety of Babbitts; the books he reads and chuckles over would bore ordinary men; his moral standard, despite his slip in the matter of the lobbyist, is higher.

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The disclosure of the Senatorial vote on an executive appointment by a United Press correspondent so shocked him that he led the movement which ousted the newspaper men from the Senate floor. Don't think the boys weren't itching to get even! When the Professor's lapse came they joined with the Senators in yelling for his blood. Like lusty hawks they leaped upon their victim, the most gorgeous bird in the arena—the peacock of peacocks—and tore into his fine feathers until they were appeased.

II

Of the many things that mark Professor Bingham off from ordinary politicians, a fundamental one is his lineage. In 1650 Connecticut was already endowed with a Bingham, but to trace the attributes of our Hiram we need not poke so far back. In Grandfather Hiram Bingham I, who sacrificed the comforts of the Nutmeg State to convert the heathen in the Sandwich Islands and who wrote a book on his twenty-one years of residence there, we recognize the consciousness of moral duty and the literateness of Hiram III. In Hiram II, translator of the Bible into Hawaiian, the Bingham talents appear again, whence they enter into our Hiram to bear their finest fruit. What if the Bishop of Oxford of half a century ago described American missionaries in the Pacific as "rather more severe, sour and vinegar-like than even their fathers, the stern old Puritans of New England"? It was in such gentlemen that the distinguishing qualities of Professor Bingham had their root.

As soon as Hiram III invaded the moral atmosphere of the Honolulu home in 1875 he was slated for the ministry. As is so often the case, Mother knew best. The superiority which the Senators resent a flock would have revered. The men would have stood in awe of Pastor Hiram's intellect, and the women of his beauty. For a time, indeed, it seemed that Mother Bingham was to have her way. Even that obstreperous bunch of Yale men of the class of '98, whose chief occupation was hell-raising, could not seduce young Hi from his homework for God: conducting a Bible class and a kind of boys' missionary club. After graduation he superintended a mission chapel in Honolulu, but unluckily, a missionary career could not hold him. Years later, a crony of the college religious club, soliciting endowments for a colored university, heard of Professor Bingham's acquired fortune and plied him. He found that the Professor had definitely abandoned missionary work.

Although Hiram's gay classmates did not choose him as one of the ten handsomest or most likely to be successful of the class—indicating the emptiness of all college prophecies—he soon made them sit up and remember him. He acquired a string of letters after his name, some Tiffany millions with a wife, a professorship, and a taste for exploration. Yale University, generously endowed by Mrs. Bingham, offered to gratify this last urge by financing an expedition into Latin America. The National Geographic Society also threw in some shekels and not in vain. Professor Bingham traversed Bolívar's route, the first North American to do it; he explored the Pampaconas river; ascended Mt. Coropuna, an Andean peak of 21,703 feet; located the lost Incan capital, Uiticos; and above all, discovered the ruins of Machu Picchu, where the Incan chiefs lived and died. Each expedition went into a book and the Professor himself went into "Who's Who." Also, from this contact with Latin America and its people, he was able to write "The Monroe Doctrine: an Obsolete Shibboleth," a good book but alas! somewhat unpatriotic. Subsequently, when he entered politics and found the right American point of view, he removed this illegitimate child from the company of his other works in "Who's Who."

In no other instance, fortunately, did acquaintance with the Indians and their Latin lords deflect the Professor from the correctness of his early training. He remained as faithful to New England as his

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ancestors had been, working on the heathen. A classmate of a former Yale freshman recalls how he upheld the rules of the university when sympathy or sentimentality might have shaken a weaker man. The freshman, dropped from the roll because he had married, appealed to him for reinstatement. Whether even the famous Professor Bingham could have persuaded the authorities to absolve a sin of that kind does not matter so much as the moral lesson he preached to the sinner. Briefly, it was: When you make your bed, lie in it!

As the director of expeditions into lands where men are prone to grow lax and godless, Professor Bingham never neglected to stress high-mindedness. Once, when a member of the party misplaced his return ticket, the Professor took pains to refer to it during the farewell dinner, in the excitement of which the culprit might have forgotten his folly. He was always so exemplary himself. He provided the right number of mules and the right kind of men to take care of them. Never did he partake of rations or indulgences forbidden to the others. Every man who obeyed him found him an able, efficient, even delightful boss; only those who had their own ideas, who resented perfection and omniscience in any man, found his leadership irksome.

It is no exaggeration to say that at forty Professor Bingham had everything a man could want: prestige, a nice wife, seven sons, a fine house, an enviable library and a high-powered motor car which, to the annoyance of the less favored pedagogues of Yale, waited to receive His Lordship at his very classroom door. What more could a man already so successful still achieve? An ordinary man would have let well enough alone. But the Professor is no ordinary man. In 1916 he slipped out of the refined, dignified, esoteric realm of books where he was at home, to mingle with a rabid group of flag-wavers on their way to Sagamore Hill. After urging Colonel Roosevelt to run again, amidst a multitude of rahs, the delegates sauntered out on the lawn where, according to the New York *Times*, Professor Bingham pushed his way to the Colonel's side and said:

> Colonel Roosevelt, I want to tell you very frankly just how I stand. When I was in Peru as a representative of the National Geographic Society I found much that didn't please me. I found that the claim to American citizenship won no respect. They did not have a very high opinion of Americans there. So I decided that there were pleasanter occupations for an American citizen than exploring in Peru, and I came home. And when I read your speech about preparedness and Americanism, I decided that, despite my love for dear old Bill Taft, I was for you.

Hiram Bingham was in the ring.

III

An unsung war hero (he courageously told the generals how to do things) Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham returned to Connecticut ripe for reward. The politicians of both Republican factions were willing to appropriate him, and no wonder. Six feet three inches tall, his clean-cut, classical countenance crowned by a gorgeous bed of silver, his fine gray clothes accentuating the loveliness of his hair, he was instantly recognizable as a knock-out. Beside, he was a Professor, above the sordidness of lifelong politicians; a fluent, if not fiery, speaker; and a man of wealth. No fatter fat cat had ever been seen in Connecticut. So both Colonel Isaac Ullman and J. Henry Roraback, the rival bosses there, were eager to star him, and the Professor soon let it be known that he felt his bread was buttered on the Roraback side.

Connecticut is not exactly a liberal State. An attempt to disapprove of the Ku Klux Klan in a State platform was voted down three to one. The cities, by a kind of rotten borough system, have less proportional representation in the Legislature than the small towns. Nor can they gain control while Boss Roraback has the handing out of legislative committee assignments and patronage. To a man of Professor Bingham's high-mindedness and personal courage—remember, he learned

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to fly after forty; he assailed Nordic snobbery against the Filipinos in Honolulu; and, as a Senator, he took Tom Heflin to task for his roars against the Pope—to a man so high-toned and refined, who had always had his own way in classrooms and on explorations, it must have been a very real sacrifice to become a Rorabacker.

It meant that he had to stop talking to newspaper men, respectful as he always is of his own opinions, when J. Henry told him to shut up. It meant disappointing the good people of Connecticut when they clamored for the nomination of Colonel Tilson, a non-Rorabacker, for the Vice-Presidency, by ingeniously garbling his nominating speech at the last Republican National Convention. It meant thwarting them again when the President had to be persuaded to recall the appointment to Assistant Attorney-General of a favorite son who was "unruly." It meant the continual subordination of self in Service to a Cause.

Of course, he was rewarded. In 1922 he was made (elected, they call it) Lieutenant-Governor of the State, which office he dignified by an attack on the Younger Generation for trying to "revert to primitive savagery and break down the New England standards of decency, modesty and morality." Two years later he was naturally ready for the governorship and got it. But fate intervened with the untimely suicide of Senator Brandegee, whose seat, it was plain, nobody deserved more than the self-sacrificing Professor. To be sure, it was a little steep to nominate him for Senator only a few weeks after he had been made Governor. But Boss Roraback is not a sensitive man, and so his protégé proclaimed his "duty to accept the mandate from the people."

Notwithstanding this mandate, the people protested. Many prominent Republicans bolted in favor of the Democratic nominee, the able and liberal Hamilton Holt; certain independent newspapers made unkind imputations; fifty Yale professors publicly walked out on their former colleague. Boss Roraback became nervous. An S. O. S. was despatched to Washington; there was a plain need to "support Coolidge" by helping Bingham. Senator Moses came, and others. "You're not going to commit Binghamy!" demurred the fastidious ladies of Hartford and New Haven. But the Coolidge tom-tom drowned them out and the stately and learned Professor elbowed his way in.

And now the fun began! Who would take the inaugural oath: the Lieutenant-Governor-elect who was to be Governor or the Governor-elect who was to be Senator? Who would make the inaugural address? Who would dance at the inaugural ball? Should Professor Bingham's picture be included in the Governors' gallery in the State library? There was much ado, but the Professor gallantly played all his parts. Instead of leaving for Washington he remained to take the gubernatorial oath; delivered the longest inaugural address in the history of the State; appointed a military escort for the parade to the Capitol and the ball; and had the largest portrait in the gallery hung in the most conspicuous spot. Why not? How would anybody know he had been Governor otherwise?

That ball was the most splendid shindig ever held in Connecticut. The hall was draped in blue, gold and white, which colors, with the green of the massed plants, formed a background for the brilliant gowns of the women and the dazzling garb of the military. Along with the Governor's Foot Guard, in scarlet coats and waving shakos, were delegations of the Old Guard of New York, the Richmond Blues, the Ancient and Honourables of Boston, and the Worcester Continentals. Color guards carried American and Connecticut flags. A guard of honor formed a lane down which the stunning, stately Governor sailed as hundreds of amber lights lit up, and the band boomed "Hail to the Chief!"

The next day, within eighty minutes, the Governor-Senator resigned as Governor, took the oath as Senator, and was off to Washington, his jaw set in broad self-satisfaction.

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IV

When Professor Bingham took his seat on the Senate floor the eyes of the ladies in the gallery popped. "Did you see the new Senator from Connecticut?" they bubbled. "I tell you, he can put his clothes in *my* trunk!" Fie! The merest acquaintance with the dignified Professor would have frozen such wicked ideas out of them.

A close-up of him left them even more breathless. The jaundiced light of the Senate chamber had given his delicate face a kind of lean look. In reality it is broad, with high cheek bones and well-set jaws. The lips are thin, but the nose is perfect. The small eyes are bright and brown, and there is a slight cleft in the chin. It is a classic face, capped by that superb shock of silver. When he laughs the thin lips give way to a nice smile, the right shoulder shakes, and the Professor is quite delightful. One of the most impressive scenes in the Senate is the procession of His Lordship, his tiny wife and his seven, stalwart sons filing out of the Senate gallery into the Senators' restaurant.

The Senators, however, were unable to share the feminine enthusiasm. They felt uncomfortable beside this spare giant whose stunning top made them conscious of their own phrenological bumps. Immediately they began to cavil. The thin-lipped smile, they hinted, was akin to a smirk, the broadening jaws indicated smugness, the reserve of manner seemed to be mincing, the pedagogical singsong in the pleasant voice made them feel juvenile, and the Roman immobility of the face was irritating. All of which might have been overlooked had the Professor not broken the silence imposed on newcomers by taking the floor thirty times in three days.

But on no occasion, then or thereafter, did he take the floor to harry the Administration, as do less considerate Senators. Too busy, perhaps, to take any interest in another man's book, or in another archeologist's aims; too preoccupied, no doubt, with his own great work in the world to waste time on the activities of lesser men, he nevertheless consistently repaid Mr. Coolidge for letting him ride into the Senate on his back. The Coolidge appointments, including even that of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney-General, were sacrosanct to the Professor; in all his addresses Coolidge was invariably "an eminent statesman."

Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this fealty was displayed on the last day of a session, when the President returned a number of bills to the Senate with his veto. One was Professor Bingham's. It provided that Army bandmasters be given the rank of warrant officers, which would admit them to the same social functions as Canadian bandmasters, who are of similar rank. Although his colleagues nonchalantly re-passed the other bills, one after another, over the Presidential veto, Professor Bingham declined to vote for his own baby, which he had worked so hard to push through both Houses but which Mr. Coolidge didn't like.

In the embarrassing matter of Nicaragua he was the Administration's most ardent defender. The Monroe Doctrine, which, in his scientific days, had been "a petulant and insatiable imperialism—a superb, audacious and mortifying notification to the Latin peoples of the continent of our strenuous desire either to absorb the small Republics or to become the supreme arbiters of their destinies"—this Monroe Doctrine became, during the Coolidgean activities in Nicaragua, "the fundamental justification for the policy of the Administration." Notwithstanding the Professor's repeated explanation that his eye-opener had not been politics but wicked, imperialistic Germany, his colleagues never tired of ragging him about it. No sooner did one Senator, contesting the Administration, complete a speech in which he quoted America's greatest statesmen than another bobbed up to remind him that he had omitted a man "who you will all agree is equally as great as Thomas Jefferson or Alexander Hamilton or Daniel Webster." Whereupon he

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read from Professor Bingham's disinherited book. Colloquies like the following are strewn through the *Congressional Record*:

MR. NORRIS—The Senator now is reading from Professor Bingham?
MR. WHEELER—Yes.
MR. NORRIS—I want to call his attention to the fact that Senator Bingham has completely overthrown the argument of Professor Bingham.
MR. BORAH—Mr. President, in fairness to the Senator from Connecticut, I think it is perfectly apparent that a Senator's judgment is much superior to the judgment of a professor.
MR. WHEELER—I think the Professor's judgment was much superior to that of the Senator.
MR. BORAH—The Senator does not mean to say that he is in favor of abandoning the Monroe Doctrine?
MR. WHEELER—Oh, no; I may eventually become as radical as Senator Bingham was when he was a professor.

Goodness gracious, can't a man even change his mind without being hounded for it?

V

To his credit be it said, Professor Bingham is wholly oblivious to the ridicule of his deprecators. Unfriendly observers say he doesn't get it, which is, indeed, silly. Why should a peacock be disturbed by the missiles of ants? Let the idle fellows rave; after dark his motor still flanks the Capitol while he works on. He is an authority on Latin America. In China, the Philippines and Porto Rico, where he has travelled for first-hand information, he discovered methods of strengthening Americanism. But his chief interest is aviation, in the promotion of which he speaks, writes and flies everywhere. As soon as he heard the whirr of the *Graf Zeppelin* over Washington, he bounded from the table where he had just ordered lunch, changed into his flying togs, and in his Navy airplane succeeded in nosing out the spectacular *Zeppelin* landing in Lakehurst.

Such exploits put the Professor into the movies, but they only augment the ill-will of the Senators who have been lectured, corrected or addressed in Latin. Alarmed lest his graces, going unchallenged, should put him and, of course, Boss Roraback into the White House, they long prayed for an opportunity to tear him down. And so, when he smuggled an employé of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association into the secret tariff hearings, by pretending that the fellow was his clerk, they leaped into the air with raucous shouts and grabbed their chance. Outraged, as if they had never taken orders from lobbyists themselves, as if they had actually never seen one until the Professor set one under their noses, they howled about the outrage to their morals, which, it seemed, could only be purged by the Professor's tears.

The humility, mortification, indignity to which these sanguinary fellows subjected their tallest, stateliest, most godlike member was almost inhuman. The lobby investigating committee, before which he voluntarily appeared to explain the business, grilled him as if he were a chorus girl accused of bumping off a sugar daddy. Again and again he informed them that the money the lobbyist had received from the government (the payment to him was just an ingenious little device to admit him to the secret hearings) had been turned over to his, the Professor's, own regular clerk. But instead of dismissing the case then, in gentlemanly fashion, instead of granting that he merely wanted to serve Connecticut where everybody is a manufacturer save Mr. Roraback, they only increased their horrible hullabaloo. "You talk too much!" "Answer yes or no!" "You falsified the record!" Hiram Bingham, professor *emeritus*, explorer, author, what-not, winced on his pinnacle. But they loved it too much to stop, and so, proceeding, they dragged up incriminating evidence about a conference in Boss Roraback's office, where the plot had been hatched—evidence which the Professor had not even thought worth mentioning. Adroitly he attempted facetiousness by playing on the names of Eyanson, the lobbyist, and Einstein, the mathematician, but to no avail.

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Goaded out of his customary composure, his delicate face flushed, his fists clenched, his voice raised above its usual suavity, the Professor rushed back to the Senate floor and denounced the committee. In this invective, trained as he was in the schools of learning and not of grimy politics, he was, perhaps, not very successful; but in his loftier and more poetic moments he did himself full justice. "My testimony," he vociferated, "has been twisted and turned by innuendo, by implication and by every unfair means in the power of these attorneys to damage my reputation, and I resent it and I shall resent it to the end of time!"

The committee members went wild. They thought they had floored him at the hearing, but here he was, on his feet again, kicking back, and sometimes below the belt. The comical Caraway of Arkansas, unable to contain himself, paced up and down behind the Professor's long back or tapped disconcertingly on the adjoining table as he flayed them. Then hell broke loose. Pails of mud were splashed at his fine, white head by experts in the business. Tom Heflin, rebuked for his religious spume, came back with a vengeance. Robinson of Indiana, Blaine, everybody who carried a grievance against the peacock, unloaded it in this pitiless free-for-all. "The cap and gown of a great university does not make him superior—." "A frail bark upon the ocean of life whose unimportance it is unnecessary to exaggerate." "A slimy dirty trail mapped out designedly from the office of the Senator to that of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association." The ladies in the gallery gasped; Professor Bingham slumped low in his seat. "If there is a Regular on this floor," challenged Dr. Caraway, "who approves of what Senator Bingham did, let him stand up and say so." Silence.

And still his tormentors were not sated. Roused to a truly bloodthirsty pitch, like a bunch of fraternity boys initiating a bully, they could not stop their whacking. But soon they used up all their invective, and had to scout for another instrument of torture. The records, twenty-seven years back, disclosed one: the Senatorial censure. This, a weapon employed to put down a pair of rowdyish Senators who had fallen upon each other in the chamber, was now brandished over the stately head of Professor Bingham. He had but one loophole: an apology. If he could be brought to his knees, his antagonists agreed to call quits. "For God's sake, say you're sorry, Hi!" his friends implored. But princes do not cower. Grimly he replied: "I have nothing to apologize for."

In this spirit, unlike any ordinary man, he took his punishment. On the day of the censure every seat in the chamber was occupied, Congressmen crowded the Senate floor, correspondents squeezed into the aisles of their gallery, and spectators craned forward from theirs. Every eye was riveted on the ashen face in the last row on the left. It remained immobile. Only its pallor and the restlessness of the long, expressive fingers, occasionally digging furrows into the forehead, evinced the Professor's anguish. A bit later, as the debate on the wording of the censure raged, he recovered his calm and left his seat to whisper to a few colleagues. He smiled at others but they ignored him.

One or two, however, crumpling under the strain, begged for a softening of the damning language. Dave Reed's eloquent exhortation caused sniffles in the gallery. Gould of Maine, incongruously enough, made his plea in bad English. The Professor himself never weakened to an admission of wrong-doing; his suffering was entirely the result of the indignity heaped upon him. Indeed, he rose, majestically, as the galleries surged, to decline a drop of whitewash that did not cover Mr. Eyanson! Worn out by the attack and despairing of results, the Senators passed their resolution of censure. The pent-up galleries emptied as the Professor, released at last, triumphantly shook hands with his friends.

Two days later he took a hearty part in the tariff debate, proving again that you can't keep a good man down.

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AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

A FREE American citizen of the town of Hartford favors the *Herald of Song* thereof with his well-considered views on the evils of the modern woman's dress:

> *Herald of Song:*
> I note in last issue that Prof. James Rowe champions the modern short dress, single-piece bathing suit, etc. The *Herald of Song* is hardly the place to champion any questionable issue. However, God being the Judge, this is not in any sense a questionable issue.
>
> It would be hard for me to believe that the aprons Adam and Eve clothed themselves with in the Garden after their fall into sin, were as scanty as the modern bathing suit. But they were sufficiently modern for Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve in their sinful state. But were these sufficiently modest for their Maker—our God?
>
> Just the man and his wife, all alone. No children for them to influence the satanic way. No neighbors, no neighbors' children, not one soul for them to exert an influence over; and yet I read in the Book inspired by God the Spirit, that their scanty clothing was offensive to the same God we claim to worship, honor and adore. Gen. III: 21.: Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them! . . .
>
> The modern dress is the fruits of the doctrine of evolution, the No God Doctrine. God our Saviour is just as MODEST today as He was when He as Lord clothed our first parents in the garden, after the shameful conduct of sin.
>
> Paul said of himself, "I keep under my body." He instructed others to "be not conformed to the world."
>
> Yours truly,
> W. S. WILBURN.
>
> Hartford, Ark.

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the celebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, solves a puzzling question in moral theology:

> [A skeptical] lawyer finds fault with Jesus because His first miracle was to turn water into wine and thus He encouraged drunkenness, and beside that if Jesus lived in the world now and did the like of that He would be arrested by the employés of the Anti-Saloon League and put in the penitentiary for manufacturing liquor and more stuff like that. Too bad. If Jesus was here and did as charged He would suit such men as this lawyer who want their booze. But suppose I should tell the dear man, whose superficiality is refreshing, that Jesus never made a drop of wine that would produce drunkenness? What would he think of that? Well, certain it is that the kind the ruler was drinking was the sort that would make men drunk. The kind Jesus made was DIFFERENT and the difference was noted. It is plainly stated that what Jesus made was better, and the better came last instead of first as was the custom. Then just where did the lawyer get the idea that they were all drunk? *Drunken* is the past participle form of the word *drink*. It does not mean that they were intoxicated but had DRUNK of the wine furnished by the host to his guests. Still another thing to be noted is that Jesus violated no law at that time as He would be doing if here in this Prohibition country, and the fight against the liquor traffic has never been a fight against the fermentation of light wines but against the traffic in liquor which would take advantage of the least opportunity to use light wine as a camouflage for selling strong drink. The kind of wine Jesus made was as harmless as buttermilk.

THE same learned man on the great practical benefits of the Bible:

> The Bible has been a wonderful blessing to the poor. In heathen countries to this day the poor are kept under their masters and they eke out an existence hardly so good as old time slaves. In Christian lands the wages are much better, and there is opportunity given for the education of their youth and it is a fact that we now have a President of the United States who was a poor hired hand when a boy and was not able to pay his tuition through school. Such a thing as a poor hired hand rising like that in a heathen country has never been heard of. If the influence of the Bible has not caused this, please tell me what influence did it. There is free medicine

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for the sick who are unable to pay. There is a free hospital bed for the down and out who is unable to meet the expenses. There is free food for the hungry and clothes for the naked. In what heathen country do we find such things? To see a man striking against the religion of Jesus Christ in this land where the Bible has been a benefit is to remind us of the dog that bites the hand that feeds it. To receive such benefits and not acknowledge the Giver of all good is to be like the hog that eats the acorns yet never looks up to see from whence the acorns come.

AND on two apparent contradictions in the same Book:

Infidels think they find a contradiction in the Bible concerning marriage. In Gen. 11:18 we are told that "it is not good that man should be alone." Yet in I Cor. VII:27 we are told, "Art thou loose from a wife? Seek not a wife." So there, now, another contradiction according to infidelity. But here ignorance comes in again. Paul was not contradicting what God had said in Genesis. He was telling the Corinthians that during that peculiar time in which they were living, while the "distress" they were laboring under continued, that it was better to be single. He was not laying down a rule of life.

Skeptics tell us that the Bible flatly contradicts itself when it commands children to love and obey their parents (Ex. XX:12) and then turns around and says that we cannot be a disciple of Jesus unless we "hate father and mother." (Luke XIV:26.) This is explained by the fact that the word hate is sometimes used in the sense of LOVING LESS, and so we are only told by Jesus that we must love father and mother less than we love Him if we are to be His disciples.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE American language gets a lift in the United States Senate:

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH. Mr. President, a similar bill in the Seventieth Congress (H. R. 11659) passed the House, was favorably reported to the Senate, and passed by the Senate on March 2, 1929. Owing to the rush of legislation at that time the bill was not *messaged* to the House, and as a result it failed to become a law.

ILLINOIS

THE art of letters in Abraham Lincoln's old home town, as disclosed by the eminent *Police Gazette*:

CONFESSIONS OF A BLONDE!

A "spicy" little book—just off the press! (Pocket size.) One of the BEST things published in years! You'll get a real "kick" out of this one! This amazing new book contains 125 pages, with MANY "PEPPY" ILLUSTRATIONS! Price, only $1.00. ORDER QUICK! Send dollar bill today. AMERICAN SALES CO., Dept. 2, Springfield, Ill.

INCIDENT of the sacerdotal life in the grand old town of Bloomington, as reported by the Associated Press:

The Rev. Samuel E. Fisher, pastor of the Normal, Ill., First Christian Church, was recovering today from injuries received yesterday from the bursting of a bottle of grape juice he was preparing for communion. The minister's left hand was severely hurt. The accident happened when the pastor and a committee were preparing the year's supply of grape juice for communion purposes.

KENTUCKY

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Louisville:

A radio listeners' endurance contest was won here today by Mrs. Mildred Daniel, twenty-two-year-old mother of two dependent children, who was declared the winner after she had gone for 106 hours without sleep. The runner-up, S. W. Van Norman, fell asleep this morning shortly after six o'clock. Mrs. Daniel, who entered the contest to obtain money for a surgical operation, was delirious from exhaustion soon after she returned to her rooming-house. The contest was held in a downtown window with a $200 radio as the prize. More than sixty contestants entered.

THE *Central Methodist* of the same marvelous town, having disposed of Darwin, admits the faithful to the True Truth:

GOITRE NOT A DISEASE

MILWAUKEE DOCTOR MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that goitre is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A. A. Rock, Dept. 793, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent goitre specialist for over 24 years, has perfected a different method of treatment for his patients that has proved remarkably successful. This same method is now being used for a home treatment of goitre cases all over the country with astonishing results. The doctor states that goitre is a condition which grows worse with neg-

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lect and recommends immediate attention no matter how small the growth may appear. He strongly opposes needless operations.

MARYLAND

THE American language gets a boost in the catalogue of an auction sale of antiques, holden in the grand old town of Baltimore, home of the oyster, the B. & O. Railroad, and sound malt liquor:

This collection was *expertized* . . . by Robert Frank Scutch.

THE progress of mortitiary science in the same up-and-coming town, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Sunpaper* thereof:

NO CHARGE FOR THE GOLD ROOM

The beautiful, spacious Gold Room in the William Cook Funeral Home has been especially designed for the funeral services, and patrons are not charged for its use. There is provision for music if desired.

Entire Funerals
of Beauty and Dignity at $75, $100, $125, $150, $175, $200, $300, etc.

All cemetery charges at cost.

A complete display of caskets and burial garments on the third floor.

WILLIAM COOK
ST. PAUL & PRESTON STS.
VERNON 8080–8081

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM a circular sent to the students of Professor Hermann S. Hering, C. S. B., an eminent big-wig of Christian Science, summoning them to their annual synod:

Each student should have opportunity for a quiet time before the meeting in order to do clear mental work *and to handle the mesmerism* which would try to interfere with his alertness and thus hinder spiritual unfoldment.

MISSISSIPPI

CULTURAL announcement from Yazoo City:

THE AFRO-AMERICAN HOSPITAL
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
—Gets One Cent On Every Bottle of—
DANDEE HAIR DRESSING
Sold in the United States!

DANDEE is delicately perfumed and makes unruly hair straight. There is none better. Makes your hair smooth, glossy and straight.

The AFRO-AMERICAN SONS & DAUGHTERS have approved this contract of One Cent per Jar donation to their HOSPITAL; so buy this splendid dressing from your dealer and help your HOSPITAL.

If your dealer doesn't have DANDEE, on receipt of 25 cents we will mail you a Jar postage prepaid.

DANDEE CHEMICAL CO.
YAZOO CITY, MISS.

NEW JERSEY

NEWS of the higher learning at Rutgers, as reported by *Targum*, the student paper:

"The Red-Headed Halfback," the latest book written by Professor Earl Reed Silvers, director of the department of public information, was inspired by the exploits of the New Brunswick high-school football team of 1926. Professor Silvers treats especially of three players on that team, Max Krafchik '31, who played at end on the Rutgers eleven in the recent campaign, Herbie Benhardt and Bill Smiley. In the story, Red McGlade, a character based upon Herbie Benhardt, finally decides to attend State University (Rutgers) in spite of several tempting offers from other colleges. McGlade's success at State University is the theme of the story.

THE effect of the Princeton spirit on the literary tastes of its graduates, as revealed by a writer to the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*:

I wish to protest, against both the substance and the spirit of the literary review by John T. Rodgers '22. It seems to me that Mr. Rodgers betrays a woeful lack of true Princeton spirit when he attacks books written by Princeton men. If a Princeton man takes the time and trouble to write a book, it seems to me that the least we all can do is to get behind that book and boost it for all we are worth. . . . I feel that I must register my protest publicly against a spirit which has gradually crept into the attitude of the younger generation. What is good enough for one Princeton man to write, is good enough for another Princeton man to read. Every loyal son of Old Nassau wishes to see his alma mater forge ahead in literary productions, and the way to help her to do this is to accord the efforts of her sons hearty praise at all times.

A LOYAL PRINCETONIAN
Flagstaff, Ariz.

NEW YORK

EVANGELIST CECIL S. TUBBEY, addressing the assembled Christians of the Fairview Methodist Episcopal Church on Jonah and

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the whale, as reported by the Binghamton *Press*:

> There is ample evidence right at hand to support my contention that the Book of Jonah is an established historical narrative, supplying us with a record of actual events of extraordinary interest. Some may be surprised, however, when I say that the story of Jonah nowhere says that the man was swallowed by a whale. What it does say is that Jonah was swallowed by "a great fish" and the words of Christ, in the original language of Matt. XII:40, are in perfect agreement with this statement.
>
> But even though it were said in the Book of Jonah that a great fish gulped Jonah down, yet I would easily believe it, for the stomach of a whale has been found to contain great chunks of food as big as a horse. However, the miracle lies not in the fact that the fish swallowed Jonah but in the fact that it did not digest him! He was the first morsel of food that big fish had not been able to get away with! It was just too much for him. It made him desperately sick at the stomach and he got rid of that dainty morsel in a jiffy. I believe that Jonah really died inside the whale and was resurrected! If that is so he becomes a wonderful type of Christ. And events later showed that Jonah was the most successful evangelist this old world has ever known! At his preaching the whole great city of Nineveh repented, in sackcloth and ashes! That stands out as an unrivaled evangelistic campaign.

THE celebrated *War Cry*, organ of the Salvation Army, favors the American language with a new verb:

> The Colonel, who has been in the Southern Territory since its inception, filling the position of Women's Social Secretary, is under orders *to farewell*.

NORTH CAROLINA

EDUCATIONAL news from Raleigh, as reported by the United Press:

> Prof. William H. Brown, Jr., spent today in "humiliation and prayer," hoping that it would bring up the scholastic average of his engineering class. The North Carolina State College students who make up Prof. Brown's class in electrical engineering averaged 12½% in an examination.

OHIO

THE alert *Journal of the American Medical Association* discovers an eloquent sequence of advertisements in the Zanesville *Times-Recorder*:

SCIENTIFIC news from Cleveland, as reported by the Pittsburgh *Courier*, a leading Aframerican print:

> Something new is promised the nation shortly, when Harry W. Hoffman, twenty-nine, of New York, proposes to transform himself into a "blue-eyed white man with straight blond hair." Hoffman apparently is confident of success. He will make his experiment at the Cuyahoga County Elks' Club—using, he says, $98,000 worth of magic potion brewed by Dr. Ifa Leusy Kualilab, Hindu biologist of Punjab University, India. The name of the potion, Hoffman said, is skermiaribogilidoneroaetiveamedpereunaflazokval.

OKLAHOMA

THE Noble Experiment in the late home of the aborigine, as set forth by the Pawnee *Courier*:

> STATEMENT BY MRS. MALINDA MCFADDEN
>
> The charge against me in the County Court, for having in my possession a certain quantity of apple cider, was terminated in my favor. This so-called apple cider was put up by me for the purpose of making apple vinegar. I have made my own apple vinegar all my life. I am now an old lady, and it has never occurred to me that I, or anyone else, would be molested in making apple vinegar. The court

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held that it was no crime to make apple vinegar, and a State chemist testified that it was impossible to make pure apple vinegar without it passing through the hard cider stage. Now, if a person makes hard cider for the purpose of violating the law it is a crime, as I understand it, and, of course, should be, but if it is made for a lawful purpose, it is no crime. I want to take this opportunity to thank the officers for their fair, impartial attitude in my case, and to thank my many loyal friends who stood by me in this difficulty. After all, perhaps, the case did more good than harm, because it proved that the hundreds and hundreds of housewives who, in their daily routine of housekeeping, make apple vinegar, are not violators of the law, and perhaps my trouble will keep them from getting into trouble. If so, I will be thankful. I hold no malice toward anyone for my arrest and prosecution. I think they acted in good faith, but it was quite a burden to me, both in worry and expense.

Respectfully submitted,
MALINDA MCFADDEN.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE REV. DR. HOWARD E. HAND, pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Church of Philadelphia, as reported by the *Evening Bulletin*:

I wonder if it wouldn't be better today if there were more jails and more people jailed. We are staggered in this generation as we face a tidal wave of crime which is sweeping over the country and drastic measures should be taken. The jail symbolizes America's faith in God and order.

THE worship of Yahweh in the same live-wire town, as described by the *Public Ledger*:

The New Berean Baptist Church, at 59th and Pine streets, will hold a Sunday-school rally service tomorrow in which a miniature Zeppelin operated on a cable will be a feature. Every time $25 is contributed the Zeppelin will make a flight about the Sunday-school room.

GOOD news for Pittsburgh booklovers in the celebrated *Press* thereof:

David D. Cadugan, 960 Davis ave., North Side, is the new librarian of the North Side Carnegie library, succeeding C. B. Connelly who resigned to become a member of the city council. Cadugan was elected to the place by a unanimous vote of council. His name was presented by Councilman Little. Cadugan has been chief clerk of the Allegheny County Road Department for several years. He is the first lieutenant of Samuel J. Grenet, Republican leader of the Twenty-seventh ward.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the London bureau of the eminent Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

The Assembly Commission of the Free Church of Scotland has passed a resolution admonishing Ambassador Dawes and Premier MacDonald for holding a peace conference on Sunday. The Duke and Duchess of York were also admonished in a formal resolution because they presented ambulance medals to hospital corps men on the Sabbath. In moving this procedure the Rev. William Frazer declared the action by the King's second son and wife "was an insult to Scotland and must never occur again."

GRATIFYING workings of the Holy Spirit in far-away Korea, as reported by the *Oklahoma Methodist*:

The Rev. L. H. Snyder, our Southern Methodist missionary in charge of the Songdo Higher Common School, Songdo, Korea, was recently signally honored by one of the leading business organizations of that section, the Songdo Textile Company, Ltd. which presented Mr. Snyder with a diploma beautifully inscribed in Chinese characters and conferring upon him the honor and title of advisory director of the company. This honor conferred upon Mr. Snyder was entirely unsought and involves no financial obligation of any kind.

LETTER to the London *Daily Mail* from the Rev. R. A. C. Pooley, pastor of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic:

We do not want any more Bibles for several years, as well-disposed folk have inundated us with copies. Some houses possess six Bibles already. We still have many copies lying idle. Also we shall not require any more Epsom salts for a long time, as we have 200 lb. waiting to be taken when required.

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THREE MILLION WOMEN

BY MARGARET COBB

In the days preceding the Volstead Act, the General Federation of Women's Clubs had a softer time of it than it seems to be having today. To be sure, the saloon-ridden rabble did not always uphold the ladies' multitude of causes as enthusiastically as they hoped, but at least it treated them with a certain deference, even with respect, and on higher levels they got many a pleasant boost. In 1916, for example, the *Outlook*, then a very moral journal, came forth with this sweet praise: "The General Federation of Women's Clubs must be regarded not only as a very significant sign of the times, but as a great instrument of social progress," and somewhat earlier the Superintendent of Education of Chicago cooed the following soothing words: "What this country needs is more women's clubs, for in organized womanhood lies the moral and intellectual hope of the Republic."

Were this eminent pedagogue living today he would find his words at least partially fulfilled, for the Federation has expanded to 14,000 clubs. But it would distress him, I am sure, to discover that a ribald public has begun to pooh-pooh the "moral and intellectual" sustenance that it offers. Witness, for example, the hullabaloo that went up a year or so ago when the news leaked out that the Federation had "accepted" $83,000 or thereabouts from two public utility corporations. How all American idealists must have blushed over the humiliating jeers loosed upon the dames on that occasion! Had the low-minded bribe-scenters only postponed their remarks until Mrs. John D. Sherman, former president of the Federation, appeared before the Federal Trade Commission to explain its chummy relationship with the Power Boys, they would have discovered at once that only the most altruistic motives inspired it to take the money.

During the four years of Mrs. Sherman's memorable administration, the Federation, it should be recalled, conducted a Better Homes Campaign. As usual, it was hard up for funds, and in order to finance the project—which was really a very ambitious undertaking—the newly-elected president and her sisters were obliged to seek outside aid. Did a little bird whisper to them where to go for the money? Mrs. Sherman, in her story before the Federal Trade Commission, did not say. However, she frankly admitted that the most generous contributors to the campaign were those two bands of prehensile altruists, the National Electric Light Association and the American Gas Association. Between 1924 and 1928, she related, the former donated the handsome sum of $80,000, while the latter shelled out $3,000. According to her testimony, the boss ladies of the Federation saw absolutely no harm in this transaction. Wasn't the money given for a worthy cause? What really put Mrs. Sherman in a stew as she sat in the witness-box was not the fact that the Commission wanted to know the exact amount and source of the donations, but the nasty insinuations of a previous witness. Not only had he accused her of being on the utility brethren's payroll; he had actually intimated that she had written propaganda articles for them.

In connection with the Better Homes Campaign, it is true, Mrs. Sherman *did*

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write a series of articles. They appeared under the title, "The Federation Home Equipment Survey," in a number of the leading women's magazines. It was simply by a happy coincidence that the material she incorporated in these treatises placed the utility folks in a very pleasant and profitable light. For instance, in the *Woman's Home Companion* for April, 1926, she had this to say:

> More than 16,000,000 people in America are now enjoying the benefits afforded by electricity, and there is no good reason why its use should not be more widespread. It is an interesting fact that the electric light and power companies of the United States produce more electricity than all other nations of the world combined and at less cost to the home.

Further on she spoke of the Federation's favorite benefactor as "the National Electric Light Association, a non-profit-making organization." However, in the course of her testimony, she assured the gentlemen of the Trade Commission that "no official of the Light Association had dictated the subjects of the articles, none of which," she added pointedly, "had any bearing upon water power control or kindred subjects." Apparently, these were the articles that formed the basis of the false rumor that Mrs. Sherman was on the Power Boys' payroll. And, reassuringly, she nipped this charge in the bud. The witness who revealed that she had received $600 apiece for twenty-four articles —a total of $14,400, in other words—had neglected to mention an important circumstance, namely, that Mrs. Sherman received her checks from an eminent and impeccable advertising agency, and not from the light association. Although the latter, according to its Director of Public Relations, Mr. George F. Oxley, actually furnished the $14,400, Mrs. Sherman made it very clear that she had "received payment directly from the agency." Such was the theme song of her testimony, and she clung to it grimly.

We may grieve that an organization representing the enlightened and refined womanhood of the nation should have been entangled, even innocently, in the utility mess, for the disclosures then going on before the Trade Commission were hardly of the sort respectable ladies like to get mixed up in. However, the worst that can be said of the business, so far as Mrs. Sherman and her sisters are concerned, is that they had indulged in a bit of refined gold-digging. In the future, the Federation will no doubt employ other methods for raising money. At any rate, a vote was passed at the last convention proposing a $2,000,000 foundation fund "to insure the independence of the Federation." This munificent amount, it was stipulated, was to come—not from outsiders—but from donations within the lodge.

II

To listen to the prophets-of-doom who are constantly meddling with the G.F.W.C.'s affairs, one would swear that the ladies are on the verge of giving up the ghost. To illustrate what is going on: last Spring, the district managers of the Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs, a branch of G.F.W.C., held a meeting in Baltimore and invited Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson to be their guest of honor. What she told those unsuspecting matrons as they sat over their dessert and coffee was a-plenty. "Any organization that tries to spread itself all over the place and do a hundred and one things from Browning to the kitchen sink cannot live," were the sizzling words she hurled at them.

As a matter of fact, the members of the Federation are engaged literally in everything from "Browning to the kitchen sink," and are mighty proud to say so. Was Mrs. Richardson suggesting that they tackle only one job at a time—say the Billboard Menace this year, and a Better Babies Campaign next? Why, they would die, not of overwork, as Mrs. Richardson insinuated, but of boredom! And, in that case, they might as well join the W.C.T.U. People like her can rave all they please; to the Ladies of the Uplift the idea of

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scrapping their present multitudinous functions is intolerable and unthinkable. Consider for a moment what such action would mean to their biennial conventions. What would be the point of passing hundreds of resolutions at every session? There wouldn't be any point, and the glorious shindigs which Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, onetime high potentate of G.F.W.C., wittily characterized as "middle-aged women off on a bat," would take on the horrible solemnity of an Elks' lodge of sorrow.

The record of "subjects and measures advocated and supported by the General Federation," *i.e.*, resolutions passed in biennial conclaves, is too long to print here. They number thousands. However, to get an adequate appreciation of the prolific movements the ladies have engaged in in the past, one need only consult a synopsis of what they term their "achievements." From time to time, their publicity chairman, in her thoughtful way, compiles a list of the most impressive measures they have backed, and this is broadcast as indisputable evidence of their progress. Let us turn to the 1918 programme, for that was a hustling year. With the doughboys off to war, and the womenfolk left home to carry on, the Federationists certainly did their bit for Uncle Sam. After raising their quota of Liberty Bonds, did they stop there? Not at all. The following shows how hard they worked:

> Protection for American-made fabrics and clothing; removal of tax on musical instruments; prohibiting importation of nursery stock; child welfare; planting of State highways (*sic*); nature study in public schools; enlargement of Sequoia National Park; establishment of Grand Canyon National Park; war garden commission; protection of women and children in industry; eradication of illiteracy; vocational training for war veterans; appointment of women on government commissions; appointment of women physicians and surgeons to military service; military rank for army nurses; teaching of Americanization in public schools; repeal of postal zone law; and compulsory training for citizenship in public schools.

Curiously enough, the official list for 1918 does not include a resolution, passed in convention that year, "earnestly requesting Congress to immediately pass a national bone-dry law." (An oversight, I guess, for the G.F.W.C. at every biennial meeting since has gone on record in favor of the Noble Experiment.) Nor does it really convey the flaming patriotism that seized the ladies while the Huns were doing their dirty work. No one lapped up the atrocity stories more eagerly than they did; their rostrums were regularly filled by speakers of the Creel Press Bureau. A favorite orator was Mr. F. C. Wolcott, then in training under Mr. Hoover's Food Administration. Mr. Wolcott never failed to thrill his audiences with his gruesome stories of starving Poles (whom he rescued from Fritz' clutches, according to the G.F.W.C. annals). Stamping his foot in righteous rage, he shouted: "The glorious democracies which have been so gloriously developed, crushed by a military despotism!" On the Sabbath, the clubwomen listened to the gory sermons of such divines as Dr. Theodore Gerald Soares, professor of religious education at the University of Chicago. "We must breed more boys for battle," rang from his pulpit, and spurred on by his words the matrons straightway cabled General Pershing, "American motherhood is behind you."

Today, to be sure, they are rooting just as lustily for peace as they did for war. (Much to the chagrin of their close friends, the D.A.R.'s.) But if they now attend pacifist conferences instead of crying for more and bigger battleships we must not condemn them too severely. During the Spanish-American War they applauded President McKinley for "waging a war for progress," but when Cuba was saved and Hobson came home to be kissed, they settled down as peace-lovers.

Of late years, it is interesting to note, the ladies of the Federation are concentrating so much attention on national and State legislation that Better Babies and Better Homes have to worry along without them. In certain respects, indeed, their national

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headquarters in Washington, conveniently located near the Capitol dome, might easily be mistaken for the august Congress itself. Here in their sumptuous hangout the ruling dowagers thrash out the tariff, farm relief and other knotty problems while Congress dodges a vote. It is really very impressive to hear their erudite discussions. They speak affectionately of this or that piece of legislation as "our bill," or "the bill for which we have been working," and its passage is always "one of the great achievements of the Federation this year."

Should you inquire, "What is the Federation doing?" you will be presented with a stack of reports drawn up by the legislative department. These reports, you discover, enumerate the Federal bills and measures which have had the benefit of the Federation's seal of approval. Witness:

> Seven bills on our Federal legislative programme have been passed by both the House of Representatives and the Senate. . . . This is an especially noteworthy record, since with a single exception all of these bills have had our support in a previous Congress, and the majority have been on our programme for years.

III

At almost any session of Congress, a delegation from the Federation, elegantly attired, may be seen haunting the marble halls of the Capitol. By their dignified bearing and the air of importance that surrounds them, you can guess they have come on business and not sightseeing. Woe to the Congressman who attempts to pass them by. "We represent three million women," is their formidable battle cry, and that is enough to gain their admission to every committee chamber. The hon. gentlemen are always ready, if not precisely willing, listeners to their demands. "During the session now closing," says one of the reports, "the Federation has presented its views at fifteen hearings."

Nevertheless, there are certain members who appear to be reluctant to acknowledge the ladies' influence. This was revealed the other day by a Senator, who, strange to say, really likes them. When one of his constituents suggested that he favor them with a testimonial, he glumly replied: "Members of Congress listen carefully to all their arguments. However, there are so many different sources from which statements which influence Congressmen come that it is rather difficult to attach the proper percentage of weight to any one of them." Small wonder that this Senator requested that he be quoted anonymously.

Nor is this all the busy old girls have to suffer. In spite of their confident boast that they represent three million women, they sometimes have the Devil's own time supporting it. Hecklers have an annoying way of asking: "How can an organization the size of the Federation voice the unanimous opinion of millions of members?" Naturally, the heroines of N street are getting pretty tired of these prodders, for the answer to the question is so very simple. "The authority of our spokesmen is based upon resolutions passed in convention," is plainly written in the legislative chairman's reports.

To prove that the endless resolutions are not put over on the affiliated clubs by those who boss the Federation, the society has a system called Pre-Endorsement Study which all the State clubs are asked to put in force prior to convention time. Pre-Endorsement Study may be compared to boning the catechism three days before confirmation; except that six weeks are allotted to the job instead of three days. In those six weeks, which are considered ample time, the clubwomen throughout the land are supposed to acquaint themselves with the bills and measures that will be submitted before the national meeting. With this preparation, a chosen few from each State organization prance off to convention to cast their State's votes.

There have been occasions, of course, when a local unit upset the salubrious harmony of the General Federation by rebelling against the system. One shocking instance was the defection, in 1927, of the

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Woman's Club of Louisville, composed of 700 members. The way those tempestuous Kentucky belles carried on was something scandalous They accused their superior officers of forcing their club, "under threat of expulsion, to endorse a legislative programme," and defiantly declared that neither the General Federation or any other power could persuade it to "surrender control of its own political actions." On top of that their chairman wrote a blistering letter to the New York *Times*, divulging the Federation's most sacred secrets. "An edict from G.F.W.C.," she wrote, "forbids any State Federation or individual club to work . . . against any legislative measure endorsed by the national body." This contumacious Kentucky crowd, it goes without saying, was kicked out.

Why the Maryland Federation did not meet with a similar fate when it refused to bar ladies with anti-Prohibition leanings is inexplainable. A clause in the national code definitely specifies that members "affiliated with any organization which tolerates, either by practice or teaching, violation of national or State laws" are not welcome in the Federation. This offending phrase aroused a saucy debate in the Free State club, the wets claiming that it was aimed at them, and the drys demanding that it be incorporated in their constitution. Without much fuss, the scofflaws won and the clause was stricken out. Their action was sufficient to bring down the wrath of the N street bosses, but strangely enough the Marylanders escaped unpunished.

IV

Fire and brimstone are fit chastement for recalcitrant members who, on bolting the clan, circulate stories that all is not hotsy-totsy with the Lady Uplifters. If the Federation wants to take a wise stand, it will force all incoming members to swear on the Bible never, never to divulge the seamy side of its club life. Thus only can the bosses hope to protect themselves against such trouble makers as Mrs. Edna La Moore Waldo, a former office-holder. Declaring that she was "tired of being a professional clubwoman," the disgruntled Mrs. Waldo last March supplied the *Pictorial Review* with these bitter words: "No matter how glibly we may talk about what we are doing for the great American home we cannot be the kind of clubwoman I have been without sacrificing that same home." Women aspiring to live "above the dishpan," she said, were finding it intolerably burdensome to keep up the swift pace set by the Federation. "The week my three-year-old son was born," she continued, "the club magazine was due from press. I read proofs in the hospital. . . . Three weeks later I was helping the 'girls' in my club put on a Better-Homes Drive." Well, that is the thanks the Federation gets for endeavoring, as Mrs. Sherman once said, "to place a halo on the head of the woman with the broom."

Sad to relate, the ungrateful Mrs. Waldos are becoming more numerous each year, and the ruling sisters are disturbed over the persistent rumblings of discontent. Certain clubwomen actually feel that it is more important to decide the location of their town's new dog pound than to ballyho for the Kellogg Peace Treaty. In the parlance of the leaders, they lack "vision"—the inspiration to do things on a grand and gaudy scale. If they were truly loyal to Federation ideals they'd adopt its national programme without a murmur. That programme, according to the official literature, demands the coöperation of all the various units along the following lines: American Citizenship, American Home, Fine Arts, International Relations, Legislation, Press and Publicity, and Public Welfare. In addition, each constituent club is pledged to support the "major projects" sponsored by the administration. Isn't it discouraging, in view of this noble programme, when a club threatens to withdraw its membership because the demands are "too hard"? Witness the complaint of the president of a Woman's Civic League in one of the Southern States: "We are so

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busy attending to Federation affairs that we haven't time to do our own work. Our organization hasn't time to waste on a lot of legislation which half of the women don't understand anyway. Next year we are getting out."

Another question of grave concern to the dowagers of N street is, Who will continue the great cause after they have passed on to their reward? Though they offer all kinds of inducements to lure the younger generation, the constituent clubs are still preponderantly womaned by fair ones well over the dangerous age. In spite of the Federation's pitifully low dues—ten cents *per capita*—"less than we tip a waiter" one member declared—and in spite of the delightful kimono conferences and lovely literary teas sponsored by the clubs, the flighty youthful set exhibits a painful indifference to the sort of club life its elders have been accustomed to. It is almost a hopeless situation. Some of the Lady Uplifters, as a last resort, are even suggesting the establishment of nurseries where young married women can park their progeny while club meetings are in session. As for baiting the single gals, the Federation is now being told to leave them alone. "Give them a chance to marry," the irrepressible Mrs. Richardson admonished her Maryland audience on the fateful day she was invited to speak. "They haven't time for anything but landing a man when they're young. After that they'll have plenty of time for clubs."

V

The supreme order of female societies got its start in a very romantic way back in the gloomy days following the Civil War. One blustering evening in March, 1868, a group of lady journalists assembled in New York to plot vengeance against the Press Club of that city. Mutiny gleamed in their eyes, and from trembling lips issued words burning with denunciation and scorn. The victims of their attacks, it seems, had committed the serious blunder of barring female reporters from a dinner which the Press Club gave in honor of Charles Dickens. Such snubbing even the Mid-Victorian New Women resented keenly. Were they not emancipated? They would teach their male colleagues a lesson and organize a club of women only.

"When the idea of a woman's club took possession of her she had become the most indignant and spirited woman ever locked out of a banquet hall." The tempestuous lady thus described by a chronicler of the time was the prime instigator of the movement—Mrs. Jane Cunningham Croly, wife of David Croly, managing editor of the New York *World*. Then a matron of forty, Mrs. Croly—who was popularly known as Jenny June, her *nom de plume*—was more than eligible to lead her sister journalists in revolt. Claiming to have been the first member of her sex to enter the newspaper ranks in this country, her career dated back to the early 50's. In other words, Jenny June was a veteran. And she feared no one of the Press Club.

But for her energetic efforts, the daring project so auspiciously begun on that March night might have fallen through. It was the earliest attempt of American ladies to form a strictly feminine organization other than Female Bible Societies. Having discharged their spleen, the majority of the insurgent presswomen suddenly developed cold feet and declined to go on with the scheme. Several offered the excuse that their hubbies did not approve. Kate Field, just home from a triumphant assignment covering Charles Dickens' Boston speech, changed her mind and refused to join a club that excluded the men folks. She liked the boys too well. Gradually the once brave band dwindled to Mrs. Croly and a handful of followers. These became the founders of a society by the euphonious name of Sorosis.

Weathering "much abusive criticism" heaped upon them by the metropolitan newspapers, the Sorosians, we are told, lived and flourished. Twenty-one years after their bold action, Mrs. Croly learned to her joy that ninety-seven other societies

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of the down-trodden sex were in operation throughout the land. This was her cue to launch, as she said, "the second stage of women's clubs—the evolution into the breadth and grandeur of a national movement."

The ensuing founding of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in March, 1889, in New York City, is hailed by historians of the event as the "gathering of a great and loving sisterhood." The meeting took place in the Madison Square Theatre, with all the pomp and ceremony of a presidential inauguration. Resplendent in their finest leg-o'-muttons and stately bustles, lady delegates from seventeen States filled the galleries and pit of the old showhouse. From every rail and cornice Old Glory waved a benignant approval, while on the stage, surrounded by potted palms and congratulatory bouquets, smiled the celebrated leaders of the women's cause. "What charming women!" several privileged gentlemen who were present were forced to exclaim. "They move about the platform as if it were a drawing-room." "Unity in Diversity" was chosen as the motto of the new organization.

After the show was over, only one incident occurred to mar the rosy aspirations of the founders. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, gray-haired militant of the women's cause, whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" every Nineteenth Century clubwoman knew by heart, tendered her resignation as a member of the constitution committee. The New England Women's Club, of which she was president, "did not consider an association of clubs desirable at present," so she had to be counted out. Her absence caused much mourning, but with the able assistance of Mrs. Croly, a constitution was nevertheless drafted.

That these primeval grandmas of the Uplift were not aware that they were giving birth to the mighty organization which the G.F.W.C. is today is witnessed by the unpretentious rules they laid down. "The object of the Federation," they announced, "is to bring into communication with each other various women's clubs . . . in order that they may compare methods of work." As long as it was not "sectarian or political," any club with the urge to join received a cordial welcome, but it is interesting to note that preference was shown to those "whose chief object is literary, artistic, or scientific culture." These simple qualifications attracted hundreds of Literary Circles and Female Study Clubs, progenitors of the local clubs which we have with us today. On the early roster appeared these typical names: Hypatian Club, Sappho Club, Over-the-Tea-cups, Magpie, Æsthetic Club, Ruskin Art Club, Cozy Club, Beacon Lights, Married Ladies' Reading Club and Rainy Day Club. Several Ladies' Tourist Clubs were also admitted.

It was not long until Mrs. Croly and her associates of the advisory board realized that their organization was developing into nothing more than a glorified culture society. When the first Federation council met at the home of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, this deplorable state of affairs was earnestly pondered. "The eagerness with which women's clubs have taken up history, literature, and art studies is almost pathetic," declared Jenny June, taking the floor. Wasn't it time that women showed an interest in Civic Reform? The jails needed looking after, the schools were run badly, trees needed to be planted. Township affairs, indeed, were in a terrible state, if only clubwomen would open their eyes to them. La June's proposal caused a flutter. Gentlewomen in public life? La, la, Mrs. Croly, it just wasn't done!

But in time the squeamish ones saw their duty. "Women are no longer willing to pass an unsightly dump heap on their way to a Dante lecture," triumphantly reported a Federation officer in 1892. Thereafter the progress of the Uplifters' activities knew no bounds. Indeed, the sky became the limit. And there it is today.

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SOME AMERICANS IN JAPAN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

Master Cotard

HE DRANK the tea-tasters of Formosa under the table—as good a way as any to gain lasting fame in the Far East. The tea-tasters are to the Orient what the buffalo is to the Hitch Hike Belt of the United States. Not that they are disappearing, but they symbolize certain romantic scenario aspects of the sun-helmeted, Bah Jove, verandahed foreign life of the East. Glum, watery-eyed, mostly British, and slightly corrosive, they move up and down the China coast, tasting tea but not swallowing it, gulping whiskey but not tasting it, and carrying on in general like something by Somerset Maugham.

Every year they turn up at Taihoku, the capital of Formosa, to gargle the current crop and pronounce judgment on the various grades. The art of tea-tasting requires a peculiar palate, and it is the belief of the profession that good whiskey sharpens it. Add the fact that Taihoku is the dullest town from Kamchatka to Cebu, and one begins to understand why it is the custom of the tea-tasters to while away their Formosan hours in drinking bouts which have become accepted as the standard of alcoholic endurance records among all foreigners who linger west of the 180th meridian. It is commonly believed that a tea-taster lives for no other reason—perhaps by virtue of no other reason—than to drink another tea-taster under the table. Theirs is not a riotous, mirth-provoking pastime, but a business-like, silent fight to a finish, quarter neither asked nor given.

Once an American consul in Taihoku played host during several hours in the lives of the visiting tea-tasters. A crude moat surrounded his house, spanned at the entrance by a narrow plank of a bridge without railing. One of the guests brought with him a dog. The party lasted all night. As the crowd started home in the dawn, the solicitous host, mindful of the footbridge peril, watched anxiously from the window. But only the dog fell into the moat. The rest walked it like Blondin.

Into this bacchanal group there came one day an American wearing a Van Dyke beard to conceal a wart on the point of his chin. At the conclusion of the day's ardors he sat with the tea-tasters that evening in a local rathskeller. Though not of the fraternity, there was something about this bearded stranger which commended him to the tea-tasters. They drank mostly whiskey—Scotch with seltzer. The stranger chose for the evening a simple but atrociously mixed gin sling. By dawn it was apparent that this was going to be a drinking bout to go down in the annals of the white man's conquest of the Far East. And it did. Early in the ensuing afternoon the last remaining tea-taster breathed deeply and slid into oblivion. Then the bearded gentleman raised a glass to the dead and walked out bareheaded but unassisted.

Up and down the coast ran the story of the amiable Cotard with the lilacs. He moved in the wake of tall tales of flagon lifting, and seldom disappointed those who flocked to be his companions in wassail. In Manila he knew a way to improve the mint juleps at the Elks Club bar, in Harbin he devised a black pepper ingredient to improve vodka, and in Kobe he performed miracles with *sake*. His remarkable stamina

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may be explained by the fact that he was born in the South and raised on white mule, and spent most of his youth in Boston, where he achieved a fondness for Irish whiskey. Graduated from a great university, he returned for a doctor's degree and then served for a time on the faculty. Then he was lured into a commercial field and was sent to Japan to do some high-grade sales promotion.

The suave professor immediately launched a business that grew to several millions of yen a year. His salary rose proportionately. Soon he had saved a fortune. He has tried for years to retire, but each time his company in New York has refused to accept his resignation and raised his wages. So he goes back grumblingly, swearing each trip will be his last.

He has, as a drinker, one weakness. Rarely does he totter for tipple, or collect bumps against the butcher stalls of the Far East, but he loses his hats. He is cognizant of this foible and to offset it equips himself with a collection of remarkable headgear, the like of which is not seen outside a character actor's wardrobe. It is his theory that the more unorthodox his hat the more likely it will be clamped on his head by observant companions in the small hours of his liquid evenings. A green Alpine hat with a feather, for instance, is seldom lost in the barroom shuffle. It is also likely that the professor, who has a strong sense of drama, is a little proud that he is known for losing his hat, and like an artist who signs a portrait he leaves his chapeau purposely behind him as his stamp of approval on an appreciated evening of bar polishing.

I last saw him on a limpid night in August last in New York. He was due to leave early the next morning by transcontinental train *en route* to Tokyo. We met in a Fortieth street speakeasy frequented by newspaper men, and they gave respectful attention as the professor demonstrated to the bartender something new to do with bathtub gin. He bade me goodbye long after daylight, just in time to rush to his hotel and get his bags, and then make the train. Three days later I dropped into the same place and the bartender handed me a flopping Formosan straw hat.

II

Jolly Nellie

Like most human freaks, Jolly Nellie Terrell was very sensitive. In a short ballet costume revealing her elephantine biceps, she would stand for hours in front of Japanese throngs at the circus lot, but in her street clothes she hid from human eyes.

Oriental races have always been fascinated by fat persons. Stage comedy is a recent innovation in Japan, and in some manner corpulency has come to be associated with farce. In China they like, for comedy, people who fall inadvertently into water. American film distributors in the East have long known that. No comedian of the screen has ever enjoyed the popularity of Fatty Arbuckle in the Orient—and Arbuckle in a picture depicting him frequently falling into a roadside puddle proved so hilarious to the Chinese that its attendance records have never been equalled.

Jolly Nellie, an astute showwoman of the sandlot carnival school, arrived in Tokyo from Manila with a huge water tank and 625 widely advertised pounds of herself. She was the wife of one Dare-devil Terrell, a normal-sized, tattooed motorcycle rider who contributed thrilling rides on a perpendicular wall. There were other attractions, a diving horse, diving girls, trained seals, a minstrel show and mechanical devices. The carnival, within a week, was taking in an average of $600 a day, but Jolly Nellie alone drew more than all the other shows together.

From noon until midnight the Japanese crowded into her tent to stare while she intoned a monologue in nasal American about her birth in Ohio twenty-two years before, "one of a family of six normal

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children," and her ordinary beginning and incredible growth. The Japanese comprehended not a word of this, but they stood in awe and marvelled. Babies were held on shoulders, women in the front line squatted on haunches, small boys climbed tent poles, and bespectacled school teachers piloted troops of uniformed students in orderly ranks through the tent to witness this gargantuan foreign woman. As she spoke, she proved to them she was "bigger around than tall" by using a rubber measuring band which contracted as she held it vertically. Then she sold postcards of herself, autographed with a rubber stamp.

Offstage, Jolly Nellie was as self-effacing as her 625 pounds would permit. She dutifully and lengthily changed from her ballet dress to voluminous gowns of severe design, concealing as much of her billowing curves as possible. A long black cloak and a Bedouin tent of a hat, obscuring her features, completed her street costume. She moved quickly to her closed car with its specially built door, and made herself as inconspicuous as possible on the rear seat.

Once, on the way to the show grounds, with Terrell driving, a breakdown occurred on the Ginza, Tokyo's busiest street. Terrell drew up to the curb and as he began his repair job, noon-day crowds gathered to gape. When they saw that it was not only a foreigner in the back seat but one of extraordinary proportions, they climbed on the fenders and running boards. The mortified lady drew the shades, but still they stared from the front. In desperation she pulled a lap robe over her entire figure, head and all, and sat there for nearly an hour under an August sun. She was almost unconscious when her husband finished his repairs and moved off.

She was as vain as she was sensitive. There was an exaggerated baby prettiness about her full-moon face which topped an Ionic neck. With her blue eyes, Cupid's bow lips which she maintained at a cherry red, glittering earrings and bobbed hair, Jolly Nellie sat for hours at her mirror and had learned to concentrate on that face to the utter forgetfulness of her mammoth figure. But rising from her seat, she would become conscious again that she was a freak. A furtiveness would come into her eyes and she would bend her hippopotamus knees with amazing celerity. Sitting with friends, she played bridge with absorption, told stories with abandon, and recited Service's poems with dramatic effect.

In such moments Jolly Nellie delighted to recount the remarkable doings of one Arizona Jack, who had been with her show in Manila. Jack was a tall, rough-skinned Britisher of great dexterity with a pair of six-shooters. As a beachcomber in Manila he had applied for a job with the carnival, and got it. Regaled in sombrero, silk shirt and chaps, he was billed as Arizona Jack although he had never been in America. During the inevitable clash between the carnival force and city hoodlums, a marauding band of Filipinos, he saved the day by standing in the center of the concession street and neatly pinking members of the invading gang until his guns were empty and complete rout had been effected.

If ever exalted romance came into Jolly Nellie's life, it must have been personified by that British beachcomber. But her conduct was always above reproach. Primarily, it would have been a little difficult for one of her bulk to have attempted anything clandestine, and secondarily, Terrell was notoriously short tempered. On one occasion, when he heard that the Human Skeleton was over-friendly with Nellie, he rushed over to the Skeleton's tent and mauled him so severely that the brittle gentleman went to the hospital with several broken ribs. The Manila papers detailed the story gleefully. In Tokyo Jolly Nellie returned the favor. A woman concessionaire, jealous of the mounting profits of the Terrells, remarked to the Daredevil that she "didn't have to marry a freak to get on in this world." Jolly Nellie forthwith picked up an office chair and broke it over the offending woman's

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head. The splintering of the chair sounded as if an earthquake had rocked the shack.

Jolly Nellie showed in Tokyo for six months. When she left Japan a cautious shipping line hitched a derrick to the middle of the gangplank, fearful that she would crash through. A great crowd gathered on the wharf to see her go aboard. She walked up the gangplank, her face covered with a heavy veil.

III

Shamed Lady

She came to town one evening on a tourist ship with a full moon rising on the cocktail hour. All the way across the Pacific she had set the social pace on that blatant craft, surrounding herself with a little coterie of gray-bobbed, be-diamonded women of her own age, and ineffectual, Corona-chewing men. She spent lavishly, bought champagne by the case, and led the way in all the daring pranks of the dining salon, in her own suite, and late at night on the boat deck. Except for a maid, she traveled alone, the wife of an American millionaire.

For the first night in Japan, she promised her little group a real thrill. There had been a consultation with an assistant cruise director who knew Yokohama. He was known to be discreet. While the ship moved in from quarantine to its berth, four women and five men in dinner dress gathered in the bar for cocktails. The gangplank was lowered and the chattering group stepped ashore, clambered unsteadily into rikishas, and were loped away to the Grand Hotel for dinner. After dinner, it had been agreed, would be the proper time to start their shore adventure.

At 10 o'clock, flushed with champagne and expectation, they walked down the front steps of the hotel and entered two motor-cars, with the destination still unknown to all but the leader and the cruise director, who had instructed the drivers. As the cars circled around the moonlit waters of the bay toward Hommoku Beach, the revelers started up songs at the tops of their voices. A half hour later, the two cars drove up before Yokohama's most notorious "night-club," catering largely to sailors from the seven seas and boasting a galaxy of girls from as many nations as there were flags upon its souvenir matchboxes. The tourist party stepped into the entrance hall, checked hats and coats and took in their surroundings with a glow of excitement mixed with a little trepidation as they beheld a group of scowling French sailors in one corner, sitting at tables with girls on their laps.

In the main assembly room, where a phonograph played "Hallelujah," they chose adjoining tables and ordered a preliminary round of whiskey sodas. Pajama-clad girls dancing in close embrace with sailors circled about. Other girls were sitting on the bar, drinking claret and water while they beguiled men into stronger drinks. The inevitable fight between the black gang and the fo'c's'l of a British freighter appeared imminent in one corner, with the girls trying to make peace by kissing the combatants. The tourist party trembled in enjoyment of the scene, and showered congratulations upon their gay leader.

By now, three-fourths drunk, she asked the cruise director to summon the madame.

"Or Mama-san, as we say in Japan," the official smiled.

Mama-san approached, a crafty-eyed stout Eurasian woman who spoke broken English.

"Listen, Mama-san," said the lady who led, "tonight this is open house, you understand? Tonight everything is free—all drinks, everything. I will pay it all. Do you understand?"

Mama-san understood. Politely she suggested an advance payment and the lady from the ship handed her two hundred-dollar bills.

And the party was on. No longer did the sailors scowl at the intruders. Glasses were raised to them; the girls flocked about them asking the men to dance, and

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up and down Hommoku Beach spread the word that a rich American lady was giving open house at the Kiyo Hotel that night, and for all night.

By two o'clock in the morning the place was Bedlam. Never had there been such a party in their lives, said the watery-eyed gentlemen in dinner dress.

A group of seamen from a Swedish ship clumped in and took a table across the room, good-looking blond giants of smiling countenance.

The women from the tourist ship were audible in their admiration. One of the men offered to bet a round of drinks with any woman of the party that she couldn't "make" any of the Swedes. Of course it would all be in fun and they would save her if the Swede took her seriously.

The gray-haired madcap blithely accepted the dare. Slipping out into the hall, she borrowed a flowered kimono from one of the girls and returned with mincing steps, and her most fetching smile toward the table of the Swedes. The party watched with suppressed excitement. Picking the most handsome Swede, the American lady insinuated herself in his lap and put her arm around his neck.

The Swede, caught almost unawares, leaned back and surveyed her graying hair, the puffs under her eyes, and her leathery cheeks, and bethought himself of the girl with the green pajamas he had been watching. Certainly he did not want this one. With an oath, he gave her a shove, and the American lady whose name has been headlined in the society news of metropolitan newspapers landed heavily on the floor of Yokohama's most notorious den of vice.

She arose from the floor looking twenty years older and walked heavily to the table where her group was waiting for a cue to laugh or make a show of retaliation.

"The party's off," she said, sombrely. "I'm going back to the ship."

Back there, she hid herself in her cabin and never emerged again while the ship was in Japan.

IV

The Man from Iowa

Two Japanese writers in a Tokyo newspaper office were in argument as to the proper form of the verb *wasureru* in the causative. Unable to agree, they walked over to a corner desk and put their question to a shaggy, stoop-shouldered man from Mount Pleasant, Iowa. He answered with a snort and the controversy was over.

He teaches Japanese and English in a Tokyo secondary school, reads proof at night for a Japanese newspaper, and between times writes weekly motoring articles for an English-language paper.

He has a Japanese wife and five children. Once a suspicious missionary came prowling around his house, and finding the father away, warily questioned the bland and smiling lady about the legality of her marriage. She was inscrutable. When the Iowan came home he did not wait to hear the story through. He stalked across the town to the missionary's home, scattered his rice-Christian servants with a word, and elevated the divine gentleman from a chair by his coat collar.

"If you ever come within five *cho* of my house again, my good man, you will certainly pass to your reward," he told him in English. Then he repeated it in Japanese. He dropped the trembling parson back in his chair and left. No missionary has since seen fit to do any further detective work for the Lord in the vicinity of the Iowa farmer's Tokyo home.

He has lived twenty-five years in Japan and hates the Japanese with an ardor that would send a Californian to Congress. He considers Lafcadio Hearn, who lived fifteen years in Japan, altogether *mashuggah*, and has refused to read through any of his books on the Flowery Kingdom. He doesn't see how any person could live fifteen years in Japan, nor does he pretend to see how one could possibly extend it to twenty-five years.

He talks with a British accent, and dresses like a beachcomber, except on the

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rare occasions when he dons formal evening dress. Then shirt and tie are immaculate, but the black of the coat and trousers is turning green. He has no idea where he acquired his British accent; indeed, he professes to believe that he has none. His Japanese is perfect both in structure and in pronunciation. He is a member of a Japanese business men's club, but has joined no organization in which he might encounter foreigners. He has never been known to drink intoxicating liquors except for light potions of *sake* customarily taken at Japanese dinners.

About his past the Iowan is most uncommunicative. He tells only that he grew up on a farm. Any inquiry is met with disarming evasions. It is doubtful if any other American knows where he lives in Tokyo. No one save the missionary has ever seen his wife or children.

His one hobby is motorcycling. He has owned a string of machines successively, and in recent years each has had a side-car. But no other passenger has ever been seen in the side-car. Even his pleasure in motoring is lessened by the fact that whenever he stops he is always surrounded by a crowd of Japanese. They stare at all foreigners and the sight of this immense Iowan, glaring back at them and sputtering idiomatic imprecations, only draws larger crowds.

Once a puncture halted him on the bank of the ancient moat which surrounds the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. The curious passers-by stopped to stare. When he had changed his tire, with rising temper, he flayed about him with his long arms, and three persons were toppled into the moat. He was off before the crowd recovered from its surprise and that night he wrote a brief account of the incident for his newspaper, giving his name and approximate address.

Next to Japanese, American tourists nettle him most. Occasionally glad-handed on the streets by a stray tourist, he takes sardonic delight in giving directions to some destination which is certain to lose his questioner in a labyrinth of narrow streets. But to those so fortunate as to win his regard, he becomes an invaluable guide, accompanying the uninitiated to Tokyo's best cafés, most fetching beauty spots, out-of-the-way shops or loveliest temples. His linguistic accomplishments at such times produce miracles of service.

He has frequently announced that he will never leave Japan, nor will he ever become a Japanese subject. Neither will he go native in the slightest degree. He has immense scorn for any white man who does.

V

At a Geisha Party

In a Japanese restaurant about eight o'clock in the evening. The guests are ranged around the room in the form of the honorable character *ko*, roughly, a horseshoe. They are all sitting on the floor, about three feet apart, Americans alternating with Japanese, a small lacquer smoking stand in front of each. There are no women present, but the geisha are about ready to make their entrance. All the conversation is in English.

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN—(*To Japanese at his right*) We might as well get acquainted. My name is Hurley.

JAPANESE GENTLEMAN—Mr. Hurley, yess. My name is Mr. Suzuki. (*Shaking hands limply*) Please to make your acquaintance.

MR. HURLEY—Glad to meet you, Mr. Suzuki.

MR. SUZUKI—How long have you been in Japan?

MR. HURLEY—Two years. I don't speak much Japanese though.

(MR. SUZUKI *apparently does not understand the latter, so Mr. Hurley decides to speak slowly, enunciating each word carefully.*)

MR. HURLEY—I said I've been here two years. Speak very little Japanese.

MR. SUZUKI—Oh, no. I think you must speak pretty good Japanese.

MR. HURLEY—No, I really don't. (*He laughs deprecatingly.*)

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MR. SUZUKI—Oh, yes, I think you speak more than only a little.

MR. HURLEY—You speak excellent English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, no. My English very poor. I speak only a little.

MR. HURLEY—Not at all; you speak excellent English. I think you been America long time.

MR. SUZUKI—Beg pardon?

MR. HURLEY—I say, you speak so good English, I think you must stop America long time. How long you been America?

(MR. HURLEY *is under the impression that the omission of adjectives and prepositions has a great deal to do with the clarity of English.*)

MR. SUZUKI—I have never been in America!

MR. HURLEY—You don't say! You speak such good English, I could have sworn you had been in America. I thought sure you been America. Speak such good English.

MR. SUZUKI—I was in England two years.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, England? Well, I thought you had been somewhere. (*The geisha enter at this point, one kneeling before each guest and pouring the first cup of sake, the national rice wine.*)

MR. SUZUKI—You like *sake*?

MR. HURLEY—Oh, yes, I like *sake*. But when I first come Japan I did not like *sake*. Now, I like *sake* all right. Very good.

MR. SUZUKI—Japanese like *sake* very much, ha, ha.

MR. HURLEY—Well, you folks been here longer. (*He laughs loudly and when* MR. SUZUKI, *all uncomprehending, joins in politely, the laughter becomes uproarious.*)

MR. SUZUKI—This geisha say she like you very much. She think you are what you say pretty.

MR. HURLEY—(*Laughing*) No, no, you tell her I am not pretty at all. Say, listen, you tell her I think she is very pretty.

MR. SUZUKI—(*Obliging, then*—) She say no, she is not pretty but she think you are very pretty.

MR. HURLEY—No, no, I am not pretty. Tell her I think she is kidding me. You know kid?

MR. SUZUKI—Kid?

MR. HURLEY—You know spoof?

MR. SUZUKI—Spoof, I do not know spoof.

MR. HURLEY—Aw, you know, joke. Make big joke.

MR. SUZUKI—Ah, so! Joke! Ah, yes, I know joke. Joke! Ha, ha!

MR. HURLEY—Tell her she has pretty kimono.

(MR. SUZUKI *and the geisha exchange words in their tongue.*)

MR. SUZUKI—She say she think you look like cinema actor.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, no, no; ha, ha, ha! No, I do not look like movie actor.

GEISHA—Very nice!

MR. HURLEY—"Very nice!" Why, she speaks English, doesn't she? (*To geisha*) You speak English?

MR. SUZUKI—No, she know only two words English, I think.

MR. HURLEY—Why, I'll bet she knows much English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, I think she "kid." Ha, ha, ha.

MR. HURLEY—Yeh, ha, ha, that's it! She's kidding me right. Say, you speak good English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, only a little.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, yes you do! Say, you ever been America?

(*And they begin all over again.*)

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Poetry

ON BEING A POET IN AMERICA

By James Oppenheim

The sole advantage of being a poet in, as Whitman put it, These States, is that you belong to the privileged few who have freedom of speech. That is because, in the first place, most officials and censors don't read poetry for fear of seeming ridiculous; in the second, most of those who do read it don't understand it; and in the third, those who understand it say, "Oh, that's only poetry!"

Some time back—in fact, at the inconvenient period when we entered the war—I wrote editorials in the *Seven Arts* in free verse calling for a revolution, and no one flickered an eyelash. Prose might have landed me in jail. But if any officials read it at the time they merely winked an eye at each other. Serious poets in America are a variety of harmless fools, and deep poetry is boloey. Not that there aren't a hundred million scrap-books in this country glued up with Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Edgar Guest, a brand of verse, which, alack! is taken as seriously as the works of Mrs. Eddy, but that the true poet, the poet who is an artist, is unbought, unpaid and uncudgeled. True, Robinson and Frost did pretty well; they appeared on library tables as a mark of intellectual respectability along with "The Story of Philosophy" and "The Outline of History." Bought, but unread.

Even the most misanthropic man has a secret desire for the respect of his fellows, and even a visionary wants and needs food, shelter, clothing and a luxury or two. But in this land poets are classed with bums, and if they are intermittent at earning a living, which is usually the case, their shabbiness is set down as an insult to mass production. "Who's that phony guy sitting over there?" "Oh, he? Say, he's a poet!" "A Greenwich Villager, eh? Gosh, if he'd let his hair grow, he'd be the real thing. But they're harmless, Mike. They won't bite you."

This may seem exaggerated, but it isn't. Modern American poets, and artists in general, avoid nervous breakdowns by dressing like business men and, as much as possible, concealing the fact that they are not regular guys. Unfortunately something usually gives them away. Even in these days when the Muse is not with me, no matter how I have my hair cut it manages to stick straight out in back with a few curls and I am suspect.

A young Italian-born poet wanted to revisit Italy. At the Customs House the man at the desk gave him a dirty look. The poet had a poet's mane of hair, seedy clothes and broken shoes. He was asked how much money he had earned that year. "None," he replied. The Customs man scowled. "Whataya mean, didn't earn a cent? Howja live?" "On my wits," smiled the poet. (He meant, on his friends and by jumping the rent.) The Customs man gave up and sent the poet to the chief. The chief heard the story. "What's your occupation?" he asked finally, his forehead in a twist. "Poet," said the poet. The chief laughed heartily. "Oh, that's all right," he said indulgently, "you'll get your passport. But some day, when you have time, come in and tell me how you get that way."

Returning to the U. S. A., he had to travel steerage. No money. Now it was one of the rules at the time that all steerage passengers had to have their heads clipped, since the U. S. A. had put an embargo on the importation of lice. The poet was outraged. Cut off his hair, and you cut off

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the badge, sign, symbol and flag of his tribe. He argued so long that again he was taken to the chief.

"But why do you object to a hair-cut?" The poet drew himself up. "I am a poet, sir!" he said. "Oh," hastened the official "a thousand pardons. That underling has treated you outrageously. What! treat an artist like that? You shall have a special order permitting you to keep your hair. We apologize, humbly."

An artist may look and live like a bum in Paris and still be an honorable citizen. He may even be looked up to. But not so in New York. The social obloquy, the fact that he can't mingle with the people he likes (usually non-artists), the fact that he is barred from places that serve good food, the ban he meets everywhere compels him sooner or later to look as much as possible like Hoover or J. Pierpont Morgan. He may not quite get away with it, but do it he must. And to do it he needs a fairly good income. Hence, how is he to devote himself to his art?

Of course art, fine art, is neither a profession nor a business, unless you are born into the right age and nation. Shakespeare could earn a living at great poetry. Some modern novelists make good. But the man today who paints a picture or writes a poem in America simply because he is unfortunate enough to have been born that way, and has seizures at irregular intervals, being possessed, as Goethe put it, of a Dæmon, so that everything else cracks and vanishes at the time, may look on his product with pride, but it is rueful pride. He must hustle out now and do some commercial art or popular art if he can manage to calm down enough and be patched up enough to pass the inspection of real men,

When I was a lad I was a stenographer, and got so that I took dictation and did typewriting automatically, thus leaving my mind free while I earned a living. In this way I could let poems brew till they were ripe and then go to a private part of the building and write them. Or at night. Then, skipping a few things, I became a teacher, only to find that teaching took every ounce of energy out of me. The Muse was licked. To cap the climax I married and a child appeared. Nothing for it but to write reverse poetry. Whenever I had an impulse to write a poem, I worked out a plot for a story, and let the poetic drive turn into a twisted prose. Since poetry is as different from prose as it is from sculpture, this was a sort of falsification that finally broke up my home.

Then in all innocence I moved down to Washington Square, never suspecting that Greenwich Village was in its birth-throes. I now took another tack. I wrote the poetry I had to write, and, in my dry intervals, turned out straight hack-work, tasteless but regular. But this didn't really work either. In the long run, the hack-man got the best of the poet. So I said, "Go to! The artist is going to have a chance in America if we die in the attempt." So I started a magazine, and Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, Louis Untermeyer and the rest of us blazed away for a full year with the *Seven Arts*. It is now a collector's item, for it blew up because of the aforesaid editorials and some other stuff we printed.

I next attempted to make a go at a profession where I could set my working hours, the much-maligned, and in hasty America the often enough malignant profession of psycho-analysis. For several years I flourished and really managed to get all of my poetry out of my system. At least, so I think. That ominous phrase, "Once a poet, always a poet" distracts my attention.

What to do if you are a poet in America? Suicide is dishonorable from the Western standpoint; crime is a profession. That poet is lucky who is a bit of a showman and can play a ukelele, or go lecture women's clubs, or, like Vachel Lindsay, jazz his lines in public. But most artists are world-shy. I once went out to Pittsburgh to pan that town for grinding the hunkies. I got my data, and then was waylaid and introduced to the head of the

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Credit Men's Association. The Association was giving a dinner that noon, only a couple of hundred men. Wouldn't I make a speech? I told him I was a writer, not a speecher. I did not tell him that I was likely to sob before an audience due to the convulsions of stage-fright.

Finally, he gave me his sacred promise, his word of honor as a credit man, that I'd get a dinner and wouldn't be asked to make a speech. I ate through to the coffee. My new friend rose. "We have with us today . . . burble, burble, burble, . . . and I promised him I wouldn't call on him to make a speech." Two hundred credit men rose en masse, shouting "Speech! Speech!" I was galvanized into standing on my feet, and out of sheer terror grabbed the first idea handy. It happened to be Greater Pittsburgh. I sailed in and couldn't stop. I spoke for an hour and a half, every word a helpless lie. And then, mortally humiliated, I went back to my home town and panned Pittsburgh all the harder.

You just can't go on lecture tours if you're not built that way. I think it was Sherwood Anderson who was suddenly called on for a speech, and who got up, looked about mournfully, managed to choke out, "I'm sorry," and sat down.

Another way to be a poet and live is to become a farmer. Frost did it. But how many poets could be farmers, even if they wanted to? This isn't antiquity. They use tractors now, milk cows by machinery, turn electric lights on unsuspecting hens to make them lay eggs out of union hours, and just as little is left to nature as possible. The modern farmer is a professional man and a business man, or he's out of farming.

The curious thing is, however, that there are a flock of poets in New York, many of whom make no secret about it. Just as a certain number of young men go in for crime because it isn't done by the respectable, so a certain number, yea, even those with incomes, move to the Village or some artist's colony and become poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists and the like. A plague take them! I have never met a real American artist who cared much for the society of his kind. Art is a one man job; and doesn't thrive in cults.

In France the young fellows may get together for awhile and boost each other and break new paths; but here, whenever an artist is invited to mingle with a group of artists he finds most of them phony. Hence, he prefers the company of artless men. I have met some of the Villagers who call themselves artists, but ought to be salesmen or idle rich, for so far as I can gather, their notion of being an artist is to get up in the afternoon and drink gin till they go to bed. The old Village, of course, is dead: the Village of Dreiser, the *Masses*, the Provincetown Players, the old Brevoort, and Masefield mopping up a saloon floor: the festive interlude in American life which ended with the Volstead Act and a nation-wide desire for a debauch below Fourteenth street.

I give up. Dreiser once said that the artist needs "drastic experience," and subsidizing him may rob him of what Jung terms "a series of shocks." As things now stand, I think the poet in America has experience so drastic as to be a bit thick. He should at least be allowed to be poor and look miserable. He should at least be allowed to live in cheap shelter and be invited into good company. For, after all, he is not a harmless fool. There are critics who even view him with alarm and want him stopped altogether. They see the poet as a man seducing whole peoples and nations and generations with glorious song packed with superstition, fraudulent ideas, lies and trash, so that otherwise sane men and women actually believe in Bibles and the like. The Greek dramatists set their audiences to screaming with terror because of the powerful poetry in the plays. Italy was delivered over to Dante for centuries. Germany couldn't get rid of Goethe and "Faust" until Americanization set in, topped off by the war.

Being in awe of critics, I hasten to agree; but being a poet, I agree with a twist.

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There is an old saying which may stick out of this otherwise (I hope) proper essay like a sore thumb. "A people without vision shall perish." And some of these same critics commend a work hight "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It looks like prose. It is, I believe, devastating poetry.

A living poet is harmless in only one way. Unless something freakish happens, or he merely keeps step with his age, his own generation doesn't read him. Wise old Goethe sealed up the second part of "Faust" when he was eighty and saw to it that it wasn't released to the world till he was dead.

My parting thought is that perhaps America should exile poets as undesirable aliens, thus giving them a free trip to Paris, where they can be as poor as they want.

Philology

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE IN MEXICO

By H. E. McKinstry

Ostensibly, that not-so-very-imaginary line which stretches from the bottom of Texas to the bottom of California is a partition between two languages. In reality, it is little more than a semi-permeable membrane which allows verbal molecules to diffuse in both directions. Just as the language of our own Southwest has assimilated *bronco*, *ranch*, and *coyote*, so border-Mexican has become an almost saturated solution of English words. Apparently, diffusion through the barrier proceeds faster toward the south than toward the north, due partly to two clauses in the credo of every true 100% American: (1) anything Mexican is to be scorned; and (2) "United States" is a good enough language for anybody to talk. The Mexican, on the other hand, while officially cherishing a contempt for the gringo, really apes him at every turn, and has never taken his own government-fostered nationalism so seriously as to translate new foreign words into strictly Spanish compounds in the dutiful way in which the German rejects *telephone* in favor of *Fernsprecher*.

While the Mexican of the border appropriates the words of his neighbor in a truly wholesale manner, there is neither hope nor danger that he will ever become English-speaking. It is only the bare words that are adopted. They are woven ingeniously into a fabric of grammar and pronunciation which remains forever Mexican. Although every other word your Nogales or Juárez peon uses may be English, he could not, to save his sombrero, put them together into a sentence intelligible to an American, that is, beyond such simple household phrases as *all right* and *goddam*.

When, then, a border-Mexican goes out *chopeando* (shopping) and meets a friend on the street, he cordially shouts: "*Como le* how do you *dea*?", to be reassured by the reply: "Oh, very-well-*eando*, *gracias a diós*."

Pausing as is his custom, to pass the time of day, he will borrow a *mecha* (the Spanish word for *wick* or *fuse* sounds like *match*, so why not use it for *match*?) to light his cigarette, and since he has just received his *time-check* will ask if there is a *chanza* to get a *chamba* (job). Further relating his vicissitudes, he will lament that his broken-down car has a tire *ponchada*, and that the *coils* have expired, so that he had to *puchar* to get it off the road.

This mongrel jargon of the border is naturally shocking to the ears of the well-bred Mexican of the interior. In fact, he says just that—it is *chocante*—, forgetting that the language current from Chihuahua to Tehuantepec, or for that matter, to Cape Horn, is no more Spanish than American is English. Enriched from within by a dozen partly assimilated Indian dialects, it has borrowed words from half the nations of the outer world, and it is scarcely surprising that the nearest neighbor has been

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the heaviest creditor. Even some of the European loans were probably handled through the North American clearing-house, as witness *chófer* (chauffeur), *garage*, *radio*, and *telegrama*.

Most words emigrating from *Yanquilandia* have entered Mexico by a process of peaceful penetration through zones of influence, but one group, trade-names, has invaded the foreign territory by sheer force of high-pressure salesmanship. While our commercial competitors, the erstwhile Huns, have tactfully removed from their offerings all the ear-marks of foreign manufacture, George F. Babbitt, exporter, harboring, perhaps, a secret conviction that it will be uplifting to foreigners to learn a little English, rarely translates the names of his goods for the Mexican market. But by way of a mighty concession and bid for international trade, he sometimes prints the directions for use in so-called Spanish. Untutored, himself, in foreign languages, except possibly for a college course taught by a fellow-American and centering about such topics as the number of pencils possessed by the good boy, he naïvely imagines that to substitute a Spanish word for each English word will produce a Spanish sentence. In consequence, his advertisements and cinema-inserts, as well as the carefully printed covers for his products, are little likely to appeal to intelligent Mexicans. Nor does he stoop to give his products names which are internationally applicable. *Victrola* is a rule-proving exception, and has become in consequence a Mexican common noun. Not so *kodak*, despite its wide acceptance in Europe. Perhaps two *k's* are too formidable for a language which by nature is without any *k's* at all.

What is good business and what is bad, however, is his affair, not mine; what I wish to recount is that by reiteration through advertising he has made *Grapenuts* (pronounced *grappy noots*) and *Puffed Wheat* common nouns among Mexican housewives and grocers (though I have heard the amusing translation of the latter cereal, *trigo inflatado*). While my kitchen experience is limited, I never remember hearing baking powder called anything else than *Royal*.

On the American motor car has ridden a cargo of American terminology. Naturally the names of makes are untranslatable, though at times a pronunciation that sounds like *Bweek* is perplexing, and Ford inevitably becomes the diminutive *Fordcito*. A truck is more often *troca* than the more Latin *camión*; what it burns is *gasolina* rather than *petroleo* or *esencia*; and if it is lucky, the road on which it runs is *macádam*.

Mr. Babbitt has even succeeded through his foreign agents in creating a Mexican market for his luncheon clubs, cogwheels and all. Believe it or not, I stick to the story that in the languid land of traditional *mañana*, I have with my own ears heard a Mexican beat on a bell and appeal for a better spirit of action and *servicio* at the weekly meeting of the *Club Rotario*, whose members for the nonce are not Dons Francisco, Juliano or Dionysio, but answer jovially to Frank, Jiggs, or Shorty.

But suppose it isn't Thursday and you go elsewhere for your mid-day meal, say to the *loncheria* around the corner which displays an imposing sign, "Quick Lunch," and is conducted by an individual who goes by the fine old Chinese name of Santiago Chang. His brown Mexican waitress brings you a fly-specked card from which you learn that you can have *sandwichs* (sic!), or may choose between *rosbif* and *bistek* (or perhaps *biftek*—here, as in France, the spelling varies), and you must suppress your merriment if the young lady offers you *bistek de carnero* (mutton beefsteak).

I shall remember with some chagrin the first morning that a Mexican waitress rapidly recited to me the cook's répertoire. I grasped it all perfectly except for two items, which after the third repetition I discovered to be cornflakes and hot cakes. I could not, it seemed, understand my own language. In extenuation I may say that

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hot cakes are more commonly called *panqueques* (pronounced in three syllables), and any Mexican will insist that the word is perfectly good Spanish, for does not *pan* mean bread?

Now, if you are thirsty (assuming for purposes of illustration that an American might conceivably cross the border for that reason) there is not a bartender in all old Mexico who does not know what whiskey is, though he may himself call it *wiskli*. As for gin, though there is a perfectly good Spanish word for it, *ginebra*, you will find as far south as Peru that the specific name, Old Tom, has become generic, and *old tom con ginger ale* is an ubiquitous morning pick-me-up. You may ask at the *bar* (this word is as good Mexican as it is French) for your favorite mixture; a *cóquetel*, a *ponche*, a *gin-fiz*, or a *wiski sour*, or even a *tom y gerry* with perfect assurance that its taste will be fully as recognizable as its pronunciation.

Further pursuing the *high life* which you will find illusively disguised under the pronunciation *'igg liffy*, you can dance *el fox* or *el bóston* to the strains of a *jaz-band* or sit in on a game of *póquer*. Should you prefer bridge, you must not translate it into *puente*, but pronounce it *breed-che* (a manifest lingual feat, for my friend, Pat Bridge, long ago gave up trying to persuade the natives to pronounce his name, and assumed perforce the brave title of Don Patricio Puente). Next morning you can play *tenis* and keep score in English terms provided you have learned to give them the correct Spanish accent; and if you watch a game of *béisbol* or *fútbol* or *básket* you virtuously call a foul a *foul*. In the afternoon you may shoot a few rounds of *golfo*, and if you will be very good and call it the *Zhocky Cloob* you may go to *El Jocky Club* for the races.

If you read *El Universal*, the *soi-disant* great daily of Mexico, you will be appraised that at a *mach de box* a gentleman named, as likely as not, Battling Martinez, has received from one Kid Sanchez *un K. O.* as the result of an *upper cut* (pronounced *ooper coot*) or a *left hook* (*'ook* please). As you glance over the political articles you will read about a *mítin* of the *líderes*,—meaning what? The dictionary is of no assistance. You will never solve the mystery until you pronounce the words aloud and realize that they are English. As your eye wanders to the advertising columns, you will spy pictures of *sweters* and *blumers* for *un miss* (whose translated sex is apparently doubtful). And speaking of clothing, you must not be surprised if your laundress in her frantic effort to render into Spanish orthography the English pronunciation of a Japanese word lists your night garb one week as *payamas*, the next as *pasyamas*, and finally, in triumph, as *pasllamas*.

Varied and complex, then, are the characteristic twists that have led the Mexican to pick up and finally to weave into his vocabulary so many American words. At times his sense of humor leads him to mock the funny gringos, though his attitude is never bitter, and seldom deriding; more often it is simply the lack of a ready-made term of his own that makes him harrow—though in some cases the term exists without his being cognizant of it, as when the peon helper of any American engineer calls a surveying instrument a *transito*, never having heard of the real Spanish word, *taquímetro*. Again, whole nomenclatures are imported along with the customs about which they center—words of religion from medieval Latin, words of the mode from France, and accordingly words of card-playing, prize-fighting, and hard drinking from these Protestant United States. Finally, it gives a sense of erudition to air one's knowledge of another, and, to some extent, more plutocratic tongue, while closely allied is the universal feeling that a foreign idiom offers euphemisms for phrases which in the vernacular are appallingly bald. Wherefore, in Mexico the height of delicate refinement is reached when that apartment which the American discreetly conceals under the French word *toilette* is, with corresponding modesty, placarded *W. C.*

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THE DICTATOR

BY JAMES ONEAL

When the rustics of the little community of Acra in Greene county, New York, gathered in the village store on November 15, 1797, word that Joel and Mary Ells Weed were the parents of a baby boy caused no great commotion. Hard labor as a farmer and then as a carman conspired with various misfortunes to make of Joel a plodding packhorse for others. His son, the babe named Thurlow, thus came without any noble lineage and in accord with the American tradition. But as Calvin Coolidge said at the dedication of the monument to the Methodist saint, Bishop Asbury: "Something has continued to guide the people. No tumult has been loud enough to prevent their hearing the still, small voice. No storm has been violent enough to divert inspired men from constantly carrying the Word of Truth." Weed was destined to be a guide, a still, small voice, to carry the Word of Truth.

In the year of his birth the journalistic warriors, Cobbett, Bache and Freneau, were still waging their fierce political wars through the gazettes that made the administration of John Adams notable. Three years were yet to pass before the troops of Jefferson ousted the Federalist squadrons from their fortress and sent Adams in a sulk back to his cottage in Braintree. Significant as that accomplishment of the "godless" Virginian was, the babe in the Weed cabin was destined to an even greater political command, one that spanned two great eras, the age of Jackson and the age that gave birth to the party of Coolidge, Mellon and Elder Hays.

Employed by a blacksmith at the age of eight at six cents a day, and then as a cabin boy on a river sloop at the age of ten, and then as a laborer at a blast furnace at twelve, Thurlow eventually became a printer's apprentice in the office of the *Lynx* at Onondaga Hollow in 1811. In 1830, at the age of thirty-three, he established the Albany *Evening Journal* with 170 daily and 300 weekly subscribers, but the circulation increased steadily so that by 1840 he claimed for it a larger clientèle than that of any other "political" paper in the State. Thus, in the Coolidge phrase, one had come to "guide the people," one of Napoleonic mold, whose political strategy has been unmatched in American party history.

Our hero had for twenty years vegetated among his kind, thrifty cultivators of the soil and the shiftless casuals of the countryside on the edge of that frontier which was rapidly passing, yet could he have leaped into the boots of a colonial gentleman he would have felt at ease with the gentry. Somewhere in the ancestral strain there must have been one or more noble squires directing thralls in the cultivation of feudal acres, regarding them as little above cattle, yet creatures that must be used and not abused. Weed was to find in New York State the manorial wealth, traditions and prestige which represented a feudal heritage coming down from the days of the Dutch land grants of the Seventeenth Century, and into that old world survival he fitted by temperament, religion, and social, and economic belief. Oozing out of the subterranean social strata into his ideal world of right-thinking gentlefolk, he became the War-

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wick who made Governors, legislators, judges, and Congressmen. His cronies marveled at his skill, recognized his power, and addressed him as Dictator.

He was no accident in the New York of the ante-bellum period. The up-State that nursed him to manhood was a region of rural mediocrity, relieved only by the Jeffersonian radicalism that had come to grips with the Federalist commanders of the "wise and good and rich." Writing his memoirs in his old age, Weed mentioned the merchant who, with his clerk, was criticised by the rustics, the former for wearing "shiny shoes with tassels" and the latter for displaying a ruffled shirt. Both "smelt of pomatum." A "stylish" family provoked much indignation by requiring visitors to clean their shoes at the door, "a scraper having been placed there for that purpose." Certain spinsters were horrified when one of their number smashed a rural convention by dressing up in the afternoons of week days.

Reviewing these early recollections, the Dictator gave no hint of sharing the views of his class. They apparently appeared to him as curious aberrations which, in his old age, a gentleman who had enjoyed the companionship of landed magnates and merchant princes might recall with amusement. Yet in the first two decades of the century the prevailing social antagonism extended to politics as well. To be a Federalist or a Democrat was something more than a mere difference of political opinion. It was a matter of economic and social cleavage. Leaders of Federalist clubs were "men of substance and family worth" who gathered to sip Madeira and plan for the rule of "virtue, character and property." Democrats, by the common agreement of gentlemen, were simply those "without principle or property." They usually met in some dismal store in the smaller communities and contented themselves with pine benches and wooden-bottomed chairs, "with the dust and cobwebs of twenty years undisturbed on the shelves." Said Dixon Ryan Fox:

> There were certain banks in New York and Albany where a follower of Jefferson could not be accommodated. When in Trenton Falls a woolen factory was begun in 1812, when good cloth could fetch $10 a yard, it was expressly stated that no Democrat would be permitted to buy stock. In Rhinebeck, Dominie Romeyn refused the name of Thomas Jefferson to an infant presented at the font. The dominie was a follower of John Adams, and the helpless parents had to stand by while their son was christened John.

These social struggles were more or less general in the States. A more significant background in the life of the Dictator was that large segment of feudalism which survived in the Hudson Valley from Albany almost to the edge of New York City, with an important extension into Long Island—a régime which made its impress upon the politics of the colony and the State till it was destroyed by an uprising of tenants in the forties. On Long Island, in the revolutionary period, the most valuable land, embracing 200 square miles, was included in the estates of the Remsen, Rapalje, Nicoll and Smith families. Westchester contained six manors covering more than half the county, while the Heathcote, Cortlandt and Philipsburgh estates in the south included about 400 square miles. The Stuyvesant, Bayard, De Peyster, Livingston and Schuyler estates were also important fortresses of the landed aristocracy.

These powerful land-owning families were closely associated with the wealthy merchant clans in New York City, such as the Van Dams, Crugers, Waltons, Floyds, Ludlows and Alsops. Intermarriage united them in a network of economic relations and established a solid aristocratic alliance. Professor Becker notes that at the funeral of a De Peyster in 1767 there were relatives present who bore the names of Van Cortlandt, Beekman, Rutgers, Livingston, De Lancey, Van Horne, Philipse, Schuyler, Stuyvesant, Jay and Roosevelt. How most of the large estates had been obtained is a painful subject which need not concern us here.

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II

While the Dictator was riding the escalator into this heaven of gentility the rich Federalist families in New York City were acquiring large holdings in the inland counties of the State, seeking the good life in a submissive tenantry after the model of the British squirearchy, founding the Episcopal mode of worship, and yearning for the Tory supremacy and prestige which had so well withstood the attrition of old world Jacobinism. Many of the expectant nobles had their coats-of-arms and shared with the more wealthy planters of the South that ideal of a regnant landocracy forever protected against the ambitions of the "lower orders of mankind." Columbia College was their kept seminary of Federalism and Episcopalianism, its charter requiring its president to worship at the Episcopal altar. Seeking a president for it in 1800, Alexander Hamilton declared that "his politics must be of the right sort." The New York Federalists all approved the sentiment of an old Federalist in the Virginia Legislature who said, "Sure I am of one thing, that no gentleman would choose any road to heaven but the Episcopal." Gouverneur Morris, at a meeting of Federalists in June, 1814, to celebrate the overthrow of Napoleon, rejoiced in the restoration of the French Bourbons.

Weed's letters as a young man reveal an interest in piety and theology. In his late twenties he was much impressed by the jargon of the dirty Lorenzo Dow, and in letters to his wife he wrote of his earnest efforts to "imitate Jesus." In the forties the Irish were becoming important in politics and he wooed the Catholic vote by cultivating the friendship of Bishop Hughes. Later in life he became interested in the revivals of Moody and Sankey and frequently attended their frolics in the Hippodrome. Even Jerry McAuley's work of rescuing burning brands from the brothels and boozing kens of New York was generously supported by the Dictator, and he enjoyed distributing among his friends copies of a little manual of private prayers by a British parson. Every pious trail had a path branching from the main line to his door, and Greeley used to tell how he emptied his pockets to the last dollar to poor widows soliciting alms. He anticipated the philanthropy of the Tammany chiefs many years before these experts began distributing shoes to Bowery wastrels. Episcopalianism might be the one really rosy path to Heaven, but the Dictator knew that other roads were essential for the herds he led to market.

In a lecture to Boston merchants in 1854 Charles Sumner rejoiced that "in our country, the merchant, more than any other character, stands in the boots of the feudal chief." A full decade before the Sumner lecture the Hudson Valley chiefs joined the New York merchants in ruling the State with the aid of the Dictator. The merchant-banking aristocrats carried into the middle period of his reign the colonial tradition that mercantile capital should be in the hands of cultivated gentlemen. They patronized the theatre, gathered in clubs, enjoyed pinches of Lorillard's snuff, and paid homage to the Whig generals, Webster, Clay and Weed. The most famous of all the havens of the blessed were the Kent Club and the Hone Club, the former named after Chancellor Kent and limited to forty-five members, and the latter named after Philip Hone, the delightful old Whig diarist, and limited to twelve.

Both Weed and Webster were often present at these clubs. The artist, George Healy, was engaged to paint the portrait of Webster for the Hone Club, and it adorned Hone's dining-room till his death in 1851. On April 25, 1846, he made this entry in his diary: "When Louis Philippe comes to New York, Philip Hone will show him as good a picture as any in his American gallery." Alas! when this patron of Whiggery died, the members of the Hone Club threw dice for the Webster portrait and it passed into the possession of Richard M. Blatchford, a merchant-

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politician. The Dictator was a foster-child of these Whig merchants and the frank correspondence he exchanged with them regarding his political services shows an affection which rivals that of Damon and Pythias. They never tired of paying compliments to each other, Weed being especially grateful for the "refined hospitalities" he enjoyed at the tables of the merchant princes.

While the Dictator was looking after their affairs at Albany and expressing his admiration for the "estimable character" of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the baronial ruler of a million acres, the old order of his boyhood days in the up-State and interior counties was fading out. A new class was emerging from obscurity, a class which he was to serve in later years. In the baronial paradise of landed magnates manufacturing had been a vulgar occupation foreign to soft hands and gentle natures. It had been a household affair since the colonial period. Men, women, and children participated in making soap, candles, starch, yeast, and other necessary articles, while the spinning wheel, the loom and the dye-pot were employed in making clothing. All this was labor that belonged to the lower classes. Gentlemen did not anticipate that out of that layer of society would issue a class that would push them aside. Household industry was the cocoon out of which came a variety of industries. One by one they left the household and located in small shops, in each of which a nascent manufacturer specialized in making hats, shoes, clothing, and other goods with the aid of a few employés. Soon the shop expanded into a factory employing more hands, usually women and children. A little later the magic of steam-driven machinery was heaving a new and hitherto inferior class upward and carrying with it a new type of respectability.

In short, the industrial capitalist was appearing on the scene, to challenge the baronial-mercantile alliance, with its social distinctions, fine breeding, and conspicuous display. The Federalist-landed-merchant class regarded the emerging mill-owners as barbarians swarming up from the nether world. The shop manufacturer of the first decade of the Nineteenth Century, declared Dixon Ryan Fox, "was not as yet a gentleman distinguished by inherited wealth, family portraits and a liberal education, but was still a glorified mechanic, merely, who had worked up from the bench." The appearance of this new *bourgeois* class caused the same pained reaction which the appearance of the trading class had caused in the medieval society of Europe.

But by the end of the second decade of the century the manufacturers were threatening to become a menace to the old order, though it seemed to be securely wedged in the constitution of the State. In 1821 General Root, as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, declared that the Senate must remain a fortress of landed property to prevent "those whose pursuits are commerce and manufactures" from controlling the judiciary. Chancellor Kent regarded with terror any extension of the franchise and the Dictator himself expressed from afar his dread of "cheapening the suffrage." Those were anxious days for gentlemen. Kent led the knights of the old order against the barbarian invasion. He declared that the Senate and judiciary of right belonged to the landed interests. These departments of government should be secured against paupers, immigrants and journeymen manufacturers. "The poor man's interest is always in opposition to his duty," thundered Kent.

Yet a few years later the increasing profits of the manufacturers proved a sinful lure. The emerging capitalist began to cast aside his workman's apron and to dress in accord with his increased income. His account at the bank rapidly increased and he rose in social esteem. If he lacked polish he had dollars and they counted heavily in his favor. Manorial gentlemen such as Van Rensselaer and Whig merchants such as Philip Hone began to invest in manufacturing enterprises. The new *bourgeois*

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class was becoming respectable. A few decades later this class was to edge the merchant princes aside, the manorial magnates were to see their régime overthrown by enraged tenants, and industrial capital was to establish *bourgeois* vulgarity as a discipline for all phases of social life.

But how real the old manorial system remained even into the forties may be seen from the following brief survey of the Van Rensselaer estate made by Professor Cheyney in his monograph, "The Anti-Rent Agitation in the State of New York, 1839–1846":

> In the patroonship, later the manor of Rensselaerwyck, the proprietor had feudal jurisdiction of an extensive kind, including the administration of justice, the right of appointment of magistrates and ministers of the gospel, and excheats, beside his ownership of the soil. The manor was also represented by a delegate in the General Assembly, ordinarily either the patroon or his appointee. Naturally, therefore, the contracts with his tenants reflected this character. Almost all the land of that extensive territory was held upon lease, the leases (with the exception of a few which were for sixty years) being perpetual. The number of such leasehold farms in Albany county was found in 1846 to be 1,397, covering 233,900 acres, and yielding an annual rent of 23,390 bushels of wheat. In Rensselaer county, the other half of the manor, there were 1,666 farms aggregating 202,100 acres, charged with 20,210 bushels of wheat per year. Residents of Albany still [1888] remember seeing the road in the vicinity of the manor house blocked up with long lines of wagons in from the country with wheat and chickens to pay their rent, or with loads of wood, which were generally accepted in lieu of the "one day's labor" required by the leases.

When the lord of this estate died early in 1839 it was discovered that rents amounting to about $400,000, some running back many years, remained uncollected. It was the effort to collect these arrears that provoked riots extending over a number of years, in which a number of people were killed, a few roughnecks were convicted of murder and later pardoned, and a number who had received prison sentences were also pardoned after serving about two years. A series of legislative acts facilitated the transition to small holdings and it was left to the Southern gentry to carry on the feudal tradition till it was destroyed in the Civil War.

III

Weed found no difficulty in passing over into the service of the new merchant-capitalist order, just as many leading Democrats who had invested in manufacturing enterprises rode their new economic interests like horses into the Whig camp. Quite a number of Democratic editors also began to look at the new manufacturing interest with sympathy, one observer declaring as early as 1839, "You may always doubt a Democratic editor's sincerity when his advertisements begin to increase." The Dictator helped to adapt the old manorial-merchant canons of gentility to the new dollarized social order. The campaign of 1840 signalized the rise of the new class in society, industry, and politics. Webster, Seward and their kind stored their old manners in the garret and played the demagogue. "Some scions of old families," wrote Fox, "came down like commoners to fight their way in the political arena, while others, feeling that they stood no better at the polls than did their servants, withdrew to the serenities of inconspicuous but comfortable houses, filled with old mahogany, old wines, old friends, and memories of ancient power."

Weed was sensitive to the fortunes of all these upper economic groups, serving each in its order of time, and finally closing his career with years of service to the vulgarians who had swarmed out of small shops to become the rulers of legislative halls. But whether he served the lords of great estates, the merchant princes of New York, or the grand dukes of industrial capital, the Dictator carried through life what in the South was accepted as the "mudsill theory." A master of political intrigue, he believed that voters were as useful as chips in a game of poker, but

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that the masses should yield homage to their betters. Thus only could they fulfill the feudal ideal of a docile folk whose status is fixed in the social order. The manorial order passed into history, the merchant aristocracy declined to second rank, and industrial capital established its political and social sanctions throughout the Republic, but whatever the change might be the "lower orders" should remain low for all time. With a touch of philanthropy and a heavy gilding of religious piety, this was the substance of the creed of the master craftsman of the Whig and Republican parties.

The Dictator began his political career as one of the leading founders of the Anti-Masonic party, but passed into the camp of the National Republicans, who became Whigs in the early thirties. The transition was easy, for the Anti-Masons sympathised with Clay's views, especially on the tariff and internal improvements. Weed held no elective office except for a term in the Legislature in 1825, but he was appointed State printer in 1840, and Philip Hone declared it to be a "judicious appointment." William H. Seward was elected Governor in 1838, largely due to the skill of Weed. Not in twenty years had any party but the Democrats controlled the Senate: it was carried in 1839 by the Dictator's lavish use of money at Albany. His appointment as printer followed.

The election of 1839 dramatized his political generalship and is worthy of notice as an example of his art. Three State senators were to be chosen in the Albany district and Weed reported to his beloved merchants in New York that the Whig chances were poor. On the Saturday morning before the election certain merchants and bankers appointed a committee to visit him at Albany. A special steamer was chartered and the Dictator was summoned to meet the committee at the Eagle Tavern, where they showed him a roll of banknotes amounting to $8,000. This money was to be "advantageously disbursed," with the assurance that more could be obtained if needed. Certain sums were dispatched to four counties, and $1,500 was reserved for Albany. Fearing that the presence of a strange steamer would arouse the suspicions of the Democrats, the committee members remained concealed. Writing long after the event, Weed said that he assigned G. W. Daly, "an efficient fighting Whig at the polls," to see Abe Vanderzee, a Democratic pugilist and journeyman at the *Argus* office. Daly took the pugilist for a stroll along the docks. The former expressed surprise when they observed the strange steamer, adding that he would ascertain its mission. Later on he informed Vanderzee that flour speculators had chartered the boat and were buying flour to hold for a monopoly price. Vanderzee was fooled and so was the *Argus*. The steamer dropped down the river for the return to New York.

The election continued for three days, Monday to Wednesday evening. Five stalwarts, wrote Weed, were assigned to "organize a physical force sufficient to clear a passage to the polls." Another group was to look after the boatmen, a third to handle the "drift voters," a fourth to serve as challengers, a fifth to "bring all the Whig steamboat and sloop hands from New York and along shore between New York and Albany." Two picked men were "to swing around the various polls and ascertain where screws were loose or machinery needed oiling." The Whigs elected their three senators and the Dictator wrote in his Memoirs: "Thus a memorable *coup d'état*, completely revolutionizing the State, was effected on the very verge of the election, by the thoughtfulness and liberality of a few zealous politicians in the City of New York."

It was in this same year that William Kent, son of Chancellor Kent, wrote to Weed, addressing him as "Mr. Dictator." "I take it that some future chronicler, in reciting the annals of New York during this period, in every respect equal to those of England in the time of Elizabeth, will devote his brightest colors to the

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'celebrated Thurlow Weed, *who so long filled the office of Governor Seward during his lengthened and prosperous administration.*' " Similar letters appear in the tome in which Weed recorded his recollections.

The American Legislatures, by special acts, were then granting charters and franchises to banks, railroads, and turnpike companies. Efficiency experts told off to look after these jobs appeared at all the State capitals, and Weed was the greatest master of the new profession. Few believed that Seward was dishonest, but thousands who observed the work of the Dictator thought his methods rather raw. In 1859 Seward was in the hands of Weed as a presidential candidate and references to his connection with "New York street railroads" became common. There were some men to whom Bryant of the New York *Evening Post* would not speak and Weed was one of them. Writing to his associate, Bigelow, Bryant declared that Seward was damaged by "the project of Thurlow Weed to give charters for a set of railways, for which those who receive them are to furnish a fund of from four to six hundred thousand dollars, to be expended for the Republican cause in the next presidential election."

Next to serving God Weed thought it his duty to serve the crowd at the top of the social heap. There is a passage in his autobiography which for ethico-political consecration is the most delightful to be found in American political literature. Referring to his service to New York merchants he permitted his readers to share his inward sense of grace. "From year to year questions affecting the commercial interests of New York were introduced in the Legislature," he wrote. "I made it my business to see that while wholesome laws were enacted, unjust or oppressive ones should be defeated, and ere long New York merchants, *who never asked for anything that was wrong or opposed anything that was right*, advised me of their wishes in reference to legislation, giving themselves no further trouble about it. Occasionally after the adjournment of a Legislature during whose session New York interests were supposed to have required a good deal of my time and attention, suggestions of compensation were made and declined."

Here one recalls the up-State stripling who desired to "imitate Jesus." The good man did, however, accept a silver set from his merchant cronies on one occasion, accompanied "with the monographs of merchants equally distinguished at home and abroad for their public spirit and private virtues." All this is solemnly recorded by the man who made Governors, Congressmen and judges, and whose signal to a Legislature was like the wand of a magician who summons rabbits from a hat.

The association of the Dictator with the erratic Greeley in the Whig party, divergent as the views of the two men were, is to be explained by the grotesque composition of the party itself. The heir of old powdered-wig Federalism, Whiggery had gathered into its fold every man and faction that Jackson had offended. To add to its motley character, its Northern wing was financed chiefly by New England manufacturers, while the Southern wing was kept by the upper section of the slave-owners. New York, as we have seen, was a changing society. Weed in politics was a gentleman's valet, while Greeley sympathised with the laborers. The Dictator declared that Greeley's friendship for the "toiling millions" and his favorable view of unions were "as formidable as they were mischievous." Greeley's use of the *Tribune* "to unsettle and remodel our social system" appeared to him to be nothing less than heresy.

Since the early forties Greeley had been uncomfortable in the Whig party and late in 1854 he announced the "dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley" because he had not been considered when Seward had "offices to give." The Dictator became directing general of Seward's candidacy for President in 1860 and was confident that he had the nomina-

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tion fixed, but Greeley, working behind the scenes, had his revenge. Three days after Lincoln was nominated Greeley wrote to a friend, "If you had seen the Pennsylvania delegation, and known how much money Weed had in hand, you would not have believed we could have done so well as we did. ' Greeley added that his troops "had to rain red-hot bolts" on wavering delegates. When it was all over Weed shed tears. The polished Seward had been rejected for a common politician of the Illinois backwoods. No gentleman could avoid showing his grief!

IV

As the Dictator approached old age his private correspondence and interviews with newspapers reveal a mellow old gentleman cherishing the baronial tradition with undiminished ardor. In 1873 he lamented the meetings of "internationals" and "socialists" and "trades unions" in Cooper Institute, and the "unhappy" action of the Legislature in passing an eight-hour law aroused his implacable rancor. "I earnestly hope," he wrote, "that there will be wisdom and firmness enough in the next Legislature to repeal the eight-hour law, and to declare illegal all combinations to limit, restrict, restrain, or embarrass master mechanics from receiving as many apprentices as may be required." Three years later he wrote to Blaine, of Union Pacific and Mulligan letters fame, approving Blaine's presidential aspirations because of the "vital interests" involved in the election. After Hayes became President he wrote a remarkable letter to a merchant friend, again avowing his faith in the old feudal ideal. "Capital, under the protection of just laws," he wrote, "watchful, diligent, and farseeing, will take care of itself; labor, confiding and patient, relying more upon muscle than mind, *requires guardianship and sympathy*." The lord of Rensselaerwyck could not have more aptly defined the social creed of the old ruling class.

One favorite fiction of the new type of politicians made no appeal to him. He refused to chant hymns to the brotherhood of capital and labor. Here again that vanished age where gentlemen were gentlemen and the *canaille* knew their place found in him a knight-errant. "There has been, as there ever must be," he declared, "between the thousands who labor and the hundreds who enjoy the fruits of such labor, an 'irrepressible conflict.' But," he added cautiously, "it is the duty of governments to see that the faces of those who labor are not held too closely to the grindstone." Stephen Van Rensselaer must have paused in strumming his harp and indulged in an approving smile when the Dictator penned that statement.

On one occasion he was asked by a reporter what was his opinion of universal suffrage. His answer revealed a more profound insight than will be found in the studies of most political scientists. He was happy to admit that his fears in the twenties that the lower classes would heave the upper groups out of power had proven groundless. "The fact of the matter is," he said, "regular political parties, managed by talented, educated men, have always used these ignorant classes, and for that reason the danger I first had in mind has been averted. . . . The ignorant and poor never have united so far as to be able to accomplish anything by themselves; they are always in the hands of intelligent men; *demagogues and scoundrels, it may be, but still intelligent*."

The old Dictator never yielded one iota of his views. There was no necessity for yielding in his later years, for he was out of politics. The others who glided into the new order to serve the régime of money bags were more discreet. His frankness must have disturbed them, for they had to carry on where he left off. His language would harvest no votes. The new spawn of professionals concealed what they knew and cut capers before the sovereign people.

Weed even carried the feudal concept into his alms-giving. He refused to con-

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tribute to the relief of the families of striking freight-handlers, yet he wanted the strikers to receive the three cents more per hour for which they fought. His action is easily understood. He hated any assertion of power on the part of the common people.

It was dangerous; it was in conflict with all the canons of feudal discipline. Nevertheless, he would willingly grant a request if it was made in the humility of spirit that was becoming to underlings. This attitude was exhibited on another occasion when he was attending a meeting of street railway directors. There was no strike on the lines, not even a request for an increase in wages. There was a surplus for distribution and it could have been distributed as an extra dividend. But, due to Weed's influence and vote, it was applied to raising the wages of drivers and conductors.

Vertigo and rapidly declining strength brought the end in November, 1882, at the age of eighty-five. The Rev. Dr. Booth declared that shortly before he died Weed told him that his reliance was "on the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him he trusted." Weed himself said, "To me, the existence of another world is a necessary supplement of this, to adjust its inequalities and imbue it with moral significance." Only in Heaven would he permit underlings to associate with their "betters."

More than a decade before the impious Greeley had expressed another view. He declared that had Weed "lived in some yet undiscovered country, where legislation is never bought nor sold, his life would have been more blameless, useful and happy."

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THE GENEALOGY BUSINESS

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

It would be impossible to say how many practising genealogists there are in this country today. If the ubiquitous amateur is included, twenty thousand would probably be a conservative figure. They range in importance from impecunious gentlewomen who infest the reference rooms of public libraries to suave, scholarly appearing gentlemen who control the destinies of the horde of patriotic and hereditary societies. Included also are three or four formidable associations of genealogists, corporations really, formed for large scale operations.

The impecunious gentlewomen, and their male counterparts, are, of course, in the majority. They peg out meager incomes by piecing together vague family records into genealogies sufficiently impressive for the uncritical. But occasionally even this species runs into a windfall. Once one of them gets the trade of a wealthy and confiding client, her future is assured and she can travel about, on fat expense accounts, in search of dusty court records, reflecting, meanwhile, on how stiff a fee she may venture to demand.

It is the big boys who are most often in on the big money. Usually they are connected with one or another of the multitude of genealogical magazines, and have a considerable dignity in the craft. Railroad and bank presidents are numbered among their patrons. Starting at twenty or thirty dollars for the most trivial of services, their fees soar to heights that would put a fashionable surgeon to shame. Their best stock in trade is often a surname of precious patriotic significance. Their chaste advertisements have of late begun to appear in magazines of general circulation.

For here, as elsewhere, the individual has come to feel the pressure of large scale production. During the past two decades there has been a markedly increased interest in family in America, and the genealogical corporation, organized to survey family trees in a bigger and better way, was obviously inevitable. Probably the most successful of these is the American Historical Society, Inc. This organization, formed in 1912, employs a large force of research workers and writers, and its directors say that it has carried on inquiries in every State in the Union and to a considerable extent in Europe. The results of these labors are privately printed by the society if the client has the price.

Its publications are fine examples of the art of bookmaking. The most costly are bound in full calf, heavily tooled, with the coat-of-arms of the client prominently displayed. The color plates, the engraving, the printing, are all of the finest; in brief, the American Historical Society, Inc., knows its business. Its offices in New York are impressive in a correct and reserved fashion; its beautifully engraved stationery carries the simple legend "Genealogical and Heraldic Research" beneath a coat-of-arms. The society decries the more romantic forms of investigation into royal and noble lineage and specializes in Colonial ancestry.

But it by no means has the field to itself. In Chicago also the demand for bigger and better genealogies has been ably met. There was formed there in 1928 the Institute of American Genealogy. Within a

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year this organization had "affiliated" 300 family, patriotic and hereditary societies and was prospering so mightily that it launched the *Magazine of American Genealogy*, whose editor is Frederick Adams Virkus, F. I. A. G. Mr. Virkus thus details the Institute's inception:

> [It] was founded in April, 1928, with the cardinal principle that knowledge of ancestry is a birthright, and that genealogical data should be made accessible to all.
>
> It was designed to function as the National Clearing-House for Genealogical Information and as such to affiliate the American Genealogical, Hereditary, Historical and Family Associations for the purpose of effecting coöperation and coördination in the field of American Genealogy.
>
> Its plan is to compile one alphabetical master index to include the name and family data of the head of every family included in all the printed genealogies, in manuscripts, charts, court and cemetery records and private records available down to and connecting with the Federal Census of 1790. In addition, the list of Immigrants to America before 1750, Soldiers and Sailors in the American Revolution, Derivation of Surnames, Heraldry, and Genealogical Bibliography are being compiled as separate indexes. . . .
>
> In the spirit of patriotic service it was determined to make these indexes accessible to the public, and the membership of the Institute, individually and collectively, dedicates this work to the use of the American people.

In the initial issue of the magazine was the following note:

> The reason for publishing this magazine is to give the widest possible circulation to the genealogical data it contains. Every member can be of material aid in this objective by showing this copy to friends interested in the subject and by explaining that in due course every American surname will be included. To insure receipt of particular issues, they should be ordered in advance of publication. Price $1.50 per copy.

To those who might otherwise be deterred by the archaic and arbitrary laws of heraldry this encouragement was held out:

> Since there is no American law on the subject and since the English law of primogeniture does not prevail in America, the right of an American to the use of a coat-of-arms rests with his proof of descent from the ancestor to whom the coat-of-arms was granted.

In the second issue the editor was able to report a most gratifying response. He and his assistants, indeed, were deluged by a flood of mail so great as to delay reply by many days. In the profession, however, there was not a uniform rejoicing, and the following protest was printed among a number of congratulatory messages:

> I have heard about the Institute of American Genealogy and have just seen a copy of your magazine, which I looked over casually. I want to say that I can see very clearly that your object is to be a genealogical trust, to control all the research work, and by so doing you will take the bread and butter out of the mouths of those of us working professionally. I was told that I ought to join but I can see no money in it for me and I certainly will not encourage such a purpose.
>
> *Yours very truly*
>
> —W.—

To which the editor replied:

> Bread and butter has been the diet of too many genealogists and one of the things we should like to do in that direction is to vary the diet by adding some cake and pie to it. The cake and pie will be added by the interest and consequent activity in genealogy engendered by the magazine, where the subject had not heretofore been thought of. America is re-awakening to the importance of the subject and competent genealogists will never suffer for lack of commissions. As a matter of fact the Institute refers requests for research work to its professional members because we believe that the person best qualified to do the work is a resident of the town or county in which the work is required —one familiar with local history and records. . . . We do want you, and every other professional genealogist, as a member. But only if you are as willing to give as to receive.

There was indication of a further slight unpleasantness in the third issue. Therein the editor set forth the Institute's great success in drawing genealogical societies into the fold, but added in sadness:

> Only one, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, has actually refused its coöperation. In a letter from the chairman of its executive committee we are requested to make the acknowledgment, which we do

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sorrowfully, that "This Society is not and never has been an Institutional Member of the Institute of American Genealogy." . . . It is regrettable that this splendid organization, with sixty years of excellent genealogical work to its credit, should elect to remain outside of this coöperative movement for the common good. Notwithstanding this attitude, for which no reason is stated, the Institute will continue to make a much needed general index of the invaluable data contained in the many volumes of the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, and include this as a part of the Master Index, in order to make the data more widely available to the public.

II

As Editor Virkus so truly says, such little internecine unpleasantnesses are regrettable. For the field is so wide and so rich that surely there should be room for all, working as one big union. For every hereditary society that is even slightly known to the commonalty there are at least ten that reserve their loftier splendors for the anointed. They began to come into being about 1890. The Daughters of the American Revolution was one of the first and, since it has always been noisier than the others, it has been more often in the public eye. As a result its membership of nearly 200,000 far exceeds that of all other similar organizations.

But if the Daughters have the numbers and the noise, other societies have better cultivated the virtue of exclusiveness. There is, for example, the Descendants of the Pioneers of America. "Eligibility to membership," it is stated, "is derived only from one who settled in any part of America prior to the year 1700. This shall include all nationalities." The latter concession, it should be noted, is unusual, for a majority of the societies approve only persons of English or—at the most—of French derivation. Then there is the Society of Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with its highly exclusive membership of 436. And the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, whose requirements for membership are abstruse to say the least. "The order is based," one learns, "not only on descent from an early settler in America, but also on descent from an early settler whose descendant retained the vision and idealism of his settler ancestor." Dr. William Howard Taft is numbered among the distinguished members of this order.

The Society of the Cincinnati is quite as inflexibly delimited in membership. Descent, in this instance, must be from a commissioned officer of the Revolution. Here the social gradations are nicely observed. The initiation fee is "one month's pay of the grade in which such ancestor served." Merely to list some of the other societies is to intimate their grandeur: for example, the National Society of Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, the Hereditary Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors Prior to 1750, the Huguenot Society of America, and the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants.

However, the swellest of such orders seems crude and raw when put beside those based upon royal lineage. Many Americans remain content with the great distinction implied by membership in the Colonial societies, but the more ambitious scale the genealogical heights to ever rarer and rarer atmospheres. The gleam of a crown inspires them to go beyond the vulgarities of rebellion and the crudities of the pioneer. The badges of these noble orders are emblazoned with coronets and fleur-de-lis; they dangle from princely ribbons.

An excellent example is the Ancient Heraldic and Chivalric Order of Albion, instituted in 1643, re-organized in 1883. Its background is lushly romantic. It was organized originally for the conversion of the twenty-three Indian tribes comprised within the grant of New Albion. In 1883 it was merged as "a high degree of knighthood" in what was then known as the Patriotic Order of the Fathers and Founders of the Republic in Pennsylvania and New York.

Even nobler is the Aryan Order of St. George of the Empire in America. "The

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purpose of this society," it is explained, "is to promote social virtues, to reprobate fashionable vices and follies, to preserve genealogical records of the families of members and the accounts of their historic greatness as means to further the end by enlivening a feeling of family worth and honor with present memorials." Membership is restricted to those descended from "illustrious and honorable family, colonial or noble, of the Aryan race."

The National Society of Americans of Royal Descent displays a decided sniffishness toward all things Colonial and Revolutionary. "The society," it is stated, "is composed of both men and women of good standing in American Ancestral Societies other than the Daughters of the American Revolution and of Royal Descent." The Order of the Crown of America, another of the same sort, was founded in 1898 by Miss Henrietta Lynde de Neville Farnsworth of Detroit. "Its purpose is to perpetuate the memory, not only of illustrious Colonial ancestors, but of those belonging to earlier generations who descended lineally and legitimately from the royal houses of the old world; to keep in mind the efforts made by them toward the furtherance of human progress; to encourage the acquisition of knowledge relating to the periods in which they lived, and to inspire the loftiest conceptions of American citizenship." "The lineage record," it is stipulated, "must be made out and signed by a professional genealogist."

It should not be understood that these societies are all composed of elderly women seeking to bask in an anemic glow from the past. Many he-men also belong to them—for example, to the Baronial Order of Runemede. Its membership is composed almost entirely of bankers, business men and manufacturers. The organization is most elaborate. There are two classes of "knighthood": first, one made up of the 100 Founders of the Order and, second, one composed of "lineal male descendants of one or more of the twenty-five barons who were selected to be the sureties for the proper observance of the statutes contained in Magna Charta." Members are entitled to designate their own successors. The Court of Eligibility of the Baronial Order passes upon other applicants, and the Court of the Exchequer of the Baronial Order takes care of the money. On the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of the granting of Magna Charta, in 1915, the society published a volume of 549 pages called "Magna Charta Barons and their Descendants."

There are other bands of noble, or nearly-noble, males of even more tropical magnificence. The Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose supposedly derives from the Imperial Military Order of the Yellow Rose, reputed to have existed far in the past. It was "re-organized" in 1908, and the proviso was then made that "none but those of royal descent shall hereafter be admitted into membership in the order." In the Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America membership is "in right of descent from a man or a woman who enjoyed feudal rights in any of the American Colonies prior to July 4, 1776, as a Proprietary, a Lord of a Manor, a Patroon, a Landgrave, or by whatever designation known, enjoying equal rights and privileges."

The Scions of Colonial Cavaliers set forth this programme:

> The purpose of the formation of the Society of Scions of Colonial Cavaliers is first to set the Colonial Cavalier right in American history, too much importance having been accredited to the Puritan by various of our national historians in treating of the founding and growth of our Commonwealth. Secondly, our object pursuant to the thoughtful study of American history, is to compile records and erect memorials honoring the Colonial Cavaliers and, if occasion offers, to render philanthropic aid to our country in times of war.
>
> The membership of the society is divided into two parts. The First, the Palatines, the descendants of the Cavaliers who settled in America before 1650 and who were sons, grandsons or themselves of the British nobility. The ordinary and sometimes vulgarly heralded descent from kings on the part of Americans, when the king dated back further

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than being at least the grandfather of one's pioneer Cavalier ancestor, counts for nothing to bolster up one's claims for membership. The second order, the Landgraves, are members descended from distinguished Cavalier families of British gentry. . . .

Beside having a properly accredited invitation from the society, in addition to the above rigid requirements, the candidate for membership, whether Palatine or Landgrave, must also be a descendant of an ancestor of Cavalier antecedents who was a personage of note in the Eighteenth Century and also from one whose career complies with the same conditions in the Nineteenth Century. A great many Southern families have a "tradition" that their forefathers were Cavaliers, an expression often loosely used to mean gentlemen and ladies. But only the historical fact of one's being a scion of a Cavalier who was a partisan of Charles I against Cromwell, or belonged to a family ranked as Cavaliers by a reliable historian is of any avail for membership. . . .

The American Revolution, with all the good it wrought in the cause of freedom, with Washington and the others of eminent Colonial Cavalier lineage in the thickest of the fray, we do not enter into the discussion of pro or con, leaving that theme to other patriotic societies. Anyone who reads the signs of the times can discern that the dominant trend of thought at the present time is Cavalier rather than Puritanical. The Puritan loved a village—and village gossip; the Cavalier, life on a landed estate where he was monarch of all he surveyed.

III

It is in Boston, a holy city to all right-thinking genealogists, that the Puritan is glorified. Here all worldly objectives are lost sight of and ancestors are hunted down with a somber zeal. It is no light matter; there is no place for frivolous romance or conjecture. In this environment even the devotion of the Chinese to their ancestors seems a little thin.

Boston is the seat of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the grandpa of them all. For the past eighty years the society has been accumulating a library of thousands of volumes, dealing almost exclusively with genealogy. Nearby, at Salem, is the Essex Institute, which is even older. In Boston, too, under the direction of the Massachusetts Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, there is being carried forward that great project, "The *Mayflower* Genealogies." It is the ambition of this Society to include in one vast genealogical work, which shall be completed by the year 2020, the four hundredth anniversary of the landing, every descendant of all the passengers aboard the *Mayflower*. Unfortunately, a crass world has not given much support to this endeavor. But the struggle is going forward and the Society has been able to resume publication of its magazine, the *Mayflower Descendant*.

There exists also in Boston that most eminent of all the trade journals of the genealogical world, the *Evening Transcript*. On Mondays and Wednesdays, uniquely among American newspapers, it devotes an entire page to genealogical material, and that page is apparently one of the most popular features of the paper. Correspondents are notified that "contributions for the department have accumulated to such an extent that it is impossible to insert communications as soon as they are received." It is on this page that one learns that the Shedd Family Association will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock at the New England Historical and Genealogical Society's Building at 9 Ashburton place. Also on Wednesdays the *Transcript* devotes a page to chronicling the activities of the patriotic and hereditary societies. All this is taken very seriously in New England, as the stipulations for membership in the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants indicate:

All preliminary applications must be approved by the Membership Committee, who investigate the social and moral standing of the applicant. If the decision of the Committee is favorable they report the name of the applicant to the Board of Assistants at a subsequent meeting, and upon such report pedigree blanks are issued upon which must be set out in detail each generation in descent from a *Mayflower* passenger.

Every step in pedigree must be proven by reference to published works recognized by the Society as authoritative, giving in each instance the volume and page quoted or by

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filing certified copies of town or church records, tombstone inscriptions or other unpublished evidence. No fact can be accepted which is based solely upon family or local traditions.

The pedigree blanks must be filled out in duplicate and sworn to before a notary public or other competent officer and sent to the Historian. After examination and approval by him and by the Historian General he will report to the Board of Assistants, who will elect the applicant a member of the Society unless in the meantime something prejudicial has been learned.

But even the *Mayflower* descendants, these living repositories of hallowed tradition, occasionally relax; they, too, have their gay times. The following is from the proceedings of the Massachusetts Society:

The twenty-seventh annual reception and dinner were held at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, governor of the Society, presided at the after dinner exercises, and there were addresses by the Rev. Alexander Mann, D.D., rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Professor Woodman Bradbury, D.D., of the Newton (Mass.) Theological Institution.

Professor Bradbury's address, on "The Tunes of the Pilgrims," was illustrated by a double quartette—Miss Priscilla Hawthorne Fowle, Mrs. Florence Lowther Lee, Miss Elizabeth Farr Bradbury, Miss Jennie M. Reed, Mr. Egbert Corning Prime, Mr. Evan John Shearman, Mr. Bernard David Adams, Mr. Thomas Lionel Brindley. The singers and the accompanist, Mr. Homer Chenery Bryant, were all dressed in Pilgrim costume.

The Compact was read by the secretary, as usual, but on this occasion it was read from the copy presented to the Society at its twenty-sixth annual meeting. The Secretary also read, from a photostat copy of the Ten Counter Demaunds, an extract containing the earliest known printed suggestion of a removal from Leyden to America.

The arrangements for the reception and dinner were in charge of Mrs. Charles A. Coolidge, Mrs. Channing H. Cox, Mrs. Frederick Foster, Mrs. John Holmes Morison and Miss Clara Endicott Sears.

Far removed from the chaste confines of Boston, in the remote West, is another great seat of genealogical research. Here genealogy has a place in the religious observances of the Latter Day Saints of Utah. Nephi Anderson explained "Genealogy's Place in the Plan of Salvation" in a paper read at the quarterly meeting of the Genealogical Society of Utah at Salt Lake City in October, 1911. "The gospel," he asserted, "*is* preached in the spirit world, —the gospel in its completeness, including baptism in water for the remission of sins. The living on earth may be baptized for the dead; and if the dead exercise faith and repentance, the earthly vicarious work will be credited to them as if they had done it themselves."

Nephi quoted Joseph Smith as saying, "The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead." And again: "The Saints have not too much time to save and redeem their dead and gather together their living relatives before the earth shall be smitten." "This welding together," the speaker observed, "link upon link, of the families of the earth can only be accomplished by getting the names of the individuals composing these families with certain facts regarding them, by which they can be identified—dates of birth, and of death, where they lived, and to whom they were related. With these facts secured, proper records can be made, and the binding together can be accomplished, the work being done in the Temples of the Lord, the living for themselves as well as for the dead."

But this work, he was careful to point out, cannot be carried on by faith alone: "Thousands of individuals have been moved to spend much money and years of time to gather their family records and issue them in printed form. A tidal wave of ancestry searching has swept over the country. . . . In conclusion, let me suggest the future of this work. I see the records of the dead and their histories gathered together from every nation under Heaven to one great central library in Zion—the largest and best equipped for its particular use in the world. Branch libraries may be established in the nations but in Zion will be the records of last resort and final authority. Trained genealogists will find

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constant work in all nations having unpublished records, searching among the archives for families and family connections."

This enormous labor has been pushed steadily forward. The Genealogical Society of Utah has gone a long way from the humble days of its founding in 1894. The classes in genealogy organized not long afterward by Sister Susa Young Gates have borne glorious fruit. Some of the most extraordinary pedigrees have come from the Utah school. They go back to Joseph of Arimathea and "Anna (cousin to Mary)," and they include Wecta, King of Saxony; Rurik, founder of Russia; "Lear, King in Britain," Woden, Charlemagne and Alfred the Great. The Society has agents in England and on the Continent. There is still much work to be done. But the library has kept pace, if not with Nephi Anderson's vision, at least with the ever-increasing flow of genealogical literature.

IV

In 1874 scarcely 500 genealogical works had been published in this country. At the present time the annual output forms a not insignificant portion of the entire production of printed books. While for the most part they are the work of obscure genealogists, occasionally an eminent mind labors in the field. For example, Dr. David Starr Jordan is the author, along with Sarah Louise Kimball, of a recent work called "Your Family Tree." Although Dr. Jordan states in a preface that one of his objects is to demonstrate that there is no especial significance in "a boasted 'line of long descent,' " his book is largely given over to genealogical tables which tend to refute this modest contention. For these tables show that almost all of the gaudier present-day heroes of the United States descend from kings or emperors. Dr. Jordan himself is descended, through the same line with Rufus Choate, from David I of Scotland by way of Isabel de Vermandois. Curtis Dwight Wilbur and Ray Lyman Wilbur likewise stem from David I. Calvin Coolidge is traced back to Charlemagne, although it was only two generations before Calvin's appearance that the Coolidge name was wedded to the kingly line.

The authors were apparently put to some difficulty in connecting the Quaker, Herbert Hoover, with kings. This was achieved, although in little more than a footnote, through Mrs. Mildred Crew Brooke Hoover, the wife of Dean Theodore Jesse Hoover, his brother. Mrs. Mildred Crew Brooke Hoover is descended from David I, and is also, the authors record, State regent for California of the Daughters of the American Revolution. J. Pierpont Morgan descends from David I, and John D. Rockefeller from Henry I, King of France. "Your Family Tree" is thus not unlike "Of Sceptred Race," a well-known work by Annah Robinson Watson, also author of "Some Notable Families of America," "A Royal Lineage," "On the Field of Honor," "The Champion Maid," and "The Victory." "Of Sceptred Race" is largely devoted to naming the American descendants of Charlemagne and Alfred I.

The future is bright with hope for the genealogist. New millionaires and new movie stars, all of whom seem to regard a good sound genealogy with much favor, are always appearing in sufficient abundance. On more modest levels there are the sons and daughters of founders and patriots, ever in need of a bit of genealogical substantiation. It is a profession on which one may embark very easily; apparently little equipment is needed. A case in point is that of an ex-chiropractor who did a thriving business in New York as an authority on heraldry. He launched an admirable project for a volume to be called "Who's Who in Heraldry." There was the trifling matter of fees, which ranged from $50 upward, for mention in the book. Unfortunately, the law thrust its snout into this endeavor. There seemed to be a feeling that the technique was a little crude. In the genealogical world subtlety counts for so much; subtlety, and the righteous awareness of a lofty calling.

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SCHOOL DAYS

BY LAWRANCE MAYNARD

When the bell rang and the children all struggled in from the great, dusty recreation yard to the sombre gray frame building that was the shell in which dwelt that grim monster, Public School No. 1, I was always reminded of the sink in the kitchen of my grandmother's house. Helping her dry the dishes after dinner, I often watched the rush of soapy water to the drain as she tipped the dishpan and spilled its contents into the sink. From the bottom of the sink the waste water would wash small bits of food toward the drain. In the end, there would be a sudden sucking sound as the last of the water disappeared, leaving only a little mess of refuse. The children rushing into school from the yard were like that soapy water and the bits of food. They were being sucked into a great drain. As they entered the wide door they even made little gurgling noises.

Later on, like the waste water from the sink, the water that was washed to the sea through sewers and rivers, by cities and hamlets, touching forests and plains, these children would escape from the school, to be carried by some kind of a current into some kind of sea of life, and to do their part to hinder or help the progress of the world.

Once inside the building and seated in the classrooms we became different personalities. In the yard, on the streets, in our own homes, we were exuberant children, carefree and mischievous, full of play and gayety, and entirely ingenuous. In the school we became crafty, conniving little outlaws, conspiring against the common enemy—Teacher.

I do not believe that we ever had a teacher who understood us. I am quite sure that we never had one whom we understood. Had we understood our teachers we might have learned more, and had they understood the workings of our developing minds, the divergence of our evolving personalities, they might have taught us to understand them. They treated us as uncomprehending imbeciles rather than as intelligent boys and girls. They insulted our intelligence by ignoring it entirely. We thought that they meant to belittle us, intended to humiliate us. In our eyes they were inimical to our happiness, a restraint on our liberties.

On their side, they were all suspicious of us. They saw overt intentions in our every act, and firmly believed that each one of us had but one aim in life—to put something over on them. Later in life I met policemen who had the same obsession. Perhaps our teachers were right, for certainly we believed that we had to buck them.

The name of our principal was Helen Finder. This name gave birth to a pun which we repeated at every opportunity. It happened one afternoon in the classroom. Miss Keller, the teacher, missed one of the little girls. Looking over the class her eye fell upon the special chum of the missing child.

"Beth," she demanded, "where is Ruth?"

"I don't know," said Beth, giggling a bit.

"I think you do know," said Miss Keller darkly. "If you don't tell me I'll have to go to the principal."

"Oh well," said Beth with an air of

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bored indifference, "go to Helen Finder then."

After that the pupils were always conspicuously asking one another about the location of one of the girls or teachers, and always feeling delightfully daring at the reply, "Go to Helen Finder."

Miss Finder's favorite colors were green and brown. Her dresses invariably were of one of these colors—a sickly dark olive-green or a clayey burnt-senna brown that matched her lusterless hair that once had been red. She was forever bustling about the hallways or the yard, listening in on the lunch-hour conversations of the pupils, popping unexpectedly into classrooms to catch the youngsters in an uproar when teacher had stepped out for a moment. When she did this a sudden pall would fall over us and the room would be very quiet while she had her say.

"This is a nice way for me to find you," she would declare scornfully. "Your teacher can't trust you to be alone for even a minute. Have you no honor at all? When I was a girl in school we sat still and studied our lessons when teacher stepped out. We were proud to have her know that she could trust us. Now I don't want to catch you this way again. Will the monitors please write down the names of those who made a disturbance and give them to me?"

The monitors were delighted. Writing down the names of mischief-makers made them feel important. Each room contained two monitors appointed by the teacher to help her with her work. They were eager little spies, and I feel certain that most of them grew up to be members of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Church. At Miss Finder's demand they turned in the names of the delinquent pupils, and that afternoon the culprits would be called to her sanctum. Such a summons was a fearsome thing. It usually meant that a ruler was to be used on bare hands, or that hours were to be spent staying after school.

There was, for example, the episode of the chalk marks on a neighboring sidewalk. Naughty words had been marked where all might read. This was shocking, and high was the pedagogic indignation in the office of Miss Finder. Teachers were summoned and told to question their pupils. Somewhere in that school was a boy or girl who had seen the vandal at his sinister work, and who would tell all about it if discovered. The teachers all made little speeches during which several of the Ten Commandments were praisefully mentioned, the Constitution was cited, and the virtue of civic pride was extolled in an effort to convince the young hopefuls that their duty lay in exposing the writer of obscene words on the public highways. Sure enough, their efforts were crowned with success. A girl in the seventh grade confided to her teacher that she had seen the criminal in the act. She told who he was—a boy in the fifth grade. Triumphantly the teacher bore this star witness off to Miss Finder's office. Miss Finder commended her, and then asked questions.

The girl did not mind the first questions. Willingly enough she described how she had seen the boy marking on the sidewalk with white chalk, and how she had heard him laugh when another boy warned him that he was breaking a law. There was no doubt about it, she said; Johnny Hall had done the writing. But Miss Finder had not finished. She was always very thorough in her investigations. She must know everything, get to the bottom of cases. What she demanded to know now was, what were the words Johnny Hall had marked on the sidewalk?

The girl blushed. She hesitated, stammered, did not reply. Miss Finder insisted. The girl did not answer. She tried to hide her embarrassment, but Miss Finder did not seem to be aware of her torture.

"Answer me," she snapped. "What did he write?"

"Please, Miss Finder, I can't tell you," the girl pleaded.

"You'll tell me, or you'll stay after school for lying. If you don't tell me I'll know you didn't see it at all."

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The girl hung her head, blushed furiously, then stammered:

"Well—he wrote—he wrote ——"

She blurted out the fatal words fearfully, then hung her head in shame. Miss Finder had heard what she wanted to hear, and she did not seem to be shocked. She sent the girl back to her room, where the teacher, who had heard everything, looked at her strangely all day and turned red whenever the girl's eyes met hers.

II

Once a week, on Monday mornings, the entire school, students and teachers, had to assemble in front of the schoolhouse for a rite called Flag Drill. Miss Finder was always there like a band leader, standing on the steps and facing the ranks of pupils—girls and boys in alternating lines. At her command one of the boys, he who had been appointed Flag Monitor for the month, raised the flag to the top of the pole while the right hand of each child and teacher came to salute and every eye was raised to the colors. When the flag had reached the top of the pole Miss Finder would glare sternly over the pupils, as though daring any of them to utter a sound; then, in a high falsetto voice which she strove to make staccato in a military manner, she would lead the assembly through the little jingle all of us had learned:

I pledge allegiance to my Flag
And to the Republic for which it stands,
One Nation indivisible
With Liberty and Justice for all.

As we repeated the first line we had to raise our arms and point (presumably with pride) to the waving flag. As the last line ended the school orchestra, just inside the building, played "God Save the King" and everybody sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee." This done, Miss Finder would smile brightly at the gaping immigrants who had stopped on the street to wonder what all the hullabaloo was about, and we would march to our classrooms, where the teacher either would compliment us or excoriate us, depending on our behavior during the drill.

If I live forever I never will forget one day when Miss Finder flounced into the room two minutes after we had finished the exhibition of patriotism. We knew at once, by the way in which she tossed her head, that she was indignant. Miss Finder never became angry; her strongest emotion was indignation. Her faded red hair seemed to bristle, and we used to discuss the possibility of seeing sparks fly from it if we could catch her in the dark. On this day she had chosen a green dress, and topped by the red hair it was most effective.

"I'm ashamed of you," she snapped. "Big boys and girls like you, in the sixth grade, showing such disrespect for the Flag of our Country! Why, the little children in the first grade would be ashamed to act as you did."

Miss Keller, our teacher, stood aside, behind Miss Finder, leaning weakly against the blackboard. Her face was red, and her lips worked as though she were trying to hold back a sob. I believe that most of the teachers hated Flag Drill as much as we did. They lived in terror of Miss Finder's tongue.

"You didn't salute in unison," the principal charged. "Some of you didn't more than half raise your arms to point at the Flag. Fine citizens you will be, too lazy even to salute your Country's beautiful Flag!"

We sat in abject depression. Our Country, it appeared, was a God, and the Flag was its Messiah; and in that room Miss Finder was their evangelist. George Washington was a prophet, and all the dead Presidents were apostles, saints. To fail to show proper awe and respect for their memories was the unpardonable sin. Miserable sinners that we were, we had taken the name of the Flag in vain. We had not worshipped with sufficient pomp.

"The entire sixth grade will remain after school and practice the salute," Miss Finder decreed. "Miss Keller, you will

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take them out in the yard after school and see that they do it perfectly before they go home."

That was all. She swept from the room in the manner of a tragedy queen who has just spoken the big line. Miss Keller just stood and looked at the door a minute, then said:

"You heard her yourself, children. I won't need to repeat it."

After school that afternoon we went to the front yard and lined up. Ten times we raised our arms to the skies and repeated the meaningless lines of the pledge which we had learned to hate. Out on the sidewalk was gathered a small group of children from the other classes. They leaned on the fence and hooted at us. Passing pedestrians halted and smiled and went on about their business. A group of colored laborers looked up from their work and grinned. A Chinese vegetable vender blinked his eyes and looked puzzled; then drove on shaking his head over the peculiar customs of American children. I felt humiliated, degraded, foolish. I felt that I alone of that roomful of saluting pupils was conspicuous. I felt the passing populace laughing at me. I dropped my eyes and tried not to catch the eye of anyone.

That night I dreamed that a band was playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" before a vast crowd, and that I stood up, and that I looked around and saw that out of the vast audience I alone was on my feet, and that thousands of eyes were focused on me, wondering what was wrong with me, and that suddenly thousands of voices rose in derisive laughter because I was standing up while a band played the then popular "Alexander's Rag-Time Band."

I have since learned that most of those children felt just as I felt. The sense of the ridiculousness of their position oppressed them, and every stranger in the street who paused to watch them go through that ritual of the salute made them feel like hiding away some place.

It was thus that we learned respect for the flag.

III

Regardless of the condition of our voices we had to sing if we expected to achieve a perfect report-card. Miss Pember was the musical supervisor of the city schools. Once each month she visited our school and performed upon us an operation which she called tests. She carried a tuning-fork with her, and every time she struck it she expected one of us to match its metallic sound with a note of the voice.

She kept this up until she considered that each of us had satisfactorily echoed the ping of the fork. Then she wrung from us the scales, starting with a *do* that sounded strenuously low and rising with more or less regularity to a high *do* that wavered and cracked in the middle. One or two of the girls managed this with smug perfection, and Miss Pember beamed upon them and nodded her head at the rest of us while they performed. Most of us hated her.

One day when it came my turn to bleat the scales I asked to be excused.

"Come, come," she said, tapping the palm of her hand with the tuning-fork. "You must sing or I'll have to mark you 'failed' in the test."

"I can't sing," I told her, feeling a burning flush spreading up over my face from my ears to my forehead. I really couldn't sing, and being forced to try before that roomful was a torture.

"Did you hear that, Miss Keller?" Miss Pember demanded of our regular teacher. "He says he can't sing!"

Her statement seemed to be an indictment of Miss Keller's efficiency as a teacher. Just think of it, she seemed to say,—a boy in the room who couldn't sing the scales! Probably couldn't spell *cat* or recite the list of Presidents either. What was Miss Keller's defense?

"He sings very well in class," she said.

"Then he shall sing the scales for me," said Miss Pembler with portentous finality.

And I sang the scale, and felt so ashamed of my voice that I dared not look at the

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other members of the class for the duration of the session.

Miss Pember always asked a lot of questions about tonics and diatonics, minors and majors, signatures and staffs. She told us that the staff contained five lines and four spaces, and that the letters of the spaces spelled FACE and that by memorizing a sentence—"Every good boy does fine"—we could remember that the names of the lines were E, G, B, D and F.

Thus we learned about music. Although I now have a fairly good tenor voice I never sing outside my own room, with the door locked and assurance that nobody is within hearing distance. When I find that someone has heard me singing I feel ashamed, and the blush spreads from my ears to my forehead just as it did when Miss Pember made me sing the scale before the class. But I shall never forget that the spaces of the staff spell FACE, and that the lines assure us that "Every good boy does fine."

IV

We learned to read the characters of our teachers. We knew which would stand for our insolence and which would report the least peccadillo to Miss Finder. We knew that we could get by with anything with Miss Ackerman, the tall, statuesque woman who taught the seventh grade for a while. Miss Ackerman was neurotic, and given to crying when crossed. Sometimes she lost her head and stormed at us, but we were not afraid; we knew that in the end she would sit at her desk and cry, and that meant that we had the best of her. While she cried we would snicker among ourselves, the boys would pull the hair of the girls, and the older girls would toss notes to the older boys.

We must have felt a bit of sympathy, in a shamefaced way, for Miss Ackerman. I think that our mischief during her crying spells was performed more because we wanted to prove to each other that we didn't care, that we were hardened to the tears of hysteric women, than because we really were unsympathetic. At any rate, we seldom made much noise while she wept, and we kept anxious eyes on her even while we teased one another and joined in sly imitations of her tears. But when she scolded us we openly jeered at her.

It was impossible for Miss Ackerman to control us. We simply had no fear of her, and therefore no respect. At home, many of us had seen toil-weary, nerve-wrought mothers crying over the hardships of the household, and we felt then that something terrible was happening, and we were saddened. But not so with Miss Ackerman. We did not owe affection to her, nor were we obliged to feel her sorrow.

Sometimes Miss Ackerman would try to win us by reading stories to us in the afternoon. She read Kipling's animal stories, and parts of "Gulliver's Travels," and "Alice in Wonderland." Another favorite of hers was "The Wizard of Oz." She seemed to revel in these fantastic fairy tales with their satiric trend, but we did not appreciate them.

"Readin' fairy tales to the seventh grade!" we snorted. We thought that these things belonged to infancy, and that we were now beyond them. We could not imagine what Miss Ackerman saw in them, nor did she comprehend that we did not understand. She herself enjoyed them, and so she took it for granted that we understood. Our sneering puzzled her. But what did we know of the subtleties of Swift or the humor of Carroll? They were just fairy tales, like "Cinderella" or "Little Red Riding Hood," or "Jack and the Beanstalk." Stuff for the first grade!

But Miss Ackerman read them to us and seemed to think that we would like her better for doing so. One day, when she realized at last that we were laughing at her and sneering at her books, she simply closed the volume of Kipling she was reading, very gently laid it on the desk, looked at us a moment in silence, sighed a bit convulsively and went out into the cloak-room. A few moments later one of the boys opened the cloak-room door and

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peeked in. He closed the door softly and said:

"She's in there cryin'—an' she's got her coat on."

"Let's peek," whispered one of the girls.

Half a dozen of us went to the door and peered through. One of the boys, a twelve-year-old named Walter, poked his head into the cloak-room. As a practical joke the boy behind him gave him a shove into the room and closed the door. We stood by the door and laughed. What a scare Walter must be getting! We expected to hear him pounding on the door. It wouldn't be nice to be in the room alone with the crying Miss Ackerman.

He didn't pound on the door, but we released it and waited. Finally he came back into the school-room, very quiet and red in the face. He didn't say anything.

"*Well,*" *said one of the boys,* "*what did* the old cry-baby do to you? What'd she say?"

Walter looked embarrassed a moment, shook his head, would not talk.

"Aw, come on; tell us," we begged.

"Well," he began reluctantly, "when she seen me there she just grabbed me and kissed me and hugged me."

"Tell it to Sweeney!" we scoffed.

"No kiddin', she really did," he insisted. "She hugged me an' kissed me an' she said, 'Oh children, I love you so much!' "

"Was that what she said, honest?"

"Yeah; 'Oh children, I love you so much—an' you don't like me.' She said that, an' then she started cryin' again an' she put on her hat."

While we were puzzling over this strange behavior of Miss Ackerman's we were frozen by the sudden appearance of Miss Finder in the room. Miss Ackerman, she told us, had gone home sick, and we could go home until tomorrow, when a new teacher would be there. Probably Miss Ackerman wouldn't be back for a few days.

Nor was she; we never saw her again. For a few days our room was presided over by teachers who could be spared a few minutes from their own rooms, and by Miss Finder herself. And then came Mrs. Platt.

Mrs. Platt was fat. There is no other word to describe her size. Merely fat. Not, perhaps, as fat as the fat woman of the circus, but fat enough to cause a ripple of excitement in the room when she barged in for the first time, followed by Miss Finder, who performed the ceremony of introduction. We had been instructed by tall skinny teachers, by short skinny teachers, and by teachers of medium, unremarkable size and weight, but never before by a teacher as fat as Mrs. Platt. The appearance of Miss Finder silenced us for the moment, but no sooner had she closed the door behind her departing self than the buzzing started. Whispers:

"Gee whizz, lookut her!"

"*Ain't she a ol' elephunt!*"

"Like a tub!"

"Oooh! Bet she can't boss us much! Too fat to get around fast."

Mrs. Platt removed her hat and coat, hung them on the back of a chair, picked up a ruler, rapped sharply on the desk with it, and snapped huskily:

"Shut your traps!"

We were astounded. Slang from a school teacher! We could not have been more taken aback had we heard the Baptist preacher from the nearby church using profane language. Slang from the fat school teacher, and she sounded very much like she meant it! An incredulous murmur arose. She stood up before us and glared from under bushy, masculine brows.

"I said shut up!" she exploded. "Can't you brats understand plain English? Dry up or I'll warm your behinds!"

We shut up. She talked like a man. She did not look as if she was ready to burst into tears if we disobeyed her. She looked as if she might take a wallop at us. Meekly we turned to our lessons, and meekly we listened that afternoon while she read aloud to us from a volume of—Grimm's Fairy Tales!

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YANKEE NEAL

BY DANE YORKE

A SHOPBOY at twelve, and an itinerant teacher of penmanship at eighteen, by the time he got to twenty-one the blue-eyed, impetuous John Neal felt "a prodigious hankering not to die a fool; an event that inevitably happens to a New Englander who dies without having seen Boston." Travelling by stagecoach from Portland, Maine, he duly reached Boston in the Spring of 1814. His first Sunday there he spent in reconnoissance, and his chief memory afterward was of Lucius Manlius Sargent, that literary darling of the day, whose "Three Temperance Tales" were to run through 130 editions. It was Neal's first glimpse of American literature in the flesh. And it was a generous glimpse. "All day long, to and fro, with the air of a prince," the illustrious Lucius paraded Boston Common, . . . "rigged out in stocking-net pantaloons and half-boots, displaying his handsome legs to the greatest possible advantage."

But the glories of Lucius and literature then held no allure for John Neal. His mind was bent on trade. He plunged into the dry-goods business, but that soon palled, even though he had the inspiration of being associated with a pillar of the famous Old South Church. The pillar's hypocrisy disgusted him, so he broke away and began handling smuggled British goods —a form of bootlegging then considered quite reputable, so strongly did Boston disapprove of the second war with England, "Mr. Jefferson's War," still going on. For a time Neal prospered, but then the war ended suddenly, business collapsed, and, fighting to avoid bankruptcy, he hurried to New York, to Philadelphia, and finally to Baltimore, then the third commercial city of the country. There he again met with business success. But before long, unwise credits and the after-the-war depression brought the young Yankee into the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and in 1816, at the age of twenty-three, he found himself a complete bankrupt. He decided he was through with business.

Out of the wreckage he salvaged just one thing: the friendship of John Pierpont, whom he had met in Boston and who had followed him, as a business partner, to Baltimore. Their friendship was strangely complementary. Pierpont, now aged thirty, was a graduate of Yale and of the famous Litchfield Law School; he was widely read, and had a fine literary taste and some fame as a poet through his magazine verse. But he was timid and markedly self-distrustful; while Neal, at twenty-three, though practically uneducated, had a fiery self-confidence that obstacles and contradiction only stimulated. Debating the future, the two bankrupt Yankees saved each other. Neal nerved Pierpont to try an entirely new profession—the ministry—in which he ultimately became one of the most noted figures of his day. And because Pierpont had previously failed in the law and now strongly advised against it, Neal began to study for the Baltimore bar. Tell him a thing was impossible and he promptly set out to do it.

In after years, interpreting to the English what he called "the serious versatility" of the American character, he wrote: "When the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine Yankee he seems to reckon upon miracles as other men do upon

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chance." His decision for the law was a case in point. Certainly it seemed mad. The Baltimore bar, in 1816, was the most learned, the most proud, the most exclusive in the country. Its members included such lofty figures as William Pinkney, William Wirt, Luther Martin, William B. Winder, and Roger Taney, later to be Chief Justice of the United States, and author of the Dred Scott decision. The rules of that bar were unusually severe for the time, requiring a rigid four-year student-apprenticeship before admission. And even after admission, supposing Neal could gain it, there would come the further struggle of gathering a practice against the formidable competition of the native talent—a struggle in which Neal would be handicapped by the fact that he was a Yankee, "never much of a reputation in the South and less at Baltimore, perhaps, than almost anywhere else." He lacked education, money, influence; he had no reputation save the one for violent temper, carried over from business, which had already given him the sobriquet of Crazy Neal. Further, his life up to this time had been one impatient jump after another. He had not stuck to any one place or any one pursuit for any such period as the four years that he must pass through before he could even apply for admission to the bar.

But "the spirit of adventure was disturbed" in John Neal. He accomplished the Horatio Alger feat. By 1822 he had been admitted to show himself in the Baltimore courts and within another year had built up such a comfortable practice that, as one indication, his law library and office furniture were inventoried at $3,000, a very respectable sum for that day. And in the process he had found a new ambition, and a new vent for his amazing energy—in literature.

Neal's literary development came about partly from financial necessity, partly through the influence of John Pierpont and the Delphians. Pierpont, of late, had bent himself to completing a book of verse, "The Airs of Palestine," which, appearing late in 1816, brought him immediate fame. More important still, it brought him $100 in cash, and enabled him to complete his theological studies and enter the ministry. That $100 also meant much to John Neal. It showed him an opportunity and a challenge. He needed some means of support during his years of legal apprenticeship; if Pierpont could earn money by writing, then so could he. So he promptly decided that while studying the law he would live by his pen.

II

It was, on the whole, the maddest of all his mad decisions. No American writer had yet succeeded in living by letters, though Charles Brockden Brown had died miserably in trying it. American literature at that time was strictly an affair of amateurs. Irving, living on his private income, had published nothing since his "Knickerbocker" in 1809; "The Sketch Book" did not appear until 1819, or three years after Neal's decision. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" did not come out in book form, until 1820; Cooper's first successful novel, "The Spy," not until 1821. Abroad, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Scott, were all in active production and the American market was flooded with pirated English books. It was cheaper for an American publisher to pirate them than to print the free manuscript of any native writer. Not only that, but he suffered loss of caste by being too closely identified with American books. The leading American literary magazine filled its pages with English apings and reviews of English works. Magazine contributions were almost invariably gratuitous. Of the editors only two or three were known to be paid for their work, and one of these was literally supported by the subsidy of his friends.

Furthermore, when Neal made that decision he had written practically nothing. He had tried his hand at a few short poems and prose sketches for the entertainment of a little circle of "handsome, clever and

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very pleasant young women,"—and two other poems had been written at Pierpont's instigation and published (unpaid), through Pierpont's friendly help, in the *Portico*, a literary and quasi-philosophical magazine of the day. The same *Portico* had carried (also unpaid) an exhaustive review by Neal of Lord Byron's verse. But that was all.

The last named composition had sprung from the stimulus of the Delphians, a little group of men, self-limited to nine ("we being the male muses of our day!") which had sprung up in Baltimore around Dr. Tobias Watkins, Assistant Surgeon-General of the Army, and editor of the *Portico*. They met each Saturday night, rotating between the offices and rooms of the members, "to partake of bread and cheese—with an occasional pot of beer—and settle the affairs of the universe." It was a group of strikingly diverse characters, who could turn as readily to strongly reasoned argument as to mad frolic. Through it Neal was brought into contact with practically every current of American life, art, and letters. It was the most profoundly stimulating influence in his whole career.

Watkins was the president, a tall, strikingly handsome, vigorous man, who was "so fond of paradox and contradiction that sooner than agree with anybody he would say anything, and say it so earnestly as to satisfy most people that he meant what he said." One of his famous Delphian feats was a wager that he could swallow a given number of dry biscuits, without the help of a drink, in five minutes—an experiment in which he went down to defeat, with much agonized dry swallowing, by half a biscuit. Pierpont (who introduced Neal into the circle) was vice-president. Tall, lean and austere—but an inveterate punster—he was the literary oracle of the group. A fun-loving German physician was secretary; while the other members comprised such varied figures as Henry M. Breckinridge, a lawyer, author of a noted travel book of the day, who was later, like Pierpont, to turn minister; William Gwynne, also a lawyer, the editor of the Baltimore *Federal Gazette*, and "wonderfully apt with epigrams and puzzles and newspaper squibbs"; and General William H. Winder, a nervous, excitable, brilliant man, who had commanded the American militia at the unfortunate battle of Bladensburg, whereby the British were enabled to capture and burn Washington.

Winder was now a leader of the Baltimore bar and the last years of Neal's apprenticeship were spent in his law-office. The remaining member of importance was Paul Allen, whose friends established the *Journal of the Times*, which he edited for a livelihood. Allen had been once declared by Thomas Jefferson to be America's leading prose writer. He was small and dark, with, as Neal later wrote, "the gravest way of saying the silliest things, . . . and a character of sluggishness, slovenly inaptitude and moroseness all about him. Yet there is not a better natured fellow on the earth—nor a man that will write more, with less substantial information, on any subject in the same time."

In the atmosphere of the group Neal expanded rapidly. He was noticeably the youngest, the others being in their mid-thirties and forties, while he was barely twenty-three. They nicknamed him Jehu O'Cataract because "of my impetuosity, fiery temper and Irish name," and their frank, friendly, give-and-take of contradiction spurred him on continually. His Byron review was an illustration. In 1816 the third canto of "Childe Harold" had just appeared and was discussed one night by the Delphians. Watkins asked Pierpont to review the work for the *Portico*, but Pierpont declined: he had never written a review and felt that he never could. Whereupon Neal confidently offered his own services—to be so stung by the ensuing banter that he went home, read through everything Byron had published up to that time, and wrote a massive treatise, all within the space of four days.

It was his first review, his first piece of formal prose. So ignorant was he of the

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bare mechanics of authorship that he thought he had prepared merely enough for one issue. Actually, however, his article was so long that it occupied fifty-five printed octavo pages and Watkins was compelled to spread it over six issues of the *Portico*. The performance amazed the Delphians. From that time on they seem never to have doubted their junior member. When, a bit later, Paul Allen completed a poem, "Noah," he brought it to Neal for criticism, and when Neal promptly cut it from twenty-five cantos to five, he gratefully accepted the cut and published the poem so revised. It was to Neal, also, that Watkins turned when Allen was found, through sheer indolence, to have not prepared a line of a long over-due subscription work for which he had contracted; Neal and Watkins together wrote the two volume "History of the American Revolution" which finally appeared under Allen's name.

Neal's strength and energy were amazing. When he decided to support himself by his pen he was already spending from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in study: not merely of the law (in which his reading was at the rate of 200 pages a day) but also of "metaphysics, languages [self-taught, he was finally able to speak and write with ease French, Spanish, Italian and German] political economy, literature and history, in both French and English." Contact with the older, better-trained minds of the Delphians had made him desperate to remedy his lack of formal education. His writing was additional to all his study; for the most part it was sheer relief. "I shall write," he said once, "as other men drink—for exhilaration."

He followed his Byron review by other (unpaid) *Portico* articles. He also began to write voluminously for the Baltimore *Telegraph*, chiefly on legal subjects. In the Summer of 1816 he tried his hand at a novel, tossing off a two volume work called "Keep Cool: a Novel Written in Hot Weather," which was mainly a spirited attack on the duelling code then in vogue. The following year, while still engaged with his studies and with the hack-work of indexing twelve volumes of a weekly register of current events (the index when completed, in four months, occupied 232 closely printed pages, and brought him in $200), he wrote two long dramatic poems, "Goldau," and "The Battle of Niagara." Both subjects were suggested by Pierpont and both poems were thrown off at such a rate ("Goldau" was drafted in forty-eight hours) that Pierpont, in dismay at such facility, vowed never to write another line of his own slowly wrought, meticulously polished verse—a vow which he kept for twenty years.

The American subject of "The Battle of Niagara" was a distinct novelty, and its heaven-storming, tumultuous verse was in key with the Byronic passion of the day. When published in 1818, it brought Neal instant recognition, $100 (paid in law books), and the encouragement of a second edition the following year. In 1819 he wrote 600 pages for Allen's "History of the American Revolution," and also a five act poetic drama, "Otho," which brought him another $100. Then, in the six months between October, 1821, and March, 1822, he wrote "eight large duodecimos"; in other words, four two volume novels, to wit, "Logan," an Indian tale, written in six or eight weeks; "Randolph," which critically surveyed every prominent figure in American politics, art and letters, written in thirty-six days; "Errata," a semi-autobiography, done in thirty-nine days; and "Seventy-Six," inspired by Cooper's "The Spy" and an outgrowth of Neal's work on the "American Revolution," written in twenty-seven days. Some idea of the concentration with which he worked is given by an incident occurring during the writing of "Niagara":

> Mine was a hickory fire and I kept it up night and day; sitting close to it and wearing, for pantaloons, a thick double-milled cassimere. . . . My left leg and thigh, which happened to be nearest the fire as I wrote, were slowly charred without my realization, so that the

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flesh came off at last in large flakes, very much as if I had been slowly barbecued in my sleep.

Meanwhile, his articles in the Baltimore *Telegraph* had been attracting wide attention among lawyers and one of them brought him the proposal that he represent the United States Bank in a case before the Supreme Court, of which John Marshall was still the Chief Justice. Neal's status of a mere student-at-law, however, prevented carrying out this plan. But his work for the *Telegraph* was so challenging, so brilliant, so sound, that it soon brought him the position of assistant editor, with a salary of $500 a year and board and lodging in the home of the proprietor, Colonel Edes. Thus, long before he had gained his admission to the bar, his earnings from his pen had solved his financial problem.

III

Then came another of his mad decisions. In 1823 he happened to be dining one night with an English friend when the talk turned upon American literature. The friend, quoting Sidney Smith, asked smilingly: "Who reads an American book?" —an inquiry which Neal met, before the evening ended, with the fiery declaration that he himself would go to England and be read. He at once closed his law-office, stored his library, and, setting sail by the first available vessel, landed in London in January of 1824.

Neal had brought with him copies of all his published books and a manuscript novel which he had written in the intervals free from sea-sickness on the voyage over. But although "Logan" and "Seventy-Six" had been already pirated in England, he found none of the English publishers willing to pay for more of his work. When he tried the newspapers he found them strongly hostile to anything American. It was the fashion just then to depreciate America, and many English writers seriously maintained that the American people were inferior even in physique to the European stocks from which they had sprung. Next, surveying the magazine field, Neal was attracted to *Blackwood's*, which, under the editorship of John Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," was then the most original of the English periodicals, and, in Neal's words, "the cleverest, the sauciest, and the most unprincipled of all our calumniators." At *Blackwood's*, therefore, he aimed. "If I could get possession of that blazing rocket-battery and turn its fire upon the swarming whipper-snappers who were always lying about our institutions and habits and prospects . . . it seemed to me that I might be able to carry the war into Africa with a vengeance."

The English were at the time acutely interested in American policy by reason of Monroe's recent announcement of the Monroe Doctrine. Seizing upon this, Neal wrote an article illustrating how American policy strongly reflected the personal characteristics of each President, and then sketched the five candidates (Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Calhoun and Crawford) seeking office in the campaign of 1824, just beginning. It was timely, accurate, and illuminating. *Blackwood's* promptly accepted it, sent Neal five guineas—the best pay he had ever had—, and the article was printed in the May, 1824, issue. It was widely quoted, and republished entire in the famous *New European*, a magazine said to appear simultaneously in two or three languages on the Continent.

With that as a beginning Neal had an article in every issue of *Blackwood's* from July, 1824, to February, 1826. All but one dealt strictly with American affairs. In addition he also gained admission to such leaders of British opinion as the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly*, the *Old Monthly*, the *Oriental Herald* and the *Westminster Review*. He was the first American writer to ever "make" an English magazine and his work was valuable in checking and correcting the constant depreciation and misrepresentation of America which had been going on so long.

He reached his highest point with an

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article appearing in *Blackwood's* for December, 1824, over which he labored so hard that he fell unconscious during the writing. This article, a review and exposure of a shallow book of travels, was prefaced by "Christopher North" with the comment that it was the longest article *Blackwood's* had ever printed—but worth the space, since "this review contains more new facts, more new reasonings, more new speculations of and concerning the United States of America, than have as yet appeared in any ten books upon the subject." Neal had conquered *Blackwood's* most handsomely.

His fainting fit led him to take more interest in his physical condition. He boxed with a famous pugilist, Richmond the Black; he studied broadsword and small arms at a famous London *salle*, where he displayed unusual aptitude and skill; and he worked with Volker, the celebrated gymnast, later persuading Volker to come to America to introduce here the Swedish system of gymnastics. Neal's vigorous personality drew attention and he was invited to join the London Debating Society, a haunt of the London intellectuals. This in turn brought an invitation to dine with Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher of utilitarianism—"the greatest happiness for the greatest number"—, who so profoundly influenced both Europe and America. Bentham, then past seventy, took an instant liking to the thirty-two year old Neal and invited him to live at the famous hermitage in Queens Square Place, where Bentham, in the heart of London, lived so aloofly as to make him more of a legend than an actual personage in the life of the time. Going there to live, Neal soon made a place for himself in the Bentham circle. He was one of the very few who had the courage to contradict the old man to his face and the only one from whom Bentham would accept contradiction. Their constant debates sometimes took an amusing turn, and Neal noted that "more than once we succeeded in convincing each other; so that we ended the discussion by changing sides." Both men were intellectually honest to the last degree.

At Bentham's house Neal met the best minds of London and mixed with their possessors as an equal. Among them were Rowland Hill, the father of penny postage; the Romillys; George Grote, the historian of Greece; and James Mill and his more famous son, John Stuart Mill, the latter then (in Neal's words) "a boy of eighteen or nineteen, with a girlish face and a womanly voice, . . . yet a formidable antagonist with his pen." Bentham himself had been declared by Talleyrand to be "the only great genius he had ever known," and other opinion ranked him as the most influential practical philosopher since Aristotle. He had a curious vampire-like effect upon the young men he drew around him. Their strength and abilities he diverted to his own uses, mainly to give form, system and diffusion to his own writings. He characteristically induced Neal to set aside his own work and to undertake the translation into English of Bentham's most famous book, "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," which Dumont, paradoxically, had written in French from Bentham's hieroglyphic English notes.

William Blackwood had published for Neal a new novel, a three volume story of American life entitled "Brother Jonathan." For this and his other books Bentham professed great admiration, requiring his secretary to read from them each night until he (Bentham) fell asleep. But Neal's pleasure in this answer to the question "Who reads an American book?" was somewhat tempered by the secretary's waspish announcement that frequently he read the same page over and over without Bentham's ever noticing the repetition. Later, Neal left this vivid pen-picture of the old philosopher:

> [He is] such a figure as no mortal ever saw before outside a madhouse. I can see him now, it is June 14, thermometer 76. There he goes with a pair of thick leather gloves on, woolen stockings rolled up over his knees outside,

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his coat tail shaved away like a sailor's roundabout, and stooping with his reverend rump pushed out like that of a young chicken.

John Neal's life and career were swayed by two influences: his spirit of contradiction and his strong sense of friendship. Contradiction had set him on the law; the friendship of Pierpont and the Delphians had turned him to literature. Contradiction sent him to England; the friendship of Bentham there turned him back from literature to the law. If, on his return to America in 1827, he had found another circle of such minds as he had now mixed with for ten years—the Delphians in Baltimore, the Benthamese circle in London—his career would have ended very differently. But instead he encountered the intellectual stagnation of Portland, Maine, and the bitterest persecution any literary man of America has ever had to endure.

IV

On his return he had intended to re-establish himself in Baltimore but "the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had crippled and emasculated" that fair city, so he turned to New York, where the noted publisher, Major Mordecai Noah, had offered him the editorship of a new Sunday paper just being started. But first he went home to Portland for a brief visit with his widowed mother, . . . only to find the neighbors weeping over her, not in gratitude at the wanderer's return but in commiseration of the misfortune. "They bid my mother be comforted, and put her trust in God!" When the neighbors went further and told the old lady that if her son attempted to stay in Portland he would be either driven or starved out, Neal promptly settled down. He remained there for the remaining forty years of his life. And Portland showed him its canine teeth.

In his early novel, "Errata," he had chanced to touch off several town characters, among them a pompous old schoolmaster whom he had written down as "a precious jackass." More damning still, he had drawn to the life the petty, pursed-up pride-of-place of one of the town's first families—that of his earliest employer. He had penetrated other hides among the Portland elect. So the remarkable achievements of this former shopboy brought no glow of pride to the town. The old schoolmaster apoplectically threatened "to hire a nigger to thrash him"; the offended first family crushingly sent word that on no occasion must he presume to speak to them; the rabble was encouraged to shout after him in the street—and did so until he thrashed the ringleaders; while a half-witted Negro was paid to dog his steps, an espionage which Neal contemptuously permitted when he learned that the Negro received cash for it. He knew his Portland—and how deep the sting must be when it opened its pocketbooks. As the crowning touch a handbill was printed and posted on gates and fenceposts throughout the town, even following Neal to nearby Brunswick when he went to address the students of the college there from which Hawthorne and Longfellow had recently graduated. The handbill thus paid tribute to the returned native son:

> *Bulletin Extra:*—Arrived at Portland, . . . the infamous author of "Keep Cool," "Randolph," "Errata," etc., . . . who has basely traduced his native town and country for hire; a renegade who, unable to obtain an honest living at home, and driven from his native country by the scorn and contempt of honest indignation, picked up a scanty living in Edinburgh and London by being a pander for scandal against the country that nourished him. . . . He has long been laboring under symptoms of insanity, and since his arrival in this native town has been recommended to put himself under the care of Stephen Jones M.D. [the half-wit Negro], . . . who recommends his immediate removal to Baltimore or some more southern climate for his complete restoration.

Meanwhile, a similar persecution was raging in the American literary press. In "Randolph," and a series of sketches done for *Blackwood's*, Neal had given a critical estimate of every writer then before the American public. At the time (1824–1826)

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American literature was a thing of second, third, and fourth-rate talents. Neal saw it clearly, and wrote about it truthfully—and unsparingly. Boston hated him. He had spoken of its pride, the *North American Review*, as the organ of a group of "rich young blockheads, sons of rich old blockheads," sedulously following Everett in the aping of things English. Philadelphia, pluming itself on the title of the Athens of America (later usurped by Boston), peevishly protested at his phrase, "the mutton-headed Athenians," when he truthfully reproached its intellectuals for having allowed their one great writer, Charles Brockden Brown, to die neglected among them. When it came to individual books, authors and editors, Neal had criticised his own writings just as severely and just as publicly as he had those of the others, but that made no difference. The irate editors and minor authors, in that era of personal journalism, shot tons of ink at him, with the manner, and the grace, and the rage of pole-cats. Neal, they roared, was a renegade, a traitor, a scandal-monger; he had "fled from Baltimore to escape the punishment of a felon," he had been horsewhipped, even run out of London as obnoxious to the nostrils of the English whom he pandered to. There was no lie so base, so improbable (and none of the above had any foundation whatever), that it could not find vent in some public print.

But Neal whipped Portland into submission, forced his admission into its provincial bar, and gradually compelled the reluctant tolerance—even the grudging admiration—of his townsmen. But only for his fighting qualities. They understood nothing else. Moreover, through the unique literary journal, the *Yankee*, which he promptly established and edited, he carried on the war with the American press till one by one his enemies and detractors crawled away to lick their wounds and keep silent thereafter. But it was all done at the cost of John Neal's artistic growth. In his own fine phrase, whatever he did, he did "with all my heart," and the strength of his prime went into that futile battle against lies and detraction instead of into the development of his powers. His fiery physical energy he kept until eighty, at which age he kicked down a steep flight of stairs an Irishman who had offended him. But his possibilities as a writer had died long before.

He never grew beyond his first stage of improvisator. He was probably the most superb example of the genus America has had. His poems, "Goldau" and "The Battle of Niagara"—long the battle-horses of impassioned declamation—were really improvised chants. His novels were improvisations in prose, of which "Randolph" is still valuable to the social historian.

He was an innovator before his time, and this quality makes the pages of his paper, the *Yankee*, stimulating reading even yet. They reflect not only the remarkable personality of the man; they are full, too, of notes that we now call modern. Neal continually fought for the native American writer, continually insisted upon the value of indigenous American themes, and constantly preached the use and strength of colloquial speech.

He was the first editor to give public recognition to Poe; he encouraged Whittier by publication when Whittier was about to abandon verse in discouragement. Hawthorne, at college, irritated his friend Cilley by "relishing highly" the novels of Neal, which Cilley considered "damned ranting stuff." Even as late as 1876 (the year of his death) Longfellow thought enough of his "Seventy-Six" to try to interest a publisher in bringing out a new edition for the Centennial. Finally, Poe, in his "Marginalia," wrote that he was "inclined to rank John Neal first, or at all events second, among our men of indisputable genius." But Lowell, including Neal among the bare twenty writers noticed in the "Fable for Critics," wrote his true epitaph:

> There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
> The sinews and chords of his pugilist brain.

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THE EARLIER LIFE

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

The child must have dozed, for she awoke with a start when the conductor grumbled the name of her town. She straightened herself in her seat to look at him, and she saw that he was talking to a man with a pepper-green hat and dirty black shoes that seemed too small for him. She called to the conductor but he couldn't have heard her, for he went on talking with the man in the pepper-green hat about a rabbit that had had a litter of eleven female rabbits. The conductor didn't answer her and so she tugged at his slippery blue suit, and asked, "Is this where I get off?"

The conductor turned around and said, "Yes. You get off now. Hurry up or you won't make it. You're a big girlie to make this long trip all by yourself."

She wanted to tell him that she didn't mind it at all, that she had gone all alone to boarding-school just the way she was coming back, and she really didn't mind it at all, because it was nice sitting alone and thinking of the things she would see when she got home, whether Aunt Edna's baby was pretty or not, and whether all the leaves had fallen from the elm tree in the front yard, and that she had a red cat at home that was alive. But the conductor had already turned back to the man sprawling on the red plush seat and was telling him about the time Jack Dempsey rode on his train and had sat in that very same seat.

So she felt her arms uneasily into the sleeves of her new cloth coat, and she gathered her suitcase and her half-emptied crackerjack box and the pale green vase she had bought in the city into her arms, and stood up so that she'd be ready to get off when the train stopped. The train slowed down and then went faster again and the motion made her lose her balance, so that she bumped into the conductor. She turned around and said "Pardon me," but the conductor couldn't have noticed it at all because he went right on talking with the man in the pepper-green hat. She glanced at the man and noticed him wiggle his toes as if his shoes were too tight.

Then the train slowed down again, and the brakeman pushed past her. She followed him quickly to the door, and bent her head a little to look out of the windows. At first she saw nothing but the red brick station with the leaves fallen on the roof, and she got a funny feeling inside of herself, as if she were all alone in a swamp and night was coming. But a moment later she saw her mother standing there, with her aunt, the one who everyone said was crazy because she read poems instead of doing her housework, and one Christmas Eve she had even taken Cousin Martha's baby in her arms and wept and said she was the Holy Mother.

As the child stepped out of the train she felt disappointed in herself because she had planned that when she first saw her mother she would get all catchy in her throat and cry "Mama!" but instead she found herself thinking that if she had stayed in the city and not come home for just this one day, she could be in the theatre where they had vaudeville, or she could be strolling in the lingerie department of the department store as if she were used to strolling there. She had even thought, while riding on the train, that she would descend very grandly

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from the steps and say, "Why, Mother, it's so nice to see you again!" But she just stood there. She didn't even call "Mama!" Nor did she notice that the train had pulled away from behind her.

II

Her mother came rushing over to her, and kissed her all over her face, and her kisses were hot and slobbery so that when she got through the child's face was wet on the lips and chin. "Eugenie! My baby Eugenie!" she cried. "Did you come back to see your mama again? I made you cabbage salad for lunch today because you like it so!" The maiden aunt came and patted the child on the head.

On the drive home in their neighbor's Buick, she gave her mother the pale green vase, and her mother unwrapped it and murmured, "My, what a pretty vase." That was all she said.

Then the child wanted to cry, because she had saved for three weeks to buy it, and the lady in the store had said she had excellent taste, and she had cherished it and fondled it all the way home, holding it close to her for fear it might get broken. All that her mother had said was "My, what a pretty vase." She hadn't even noticed the queer shade of green it was.

And all of the way home her maiden aunt sat silently beside her, holding her hand out of the motor-car window, to let the wind push against it, and trying to catch the leaves that dropped.

When they got to the house, they thanked the neighbor and got out from the car. The mother dropped the vase on the sidewalk. It broke. Then Eugenia got tears in her eyes, but her mother put her arm around her and said, "It broke. Such a pretty vase! Don't cry, though, Eugenie, I can get one just like it down town." And the maiden aunt laughed and so the child laughed too.

Suddenly Eugenia rushed forward into the house. She was laughing gayly now, and pushed the door open with a careless poke. She ran through all of the rooms in the house, calling "Tomcat! Tomcat!" and then rushed out of the house again to her mother and aunt. She called "Hello!" to the man who was raking leaves in the yard and then cried, "Mother! Where's Tomcat? I can't find him."

"Tomcat's dead. We killed him," her mother said, and then the three of them walked into the house.

That noon there were just the three for lunch. Three of them there were, eating lunch in the brown dining-room that made Eugenia feel pushed together because there were too many crooked unlit yellow candles on the sideboard, and because the shadows of the dropping leaves fell on her shadow across from her on the wall.

"Do you like boarding-school?" her mother asked.

"There's lots of pretty girls there; they all got money."

"Eugenie! And here I've been saving all my money to send you to a swell school!"

The maiden aunt swallowed a slice of pear and looked at the child as if she wanted to tell her something but didn't know how to say it. "Don't scold the child, Anna," she said to the mother.

Then the mother began to weep, and said, "Here my baby comes all the way home from school to see me, and then I scold her. You're mother's girl, aren't you?"

Eugenia felt cold on her back from the windows behind her, and shuddered. She did not answer her mother. She turned around to look out of the window, and saw the man raking leaves in a pile, saw the man with long fingers raking leaves in a pile and lighting them with a match. She shuddered again and turned back. She glanced at the stuffed owl sitting on the sideboard between the crooked yellow candles and shuddered for the third time. Then she stared straight ahead of her, watching the shadow leaves fall on her shadow. One by one they fell, grey and cold, except once when three dropped down.

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"Aren't you my girl?" her mother repeated.

"Yes; I had a red fur cat at school," she mumbled. "It wasn't a live one, though."

Then her aunt sighed, and said, "It looks like snow."

"He won't get the leaves raked up in time," said the mother. "The snow will make them wet and they won't burn."

"Tomcat and I used to play in the leaves every Fall," the child said.

The maiden aunt swallowed another slice of pear. "I think it will snow soon now."

Then the three were silent, until the mother saw Eugenia biting her nails, and cried, "Eugenie! What ails you, child?"

"You shouldn't have killed my cat."

"Is that all? The cat was old. We had to kill him."

The maiden aunt sighed again and said, "I wonder if it will snow soon. I knew a poem once—

"The snow came down,
and it wasn't snow—"

"I hope he gets the leaves raked in," said the mother.

Eugenia pressed her spoon on the cabbage salad. "I can hear them burning now."

Suddenly she shuddered again and fell forward on her plate, and the maiden aunt put her hand on her head and said,

"The snow came down
and it wasn't snow—"

but Eugenia only sobbed and opened her hand and closed it again, as if she were reaching for something.

"You shouldn't have killed the cat," she cried. "You shouldn't have killed my cat."

Her mother stood up, looked out of the window, and saw it begin to rain.

"Stop crying now, Eugenie," she said. "You've got to go back to school."

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MUSIC

WHAT IS WRONG WITH MODERN MUSIC?

By Otto Ortmann

In the variety and change characteristic of modern music, two basic trends are noticeable, one backward toward greater simplicity, the other forward toward greater complexity. They may be appropriately labelled sensorial and intellectual. Here, perhaps, I shall be accused of dressing up, in evening clothes, the familiar low-brow, high-brow classification. There is this difference, however, that whereas formerly the two were mutually exclusive, today good writers are engaged in a serious attempt to dignify trashy music, and poor writers are vainly attempting the so-called high-brow forms. True, even a first-rate musician can write trash. Schubert, and Beethoven, not to mention old Father Sebastian himself, did so at times. But a trashy musician (I mean musically trashy, not morally) has never yet written good music.

The sensorial school is a back-to-nature movement, as are all the purely impressionistic schools. Its material is the raw sensory data produced by the purely physical qualities of light and sound. With tones, these are the two attributes of pitch and intensity, which, translated into sensations, become height and loudness. Not ineffective media, by any means, but effective because they are primitive, not because they are artistic. For a similar reason the howling of the wind, the clap of thunder, the solar spectrum, and the play of light and shade are effective. Only the most rudimentary discrimination is involved in their appreciation.

In music which is based upon these elemental attributes of sound, the skip from one tone to another, characteristic of all scale systems, is replaced by a glide which touches all pitch-points between the tones. The siren does this splendidly, so do bad violinists, cabaret-singers, jazz-players, rural choirs, the natives of Celebes, and dogs.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example of sensorial music is jazz. Wherever we turn for its origin, whether to the honkey-tonks of the early Western mining towns, the African tribal dances, or the Negro bands of New Orleans, we find the same primitive atmosphere. And primitive, too, are the main elements of jazz: a sliding intonation, a preponderance of noise in the tonal qualities, and a monotonous rhythmic ground-bass. How, then, does one account for its widespread and vivid appeal? By remembering that the average human being has been scarcely touched by culture, and reverts to a primitive level as soon as a recreational activity permits mental relaxation. His artistic appreciation consists in kicking his feet and shaking his *gluteus maximus*; in some cases it progresses to an appreciation of "The Rosary" or "The Dying Poet."

The effects of the sensorial type of music are obvious. Variations in pitch can produce effects of rise and fall; in intensity they can create impressions of coming or going. The motion, in the last analysis, is an illusion, but its effects are just as real as those of the visual motion characteristic of electric signs whose bulbs light successively. Thus we speak, appropriately, of a motion of sound.

But motion is about all. To encompass an art solely with these elements—as the tone-clusterers, sonorists, and atonalitists would have us do—means little else than to demand a return to a primitive level, the level at which neither culture nor intelli-

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gence is needed. We merely play with sound as the Clavilux plays with light, as primitive man howls and whines, or as a child toys with a box of Montessori colored wool. These physiological effects of sound and color have their place in the kindergarten (the age of sensory reaction) and perhaps in the psychiatric clinic, but they do not, in their native garb, belong in the concert hall.

Not content with such raw materials, the sensorialists turned sensationalists and with a great hurrah raised their banner in support of noise as a means of creating artistic music. They pointed out the superb variety of noises right at hand: that of factory machinery, the screeching of brakes, the rumbling of subways, the whirr of motors, the snort of locomotives, the bray of asses. Is this an exaggeration? Then I point to the theme for taxihorns in Gershwin's "American in Paris," to Elliott's "Bicycle" sonata, to Carpenter's "Sky-scrapers," to the wild scene in Milhaud's "Choephorus," and to Opus 1 of the *bruitistes*, the joint painter-composer pronunciamento of Russolo-Pratella.

A curious inversion of perspective accounts for this noise doctrine. Noise has always been present in music—as a necessary evil: the thud of hammer against string, the scrape of the violin bow, the hiss of air against the mouthpiece; but manufacturer and artist, after much labor and practice, have reduced it to a minimum. Moreover, the grotesque effects obtained when tone-quality is sacrificed have long been a familiar stunt of orchestral players during moments of buffoonery. But now we are asked to take these things seriously. How can we really do so? When noises are loud they are distinctly offensive, not only to the ear, but also, through it, to any reasonably sensitive mind. When they are soft, they may be quite charming, but the ripple of Stony run will never make a "Wohin," nor will the leaves of even a Schwarzwald, make a "Waldweben." Noise may be used, judiciously, in making music, but alone it never makes music.

Nor can a combination of the sensorial tone and noise give us artistic music. Both have always played their proper subordinate rôles in the art, and examples can be quoted by the dozen to show how they contribute to and enhance the atmosphere of a composition. But they have been used with taste and discrimination, as supporting elements of the more important factors of melody, harmony, and form. Mix the raw sense material as we will, we continue to get only shifting colors. (A similar limitation of the whole-tone scale doomed it to an early death.) That is why the efforts of Pratella, Thérémin, Givelet and others never got beyond their beginning. In a sensory art the beginning is also the end.

The intellectual school, or as I should like to call it, the conglomerate school, is faced with problems of an opposite nature. Nevertheless, it too, has been unfortunate in regard to an adequate appreciation of its products. Its members, instead of working with the raw material of sound *en masse*, as do the sensorialists, add, divide, and multiply tones in geometric ratio, gathering them into an intricate conglomeration that can be auditively comprehended only with an annotated score, a descriptive text, and a dozen Henrici Analysers. A Schönberg enthusiast, for example, points with pride to the point where the composer uses thirteen themes simultaneously. Alas, an unlucky number, for they can't all be heard until one *sees* them in the score.

A similar error in gauging tonal effects is made when the modern composer seeks to justify his insolent dissonances by pointing out that they are merely the 7, 9, 11, 13, and 15 harmonics in the harmonic series, hence they have always been present in "nature's chord." But what about the intensity? As harmonics they are infinitely softer than in a trumpet *fortissimo*, and being softer, they set up an entirely different tone-pattern in the ear, resulting in an entirely different æsthetic response. Intensity can change the sound of a chord almost as much as the addition or subtraction of tones. The ear, on account of

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its structure and function, necessarily modifies and adapts the physical stimulus, so that all intensity changes involve quality changes as well.

In these differences between the printed score and the sound, we find at least one cause of the listener's difficulty in getting at what the modern composer wants. The latter inverts a theme, changes its rhythm, omits a few notes, adds a few others, and yet still conceives the process as thematic development. But the ear will never hear it as such. Or he changes the metre of each measure and then further complicates it by using non-measure phrases. On paper it looks very ingenious and intricate, but I recall seeing at least one score where the result was a simple four-four metre. The following nicely contrasting rhythms (without pitch-change) may be given to three instruments of any one group:

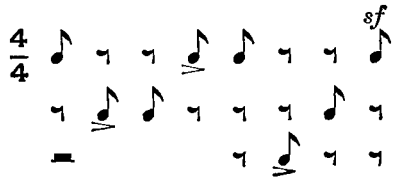

Figure 1

but the ear will get a measure of simple three-quarter metre:

Figure 2

To some extent this difference between the appearance of the score and the sound of the music may be found in works written before the modern era. The opening of the B-flat minor sonata of Chopin, the typical Schumann syncopation (seen by the score-reader, imaged by the player, but not heard by the listener), or the incorrect placing of bars throughout the E-flat nocturne of Chopin are examples. Perhaps the most familiar illustration is the opening of the last movement of Tchaikowsky's B minor symphony. Here the composer writes for his violins as follows:

Figure 3

whereas the auditor hears:

Figure 4

In some modern scores this discrepancy between score and sound has reached large proportions and what to the eye is an intelligible and ingenious arrangement of parts, often of excellent detail, form, and balance, remains to the ear a mere conglomeration of sound. For thematic development can be carried only to a certain point. Beyond it the ear no longer perceives the relationship. So long, of course, as the music can stand without this perception, little, if anything, is lost. The overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" does not depend for its effect upon the knowledge that, hidden somewhere in its structure is the tune of "Three Blind Mice." But the polytonalitists seem to forget that what is complexity for the writer only too often becomes perplexity for the hearer.

Nor can we dispense with form in any opus of considerable proportions. Without it there can be no unification of parts into a whole. The need for form and balance is not limited to music; it is common to all forms of perception. It has even a biologic need: it enables an organism to interpret the stimulus in relation to its environment. Formlessness always creates an impression of vagueness or doubt, with a tinge of perplexity. Hence, basically, it is necessarily unpleasant, an unpleasantness that can be only partly replaced by other imaginative factors. This explains why poetry without balance and rhyme ceases really to be

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poetry; at least it loses two of its choicest attributes: the anticipation of metric and phonetic balance.

When, therefore, the modern composer, in addition to working with melodic and harmonic material that is already beyond the aural comprehension of the listener, also gives up set forms in which to cast his ideas, he merely adds confusion to perplexity. Not only is the pleasure lost of recognizing the return of themes, the restatement of material—and this pleasure is greater than is generally believed—; in addition, the perception of the material itself is thereby made more difficult. I do not hold that rigid adherence to established rules of structure is necessary, but only that, under the *modus operandi* of the modern composer, it is often psychologically impossible for the auditor to appreciate the composition.

Someone will say that it has always been thus, that, in art, the incomprehensible of one generation becomes the comprehensible of the next. To a certain extent that is true; but not entirely, because modern music presents an aspect not found in earlier periods of the art. This difference is in the speed. To go from the earliest seventh-chords in Monteverde's "Stracciami pur il core" to the ninth–and eleventh-chords of Wagner required almost three hundred years. To go from the whole-tone scale of Debussy, past the chord of Scriabine, to the all-tone combinations of Huré, took only thirty years—one-tenth the time to go ten times the distance. What is the result? It is an impossibility for man to adapt his hearing organism to the new stimuli. Nature has not speeded up the rate of his physiologic response. He may accept today harmonies that a decade ago he refused as dissonances, but he will not, unless he is crazy, make such a transition in a day or week.

Moreover, the intervening stages cannot be skipped. The development of taste—and that is what it amounts to—is an evolution not a revolution. Taste evolves; it erupts only in nausea. The modern attempt to force appreciation by overthrowing all the accepted standards is thus futile. The craze for novelty has resulted in a heterogeneous and rapid skipping from one thing to another, a mental procedure characteristic of childhood and insanity. Appreciation of music cannot be developed that way. It is necessarily a slow growth, demanding material carefully selected with respect to its place in the scale of comprehension, and it requires manifold repetitions of the same stimulus. It demands what all appreciation demands: knowledge of the material and prolonged attention to it.

The popular belief that a trained musician, after all, does not appreciate music better than the layman is merely one of many popular fallacies. A knowledge of chords, of structure, of form, of melody, *does* enhance the appreciation of a composition. But today adults play at the mental level of children, picking up one artistic toy to leave it for the next. Philosophy, religion, art, and medicine are all written as fairy-tales; they are popularized, which is to say, they require no thinking on the part of the reader. Concurrent with this mental let-down, the intellectual school of music gives us works that more than ever demand a superior intellectual response. Is it any wonder, then, that such works are not appreciated?

Calling pieces fancy names does not solve the problem, nor does explaining them as imitations of life. This realistic or programme phase of modern music makes the typical mistake of confusing art with life. The one may be symbolic of the other, but it cannot be a replica of it. In fact the apparent thrill which many people get from a modern tone-poem is not an auditory reaction at all. It is a transfer into the visual field, where imagination then weaves its thrilling pictures. How different would be the results without the title or the programme notes? When, as was actually the case, a single period of sixteen measures produced over two hundred different titles, ranging from a "Mosquito March" to "The Fall of Rome," the impossibility is

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seen of music projecting a definite picture. However beautiful the picture becomes, it remains visual imagery and not auditory appreciation, and we rightfully ask whether compositions depending upon such sensory transfer are artistic music. I do not plead here for the abstract simplicity of a Haydn *adagio*, although I can still enjoy one; but I can see no *raison d'être* for an art the sole function of which is to imitate, and that inferiorly, the actual episodes of the life about us. And what episodes are selected!

Not everything in modern music is wrong, however. Two tendencies have developed that have enriched the art. One is the musical pastelle or fragment, the other, a return to a chamber music style. Debussy, Ravel, and Scriabine, for example, have given us miniatures that are veritable gems. The pieces being short, we do not miss the thematic development that longer works demand; and they are soft, so that the ugliness of their discords is masked by a charming coloring of tone. In fact, it is because such combinations are performed *pianissimo* that they are beautiful. They do not make us think of sombre forests, with sturdy oaks, rugged mountains, and majestic vistas, but rather of little sunlit gardens, with their perfumes, their humming birds and butterflies.

The return to structural simplicity is characteristic of many modern works, such, for example, as the chamber music of Schönberg. Here, the reduction of mass enables the details, many of them quite artistic, to come through, instead of being obscured by too many other details. But the order should have been reversed. The transition from the late romanticists to the moderns should have been made by way of these miniatures and this lucid orchestral style, instead of by way of huge orchestral masses, hurling climaxes of the greatest intensity at the sensitive ear. Who, for example, can repress a smile when nowadays, in a *tutti*, the rear line orchestral battery goes into action with its terrifying array of noise-making appliances?

The current inversion of logical sequence is the result of seeking novelty merely for novelty's sake. In the case of the sensorialists, pseudo-originality is gained by returning to the sensory reactions of a primitive organism. The hyper-intellectualists base their originality upon quantity rather than quality. One is doomed by the limitation set by any retrogression, especially one that takes us so far back in artistic development. The other suffers from the substitution of intellectual effort for auditory perception. The composer may work out his details with the most painstaking care, and the conductor who has studied the score may even read them into the music, but the listener will not be able to hear them.

Much modern music demands for its appreciation a serious and thorough musical training, a detailed study and analysis before a performance, and, if the work can stand it, oft-repeated hearing. The very fact that the public is unwilling to hear, several times over, the good modern works, is proof that it is unprepared for the appreciation of them. At best, most modern scores cannot be evaluated as wholes. (The works of the impressionists and the miniature fragments are excluded, of course.) Instead, certain details are singled out by one listener, and other details by another.

Are the enormous efforts put into the writing such a score, and the equal amount of work expended on rehearsing it—for the modern composer is relentless in his technical demands on the player—worth while? Considering the fact that the audience, through no fault of its own, is incapable of understanding or appreciating the effort, much seems to be wasted.

So long as such works are with us, and more are constantly being written, the only hope of making possible a reasonably adequate appreciation lies in the composers' willingness to write in simpler, æsthetically more agreeable forms, or in the public's willingness to submit to a serious training.

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PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

MUSIC DRAMA: "*Tristan und Isolde.*"
The Bayreuth Festival Company
By Richard Wagner. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
$38 19 double discs; 12-inch *New York*

This masterpiece of the music drama was recorded during the Bayreuth Festival of 1928 under the supervision of the composer's son, Siegfried, and is now issued with his approval. The conductor of the Festival orchestra was Karl Elmendorff; the cast comprised Nanny Larsen-Todsen as Isolde, Anny Helm as Brangäne, Gunnar Graarud as Tristan, Rudolf Bockelmann as Kurwenal, Gustaf Rodin as the Young Sailor, Ivar Andresen as King Marke, Joachim Sattler as Melot, and Hans Beer as the Shepherd. The work is No. 101 of the Columbia Masterworks Sets, and takes up two albums. With them goes a programme book containing the words of the opera in German and English, together with annotations by Ernest Newman. Even more important than the quality of the performance itself, which though uneven is high, is the fact that the venture should have been undertaken at all. For this, both the company and the public are to be congratulated. The programme notes include not only musical excerpts but marginal hints indicating what to watch for in the way of thematic development and orchestral commentary. Whether for simple enjoyment or for the purposes of study, the general presentation is thoroughly admirable.

GRAND OPERA: "*Aïda.*"
The Milan Symphony Orchestra
By Giuseppe Verdi. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
$36 18 double discs; 12-inch *New York*

This is No. 3 in the Columbia Operatic Series, and is sung in Italian. It was produced under the direction of Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli, with the Milan Symphony Orchestra and the chorus of La Scala. The principals: Giannina Arangi-Lombardi (Aïda), Maria Capuana (Amneris), Aroldo Lindi (Radamès), Armando Borgioli (Amonasro), Tancredo Pasero (Ramfis), Salvatore Baccaloni (The King) and Guiseppe Nessi (The Messenger). A programme book, containing the Italian and English text, goes with the set. "Aïda," as may well be imagined, lends itself brilliantly to recording. Its pageantry impresses by mere volume of sound; its melodies, in the various traditional forms of Italian opera, are easily grasped, and do not tend to overlap from record to record as do the much longer melodic lines of music drama. It requires no 100% patriot to aver that some of our own interpretations of the standard operas by no means sink below the foreign performances, if they are to be judged by phonographic reproductions. The too-well-known condescension of foreigners is matched only—in music, at any rate—by our own equally too-well-known fawning upon them. These records should enable us, in part, after due appreciation of their excellencies, to recover a truer appreciation of our own status.

SECOND CONCERTO. *Op. 18: Piano & Orchestra.*
The Philadelphia Orchestra
By Serge Rachmaninoff.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
New York
$12.50 Album of 10 double discs; 12-inch

With Stokowski on the podium and Rachmaninoff himself at the piano, the melodious, dynamic concerto, so frequently heard in symphony halls, provides a most enjoyable half hour. The orchestral background is skilfully subordinated to the composer's glowing, spirited interpretation. There are moments, in fact, when the thrill of the concert-hall is distinctly communicated. The concerto is, of course, chiefly a show piece, but it has a sweep that draws the listener willingly in.

QUARTETTE *in E Minor: "From My Life."*
The Flonzaley Quartette
By Friederich Smetana.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
New York
$6.50 Album of 3 double-faced records; 12-inch

Now that the famous Flonzaley Quartette is disbanded, its recordings acquire an added value. Smetana's work is not highly original; not a little of this quartette, for example, recalls Schubert. It is, on the other hand, so distinctly and uninterruptedly melodious that it provides an excellent introduction to the literature of the string quartette. The recording, moreover, is surprisingly true to the flavor of the group, as those may readily testify who have heard the Flonzaleys through many years. Even the charming uncertainty of Mr. Betti's intonation (first violin) is not absent to complete the illusion.

SUITE: "*Alcina.*" *The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra*
By George Frederick Handel.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
$3 2 double-faced records; 10-inch *New York*

The suite, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, comprises an overture, minuet, musette, gavotte, sarabande and tamburino. This "ancient" music carries its age well. It is sweet, often jaunty, and is able—through all the jazz competition of the day—to make one's feet tap in response to the lively, accentuated rhythms.

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PIANO RECORDINGS

OVERTURE TO "TANNHÄUSER."
Played by Benno Moiseiwitsch
By Richard Wagner (Concert Paraphrase by Franz Liszt).
The American Piano Company
$4 No. 100285 *New York*

This is an old war-horse of the concert pianists, which has been shot under many of them, and over which many of them should have been shot. As might have been expected, Mr. Moiseiwitsch plays it sensitively, with special interest in the more brilliant portions of the famous Lisztian paraphrase. It is difficult, without the aid of orchestral coloring, to convey the slow-paced majesty of the too-familiar opening. Those of us who have heard it times without number, and who even, in the old days, pumped it by foot through the first automatic pianolas, can easily wish that it were shorter. One feels that way at the opera, too. Familiarity breeds impatience. Yet it is, after all is said and played, a noble proclamation, embodying the unending struggle of Wagner's own life between asceticism and libidinous passion. The roll is technically interesting as being one of the first long recordings made by the Ampico Company. It runs for some twenty minutes, without need of being changed. It calls for a deeper drawer than the Ampico pianos have been equipped with up to now. Thus another step has been taken toward uninterrupted enjoyment of the mechanical reproduction of music. It is an improvement for which the phonograph cries loudly and insistently.

SCHLUMMERLIED (*Slumber Song*). *Op. 124, No. 16.*
Played by Mischa Levitzki
By Robert Schumann. *The American Piano Company*
$2 No. 70371 *New York*

A poetic performance of an undying little lullaby. The recording aptly conveys the qualities of the young master's playing, which here subordinates every other aspect to the dominant mood of the piece. The roll is excellently adapted to the purposes of study.

BOOKS

THE AMBITIOUS LISTENER.
By Leo Rich Lewis. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
60 cents 4¾ x 7; 96 pp. *Boston*

MASTERPIECES OF MUSIC.
By Leo Rich Lewis. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
60 cents 4¾ x 7; 95 pp. *Boston*

The second of these books contains, in miniature reproduction, the various musical pieces around which the introduction to musical appreciation is built. The combination is meant to be used in connection with the radio and phonograph and player-piano, as well as in the concert-hall. Lewis is that anomaly, a professor with a sense of humor and no doubt does much to make music palatable to his students at Tufts College. He is fond of puns—he speaks of providing a Bach-ground to music!—and of alliteration. However well this goes in the class-room, and often it goes very well, it may easily appear obtrusive in print. Professor Lewis gets off to a good start, but it cannot be said that he provides, for the unattended reader, a definite feeling for the musical forms.

MANUEL DE FALLA & SPANISH MUSIC.
By J. B. Trend. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 184 pp. *New York*

Mr. Trend has always written engagingly and with authority upon the letters and the music of Spain. He has gone into out-of-the-way corners and brought back rare discoveries. Fortunately, his acquaintance with music is more than superficial; hence, in his pages, no dilettantism. He is a fellow of definite views, and speaks right out in meeting. As the Spaniards say of such an outspoken gentleman, he has no hair on his tongue. It is not necessary, for the appreciation of these qualities, to agree with all of Mr. Trend's *obiter dicta*. His solitary reference to Chopin, for example, is an aside that his piano music "ought long ago to have been buried in peace." However, we can take our Chopin and Mr. Trend's Falla, too. There is a chatty analysis of the Spaniard's musical personality and production, with especial reference to the true Spanish idiom in music, to the influence of Pedrell upon Falla, to the inner growth that is almost a law of Falla's being, to his directness, his independence, and his response to contemporary influences outside of Spain.

AN HOUR WITH AMERICAN MUSIC.
By Paul Rosenfeld. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7¼ x 4½ *Philadelphia*

This is easily one of the best, and one of the most difficult, of the series to which it belongs. Mr. Rosenfeld may be labelled a highbrow—it is not always a term that carries reproach or scorn—; one may carp at his frequently involved and seemingly capricious sentences; often, too, his attitude is irritating and snobbish, suggesting the existence of a literary chapel, of an esoteric clique. He names names that few people in the country have ever heard of. He says things about their music that many who have taken the trouble to study it cannot discover in the intricate pages. And yet there is no gain-

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saying the sincerity, the knowledge, the importance of the man. There is a sense of strain, a feeling of tension here. And, at the very outset, a suggestion of confused values. "American music is not jazz. Jazz is not music." An austere, tightly-packed little book, of indubitable importance in the history of our national criticism, as is more than one previous book by Rosenfeld. A rarefied atmosphere. A gentleman not to be overlooked. But one, nonetheless, who overestimates his favorites and who underestimates his antipathies.

PAGANINI OF GENOA.
By Lillian Day. *The Macaulay Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 318 pp. *New York*

Miss Day clears off many of the preposterous fables that have hung about the ghost of Paganini, but enough that is strange remains to make a very interesting narrative. She describes at length his early life in Italy, his sensational success in Germany, and his failure in England. Not a little space is devoted to his love affairs, most of them more or less comic. "Paganini," she says, "remained sexually adolescent until he became sexually senile." The book is well illustrated, and at the end there are four appendices (including one which discusses Paganini's so-called "secret" and one giving a list of his compositions), a bibliography, and an index.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL MECHANICS OF PIANO TECHNIQUE.
By Otto Ortmann. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$6.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 395 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ortmann is director of the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore, and well known for his studies in the physics of music. In a previous work he discussed the physical basis of piano touch and tone; here he deals with the skeletal and muscular movements of the performer; in a final volume he will take up the psychological phases of the problem. His work is extraordinarily painstaking and thorough. By direct experiment he disposes of many of the prevailing ideas about the production of piano tone, and substitutes exact observations. He presents graphs showing precisely what happens when various varieties of tone are evoked—the bell-like, the velvety, the crisp, the singing, and so on. He advocates a return toward the older, or Reinecke, method in playing. "In the last decade," he says, "finger-stroke has not received adequate consideration in piano pedagogy, and undue stress on relaxation has seriously restricted velocity and technical brilliance." The book is copiously illustrated.

FOLK MUSIC

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.
By Frank Shay. *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 8½ x 6½; 186 pp. *New York*

Mr. Shay has printed two collections of popular drinking songs in the past, and his supply of materials seems to be running out. At all events, he is here forced to fall back upon such archaic ditties as "Simon the Cellerer" and "O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." His more modern offerings include the Kiwanis favorites, "There Ain't a-Gonna Be No Whiskey" and "Another Little Drink Won't Do No Harm." The book is made gorgeous by a series of capital illustrations in imitation of wood-cuts by John Held, Jr. The songs are accompanied by the tunes, sometimes in four-part harmony but always without accompaniment. At the end there are sixty-five recipes for old-time drinks, beginning with the Snag-Tooth Nell and ending with the Cape Cod Rainbow.

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME.
Edited by John J. Niles, Douglass Moore & A. A. Wallgren. *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 9 x 6¾; 227 pp. *New York*

The editors here face formidable difficulties. Their problem is to print such ballads of the A. E. F. as "Mad'moiselle From Armentières" and "Christopher Columbus" and yet avoid the jails of the country the A. E. F. bled and died to save. They do the best they can, but sometimes their bowdlerizations are rather startling. The music, of course, is safe. It is admirably arranged, with piano accompaniments, by Mr. Moore. The commentary on the songs is by Mr. Niles and the very amusing drawings are by Mr. Wallgren.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Anatomy of Philistinism

ART IN INDUSTRY, by Charles R. Richards. $2.50. 9⅛ x 5¾; 499 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THIS is a new edition, brought down to date, of a work first published in 1922. It is a detailed survey, made under the auspices of the National Society for Vocational Education and the Department of Education of New York State, of the conditions under which such things as furniture, silverware, jewelry, wall-paper, lighting fixtures, cloaks and suits, and the more familiar textiles are designed and manufactured in the United States, and it throws a great deal of light upon the origins of their general badness. In many fields, it appears, design is largely a matter of chance. There is no adequate training for designers, and so the manufacturers are thrown into the arms of free lances, mainly quite incompetent. The result is the ghastly array of horrors that one sees in the department-stores. "In one firm [of wall-paper manufacturers] the style is evolved by the sales manager in conjunction with the general force." In a mid-Western furniture town "most of the designers are developed locally from carvers or from men with shop experience." Among the makers of cheap jewelry, who commonly depend upon free lances, the pay for a design runs from 50 cents to $5.

The most enlightened manufacturers seem to be those who make women's clothes and hats, and the most backward those who print wall-paper. The latter market their goods mainly through jobbers, and depend upon them for æsthetic advice. The jobber "informs the manufacturer at the end of the season which of the papers were the best sellers, and these designs are generally repeated for the next season." All the retailer and his customer, the ultimate consumer, ever see is a sample-book, "generally eighteen by eighteen inches in size." Naturally enough, it is impossible in such a book to display effectively any but papers with small patterns. This difficulty is so serious that "many manufacturers develop their designs, not on the basis of their effect upon the wall, but on how they are going to look in the sample-book." And a bad condition is now being made worse by the mail-order houses, which are sending out sample-books only a sixth as large—six inches by nine! What can the customer make of the samples in them? Nothing, answers Mr. Richards sadly, save the color.

In all this one thing is to be noted: that no complaints seem to be coming in from the public. It is apparently quite content with the horrible wall-papers which now dominate the American market, and no less with the appalling furniture. A dozen years ago, at the time the Mission craze died down, there were signs of an improvement in the design of American furniture. Excellent cheap reproductions of Georgian models began to appear in the department-store windows, and woods began to be finished with some respect for their nature. But that movement, whatever its origin, plainly met with no public response, for soon the Georgian models began to take on fancy excrescences, and presently they were no more. Today the common run of American furniture is almost unbelievably hideous. I often linger in front of a store window, feasting my eyes upon it. It shows all the naïve vulgarity of a set of gold teeth. Every kind of veneer is lavished upon it, and the wood of which it is fashioned is treated as if it were not wood at all, but a kind of linoleum. The turner adds his

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touch, and it is done. This garbage sells copiously, and the people who buy it like it.

The common view is that what they suffer from is a lack of competent guidance. If better stuff were set before them, so it is argued, they would buy it, and, having bought it, they would get used to it and come to like it. This I presume to doubt. What ails the consumers of such rubbish is not a mere indifference to beauty, but an active preference for its opposite. They pursue, in other words, a cult of ugliness, and the evidence seems to show that they get just as much pleasure out of it as the more conventional variety of æsthetes get out of the cult of beauty. That all this is true must be plain to anyone who has followed the recent history of design in any of the more familiar fields. Fifteen or twenty years ago American domestic architecture began to show a vast improvement, and all the new suburbs took on dignity and charm. But now the California influence is at large, and every pleasant neighborhood glares and bristles with something that is half Hollywood movie palace and half filling-station. Even the sky-scraper responds to this demand. In the first days of the set-back style it promised to be magnificent, but already realtors and bank directors are forcing architects to make it hideous. New York already has some sad examples. More are being hatched.

It may be, for all I know, that ugliness is more in accord with the genius of the American people than beauty. Their æsthetic masterpieces, so far, are the movie cathedral, the filling-station, the cement sidewalk and the model T Ford. These things are all revolting, but it would certainly be going too far to call them un-American. The Americano, properly flogged, can be made to tolerate beauty, but he seldom, if ever, turns to it naturally. Let him alone, and he will build a house that assaults the eye like a wart, and plaster it with wall-paper designed (I quote Mr. Richards) by "a former styler in the woolen industry," and fill it with radio cabinets and furniture that cry to heaven for the ax. That is what he likes, and he doesn't give a damn who knows it. It is a taste like any other.

The Life of the Poor

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY, by Michael Gold. $2.50. 7¾ x 5⅜; 352 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

Mr. Gold is the editor of the *New Masses* and leans toward what members of the D. A. R., the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan and other such organizations call Bolshevism in politics. That is to say, he believes that even the humblest man, if he is willing to work, should be paid enough to house, clothe and feed him, and that even the most friendless, if he behaves himself, should be treated with common decency. These poisonously subversive doctrines run through his book, but they are never stated plainly, nor even referred to directly, until his last paragraph. He is content to let his story inculcate them. It is one of the most eloquent stories that the American press has disgorged in many a moon.

Here is a mordant picture of the life of poor folk, living always under the menace of starvation and worse; yet what one gathers from it chiefly is a sense of their fineness. I can imagine no more astonishing transvaluation of all the common values. One holds one's nose—and lingers to admire. It is almost as if the bench of bishops should turn out, suddenly and unaccountably, to be Christians.

Mr. Gold's chief character is his mother, and what he does with her is comparable to what Dreiser did in a like case in "A Hoosier Holiday." She not only takes on complete reality; she becomes, in the end, a figure in tragic drama—heroic, noble, almost majestic. Write off all you will for filial partiality: the fact remains that she must have been a magnificent woman, else she could not have made even a son see her as she stands here. There is no hint of textbook prissiness in her. She goes about barefooted; she knows how to call things by

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their most shocking names; she never preaches and never postures. But in her calm facing of abominable fortune there is a dignity that a queen might envy, and in her maternal passion there is something almost goddess-like. This woman, so vast in her simple goodness, so exhilarating as a person, inhabited a foul flat on the East Side, with harlots above it and brutes below.

Her life was an endless war upon cockroaches, rats, lice. With a Ghetto romantic for a husband, she spent year after year on the bitter edge of poverty; when youth was behind her a crisis confronted her, and she had to hunt for a job. Thus she brought up three children—fed them, guarded them from the corruptions that surrounded them, taught them the uses of beauty, gave them something of her own good humor and unshakable serenity. Put this life, so simple, so solid, so profoundly excellent, beside the careers that commonly make talk in the world: the comparison becomes grotesque and indecent.

Mr. Gold describes it with great skill. His manner of writing is bare, but very effective. In some ways it reminds one of the method of Jim Tully, but there are important differences. The strained, *staccato* style of the *New Masses* is not in it. Some time ago, if my memory serves, Gold was denouncing an old colleague, Max Eastman, for abandoning the ranting of the Revolution for the more urbane manners of the well-fed. Now he seems to be going the same way himself. Certainly there is no soap-boxing in his book. He keeps off politics altogether until the end, and then what he has to say is said very politely.

That fact, it seems to me, makes the work a far more eloquent document than it would have been otherwise. It preaches nothing directly—but by indirection it is overwhelming. Parts of it, during the past few months, have appeared as sketches in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. I am sure that those who read those sketches will now want to read the whole.

The Lady From Georgia

FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS, edited by Hansell Baugh. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 372 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

IN THIS collection Mr. Baugh has done an excellent job of editing. It was not easy, in dealing with the letters of a writer as pawkily malicious as Frances Newman, to avoid outraging tender susceptibilities, but he has managed to do it admirably, and without leaving out anything of any importance. His selections are judicious, and his comments and explanations all show good sense. Not many authors are so fortunate in their *post-mortem* editors, as the the sad case of Stuart P. Sherman was but lately recalling. The dull pedagogues who stuffed his remains would have made a sorry spectacle, I daresay, of so vivid and unconventional a person as Miss Newman. But Baugh preserves her essence, and so he does a valuable service to her memory.

She was a woman of diverse and unusual talents. Her first novel, "The Hard-Boiled Virgin," though it broke most of the ancient rules of its genus—there was, for example, not a line of dialogue in it—, was so penetrating in its psychology and so charming in its style that it overcame even the handicap of its own instant *succès de scandale*. Her first and only short story, "Rachel and Her Children" (published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May, 1924), made a success almost as great: it got into all the anthologies at once, and brought her so many orders for more like it that she might have settled down to steady and profitable work in that field. As for her criticism, it was extraordinarily pungent, unhackneyed and stimulating. No one else could have written "The Short Story's Mutations." The soul that there adventured among masterpieces was quite unlike any other soul. For to the end of her days, though she became increasingly literary, Miss Newman retained the freshness and piquancy of the strange girl who astonished Atlanta, back in 1915 or thereabouts, by printing immensely learned and brilliant reviews in the local *Journal*.

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This prentice work was plainly the product of an extraordinary personality, but it took Frances six or eight years to really learn her trade. Her first reviews, for all their brilliancy, were more or less gushing and chaotic. She had so much to say, so vast a stream of mere information to pour out of the vast reservoir of her reading, that she slapped down sentences without giving much care to their sequence. The result was an uneven and difficult style—highly artificial one minute, and artless and naïve the next. It is to her credit as a practical critic that she became keenly conscious of its defects, and set about resolutely to remedy them. The result was a complete change in her manner of writing, first visible in "Rachel and Her Children." Abandoning her dark allusiveness and her heavy snarls of phrase, she began to write simply and clearly. Sentence began to follow sentence in a limpid and charming procession. This transformation, despite its difficulties in psychology, was very happily achieved, and toward the end of her life Miss Newman wrote with almost crystalline clarity. There is, indeed, many a lesson in writing in "The Hard-Boiled Virgin," and there would have been more in the works that were to have followed it.

Another transformation, I believe, was under way at the time of her premature and ever to be lamented death. She was getting over her somewhat too keen delight in shocking the stupid, born of her early life in the South. There would have been no more such atrocities as the title of "The Hard-Boiled Virgin." That title was put on the book against the unanimous advice of the author's elders, and it served only to stick a label on her that she certainly did not deserve. The enterprises she had in mind in her last days were quite free from any such factitious naughtiness. She had begun to take her business very seriously, and there is not the slightest doubt that she would have made her mark in it. She showed a curious combination of qualities, most of them good. There was in her a feline cleverness that was completely feminine, but beside it ran a shrewd and tolerant humor that was almost masculine. She was very intelligent and immensely industrious. She realized her own deficiencies, and was determined to put them down. The combination would have taken her, given ten more years, much further than she ever actually went.

As a person she was singularly attractive, mainly because of her uncommon courage. It took a lot of it, I suspect, to break through her Southern inhibitions; it took even more to face the resulting uproars in the capital of Ku Kluxia. In the end, facing what seemed to be incurable illness and the collapse of her work, she chose to slip from life quietly, serene to the last. She will be remembered beyond her generation. And Mr. Baugh has given her a dignified memorial, full of understanding.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *was born in what is now Jugoslavia, and during the World War served in the United States Army.*

MARQUIS W. CHILDS *is on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

MARGARET COBB (Mrs. W. C. Cobb) *was formerly on the staff of the Baltimore* Sun.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM *is the well-known architect. His reputation is international. Among his most celebrated designs are those of the Graduate Tower, Princeton University; the Williams College buildings; St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit; St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York; St. Albans Cathedral, Toronto; and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. He is supervising architect for Princeton, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Black Spirits and White," "Church Building," "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," "Excalibur," "The Substance of Gothic," "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," "The Sins of the Fathers," and "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."*

MITCHELL DAWSON *has practised law for the past sixteen years in Chicago, where he was born, and where members of his family have been lawyers since 1840. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and the University of Chicago Law School. He was associated with the* Little Review *group, and has contributed poetry and prose to various magazines.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is an old newspaper man. He is now the Chicago correspondent for the Baltimore* Sun.

DUFF GILFOND *was graduated from Cornell, and is now a Washington newspaper woman. She is at work on a biography of Calvin Coolidge.*

EDWARD HARRIS HETH *was born in Milwaukee in 1908. He received all of his early formal education in the public schools there, and for a time also studied at the Art Institute. He is now a junior at the University of Wisconsin. He is at work on a novel.*

LAWRANCE MAYNARD *was born in Los Angeles in 1900, and has been a press-agent and a sailor. His first book, a novel, is to be published this Spring.*

H. E. MCKINSTRY *was born in West Chester, Pa., and was graduated from Haverford College in 1917, later doing graduate work in geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard. Between times and since he has gone in search of silver to the Andes of Peru and over the Mexican Sierra. He is now engaged as a geologist in an Ontario gold mine.*

JAMES ONEAL *is editor of the* New Leader, *a leading Socialist paper of New York. He is the author of numerous historical books.*

JAMES OPPENHEIM *was born in St. Paul, Minn., and educated at Columbia. He entered the Hudson Guild Settlement as a worker in 1901 and afterward became a teacher. He has printed four or five books of poems and several works in prose. In 1916–17 he was editor of the* Seven Arts. *He is now living in New York.*

OTTO ORTMANN *is director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore. He is the author of various musical monographs and books. His most recent book is "The Physiological Mechanics of Piano Technique."*

OLAND D. RUSSELL *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

DANE YORKE *lives in Maine, where he is devoting most of his time to writing and lecturing.*

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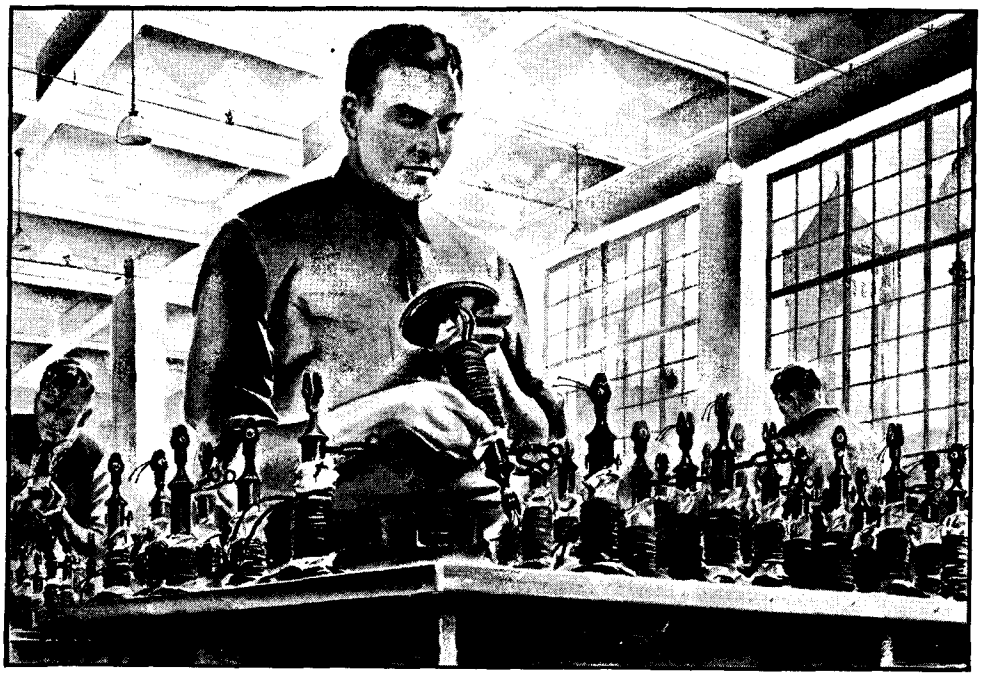

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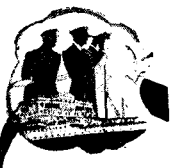

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Editorial NOTES

Oland D. Russell

Mr. Oland D. Russell, author of "Some Americans in Japan" in this issue, says this of himself:

> I was born in Hemple, Mo., on March 2, 1900. At the age of eleven I was baptized into the Baptist church and two years later sprinkled into the Presbyterian one. This doctrinal transfer was in no wise due to any exceptional perspicacity on my part but solely to the fact that I owned the only typewriter in town, and when the Presbyterian divine arrived to organize a new congregation, he found my services useful. In return I was permitted to get in on the ground floor—with only a slight administration of water rites—and my name still stands at the head of the membership roster of the Hemple Presbyterian Church. During my investiture as a Baptist I won a fund-raising contest for Baptist foreign missions. The prize was a $2 box of chocolates which had been on display at a general merchandise store for several years. I raised about $4 by personal solicitation to win the contest.

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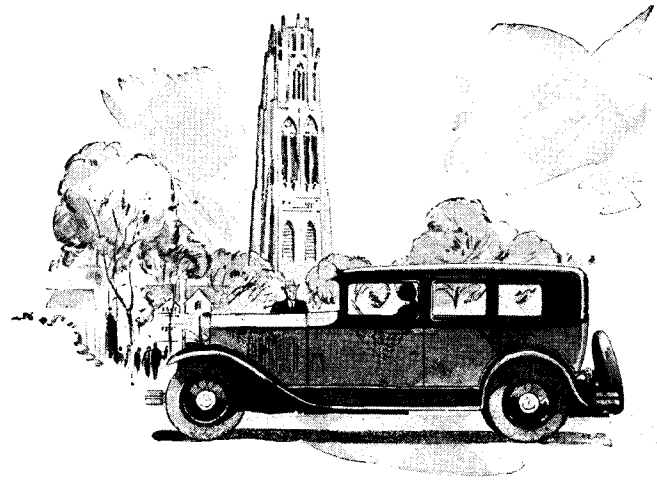
good used cars



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There remains a word of caution for anyone contemplating the purchase of a used car.

Give careful consideration to the man from whom the used car is bought. Pick a reliable dealer who conducts an established business, sells a standard line of new cars, and has the good will of his community because he has earned it.

Men to whom Cadillac-La Salle franchises have been entrusted are dealers of this character. They are wholeheartedly recommended. Their used car stocks are varied and reasonably priced. Before you make a decision, regarding a used car, see what the nearest Cadillac-La Salle dealer has to offer.

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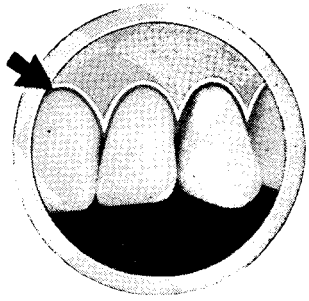

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

At sixteen I became a reporter on the St. Joseph, Mo., *Gazette*, hallowed to the memories of Eugene Field and Walter Hines Page. I was graduated from Central High-school in St. Joseph in 1918, and I left the University of Missouri in my third year to become city editor of the aforementioned *Gazette*. I have been in newspaper work ever since, with the exception of a short service with a traveling French *cirque* in Southern France during 1924. I have worked on newspapers in New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Va., and a number of Middle-Western cities. I spent three and a half years in Japan as correspondent of the New York *World* and news editor of the *Japan Advertiser*. On my return to America in 1929 I joined the *World* city staff, and am now assistant telegraph editor. I am the author of "Achi Kochi," a collection of sketches of foreign life in Japan, published in Tokyo in 1928, with the record of having sold faster and in larger quantities than any other foreign language book ever printed in Japan.

In "Americana" for January, credited to the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*, appeared the following:

> The Rev. Glenn V. Tingley, Birmingham radio evangelist who has been conducting a revival south of the Capitol for the last week, asserted last night that the story of Jonah and the whale as told in the Bible not only is true, but that approximately 300 similar cases have been proved by scientists. Mr. Tingley . . . scored persons who do not believe the story of Jonah, and added that the majority of outstanding scientists of the world today are opposed to the evolution theory, inclining, instead, to the Biblical story of creation.

The Rev. Mr. Tingley sends in the following correction:

> It has just been called to my attention that you honored me with the reprint of an article from the Montgomery *Advertiser* in the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. . . . Such article did appear in the Montgomery *Advertiser* but there was a mistake in the number of similar cases. Through some error I am supposed to have said that there were 300 similar cases; instead I said three. This was corrected with the Montgomery *Advertiser* and I would appreciate your note on this matter, otherwise the article should stand substantially as quoted.

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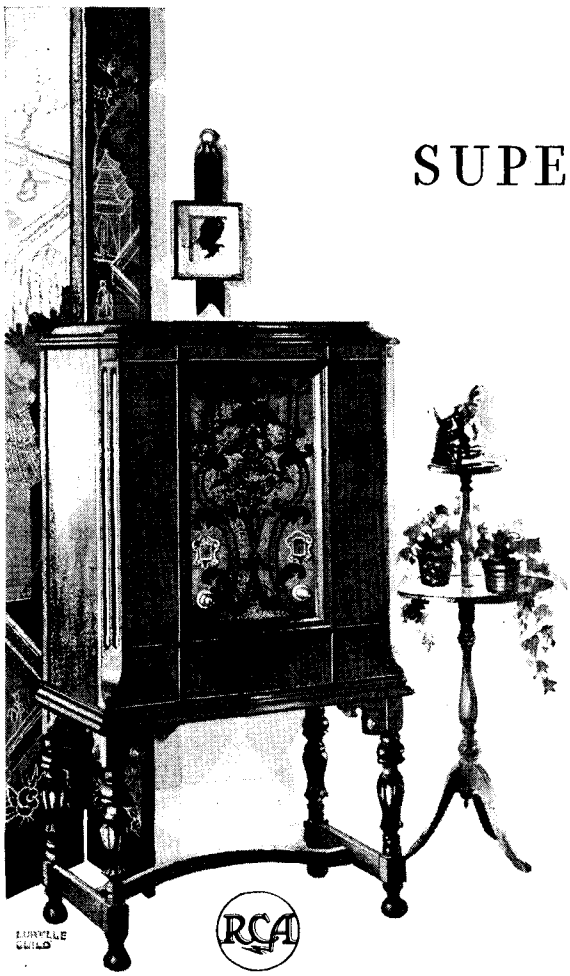

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA *trade-mark*

Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in three models

RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne table model $98

RCA RADIOLA 66—Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (shown in illustration) $175

RCA RADIOLA 67—Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records $690

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

Only a SUPER-HETERODYNE *can give you this superb* TONE REALISM

When you first hear a radio program on the Radiola Super-Heterodyne you are amazed at the complete illusion of realism.

There's no cutting out of the low tones and high-pitched notes—no sacrifice of tone fidelity—no false values to impair the perfection of reproduction.

And with this superb quality of tone realism the Super-Heterodyne gives you the extreme sensitivity and high selectivity that are essential to radio reception in congested broadcast areas.

Great artists choose the Super-Heterodyne because it is a musical instrument that faithfully reproduces music just as it goes out from the broadcasting studio. Engineers choose it because of its unrivalled technical perfection.

Earlier models of the Super-Heterodyne were costly to build, but RCA has brought the cost down so that every home can now afford to own this great achievement of the radio art. And purchase can be made on the easy RCA Time Payment Plan.

RCA RADIOLA

RADIOLA DIVISION RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC.

TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N.B.C.

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THE INVESTOR

THE FRAUDULENT SECURITIES RACKET

By Rudolph L. Weissman

There is one industry which never requires the coöperation of industrial conferences, never suffers from unemployment, and is not seasonal in character. It performs the noble public service of supplying the people with fraudulent engraved certificates. Estimates of the annual losses in these securities all run beyond $500,000,000. In reading of the adventures formed during the period of the South Sea bubble for the discovery of perpetual motion, or "for an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is," there is no cause for laughter.

The legal text-books give as a reason for their reluctance to define fraud the help that a definition would be in evading the law. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive of a definition that would cover the activities of the modern Wallingfords. If there is a real estate boom in Florida, they take to selling land; an oil boom brings a shift in their activities; high prices for rubber immediately lead to the capitalizing of inventions for substitutes. Following Lindbergh's feat, the promotion of aviation securities became a major industry. Millions of dollars were sunk into German and Polish currencies and internal obligations. The simple methods, consisting of the sale of mining and oil securities with properties close by or adjoining those of successful enterprises, the promises of fabulous returns and the endless chain schemes of Ponzi and his forerunners, like "200 Per Cent" Miller have fallen into disrepute. Present-day schemes do not seek, as a rule, the $100 of the scrub woman, but find it much more profitable to offer their bait in the large cities, or at least to make their headquarters at Wall Street or LaSalle Street addresses.

The Better Business Bureaux found from a survey made for them by the Bureau of Business Research of New York University that the average sum put into purchases of fraudulent securities is not $100 or $200, but is over $1,000. The 585 purchasers interviewed bought principally in the hope of extraordinary gains, and because of the salesman's persuasion. Recently the tipster sheet has been used with great success. Ostensibly, a brokerage house is formed, and issues a market letter which comments on standard, listed securities. In its daily remarks, there is invariably a reference to a security which the operators are peddling, but the casual reader is thrown off his guard by the general tenor of the letter. In a declining market, stockholders' lists are obtained, and stockholders who have lost patience, are urged to make exchanges into the stock of which the broker is interested in disposing.

The bucket shop has been almost entirely eliminated through the efforts of the New York Stock Exchange, the State and Federal authorities, and the Better Business Bureaux. Operators have therefore turned to the partial-payment device. With a few exceptions among New York Stock Exchange firms especially equipped for the handling of the business, reputable brokers and investment dealers frown on the partial-payment plan because of the overhead, which does not cover the commissions. It has been discovered that this field has been invaded by firms who use the funds received, charge interest on the non-existent debit balance, and endeavor to switch the buyer into their own fraudulent promo-

Continued on page xl

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"—I went to the Canned Goods Fair,
The prunes and the tunes were there—"

Have you, too, heard the Cannery racket--the little tin-clad "Sound" operas and jazz numbers, so affably welcomed here by the delicatessen set.

TO some theatre interests this is a heart-warming clamor. It means economy for them, hence greater profits.

To persons of sound musical taste, it is ludicrous and impudent—an affront to the intelligence and taste of the theatre-going public. They see in the talkies no excuse for resort to Canned Music.

If you, dear reader, are one of those who recognize that machine-made sound cannot take the place of living orchestras and organists in the theatre . . . if you deplore corruption of musical appreciation and discouragement of musical talent . . . if you see no reason why you should forego the pleasure of real music in the theatre to enable an economy whose benefits you do not share, TREAT YOURSELF TO A SIGH OF RELIEF. SIGN THE COUPON BELOW. Then mail it!

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians of the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

AM-3

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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THE INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

tions before the stock is fully paid. The commission on ten shares of stock selling between $100 and $200 a share is only $2.50. Therefore, importuning letters, telegrams and telephone calls are to be received with suspicion.

The experience of the Better Business Bureaux in dealing with fraudulent financial schemes has led them to adopt the sensible slogan, "Before You Invest, Investigate." As a first step, it is suggested that salesman be asked the following questions:

1. What are the names and principal address of your employers and how long have they been in business?
2. With what bank does your firm do business and what are its other references?
3. What were the assets (real worth) of the company, in which stock is being sold, at the date of its organization, and what are the assets now?
4. What are the company's liabilities?
5. What are its earnings?
6. How many times has interest or dividends on this security issue been earned in the past five years?
7. Who are the officers of the company and what is their record of business activity during the past five years?
8. What experience have these officers had in the business in which the company is engaged?
9. Is this security accepted as collateral for loans at banks?
10. What is the market for this security in the event I want to dispose of it?

Continued on page xlii

OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS

New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Cincinnati Stock Exchanges, New York Cotton Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade and New York Curb Exchange.

NEW YORK	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	
Denver	Detroit	Boston	Cincinnati
Kansas City	Columbus	Philadelphia	Akron
Toledo	Davenport	Buffalo	Massillon
Louisville	Milwaukee	Canton	St. Louis
	Colorado Springs	Hartford	

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The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor

and CHARLES-DICKENS Alights

The Old TREMONT HOUSE *where Dickens stayed*

"THE indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea . . . can hardly be exaggerated . . . On Saturday, the twenty-second of January, an American pilot-boat came alongside, and soon afterwards the Britannia, steam-packet from Liverpool, was telegraphed at Boston,"—so wrote the immortal Dickens of his visit to America in 1842.

Concerning the good ship Britannia herself, Dickens had this to say! "There she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies . . . every finger is pointed in the same direction, and murmurs of interest and admiration as 'How beautiful she looks!' 'How trim she is!'—are heard on every side." And he spoke of her officers, "smartly dressed," and of her "huge red funnel, smoking bravely."

Samuel Cunard had made history. It was Ezra Gannett, man of vision and leader in the rejoicing, who bestowed upon Cunard the sobriquet—"Builder of America."And Gannett flung wide the doors of the old Federal Street Meeting House and to the assembled Bostonians addressed these burning words:

"No event since the commencement of the present century involves more important consequences to this nation than the coming of Mr. Cunard's *steam* ship Britannia. It means that our wealth will be augmented, our activities quickened, and means of employment created. How great is its value in spreading civilization over the world!"

THAT WAS IN THE YEAR 1840.

And now after 90 YEARS

Cunard's "huge red funnels" throughout the world are testimonials to Samuel Cunard's far-sightedness. The 1,000 ton Britannia evolutes into the regally sized, royally apparelled Berengaria, Aquitania, Mauretania—Cunard's famous express service. What a history is this of Cunard accomplishment!

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CUNARD

A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930

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THE INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

Three ways are available to reduce the losses and to thwart fraud. Beginning with the blue sky laws enacted in Kansas in 1911, forty-three States have adopted similar statutes. Security dealers and brokers and/or specific issues are required to be licensed. By registering dealers some idea of the personnel of the firm is gained. New issues for the sale of which permission is sought are scrutinized according to the accepted investment tests. The laws have established a basis for effective regulation, and in time will be improved. It has occurred to me that the sale of securities is as much affected with a public interest as insurance or real estate. The requirement of a license, to be granted only after the successful passing of an examination, seems to be reasonable. At least a rudimentary knowledge of finance and economics should be demanded of salesmen.

Finally, it is not an accident that the most nefarious swindlers have found it to their advantage to attack Wall Street, and to pose as the protectors of the small investor. One glaring débacle in "legitimate" finance may affect thousands, who, because of their disgust, become a prey to fraudulent security vendors. Of the consolidations and mergers formed during 1927-1929, many securities have fallen to a small fraction of the original offering price, with no prospect of ultimate recovery. When finance is divorced from its

Continued on page xliv

The Finest Speed Boats Money Can Buy Are HACKER Boats

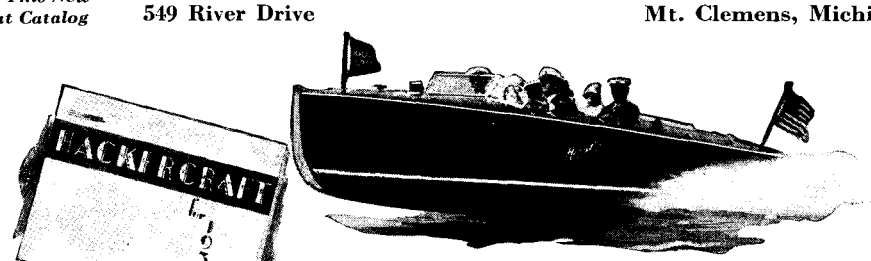
Plan on motor boating. No other sport offers its equivalent in health, spirited thrills and real safety. No other sport offers every member of the family an equal opportunity to revel in the delights of the out-of-doors afloat. And you will find no other boat offering so much in hand-wrought beauty . . . in enduring design . . . in speed . . . staunchness . . . trim comforts . . . or maneuverability as a genuine Honduras mahogany Hackercraft! Compare thirty-six years' designing and building experience—an illustrious background of world famous racing triumphs—speed records in stock boat design without a parallel—a tangible superiority of performance. Hackercraft ownership is sought out by sportsmen and yachtsmen who know the advantages of paying slightly more for a very much better product.

FOUR MODELS

24 Footer	$ 3,150
26 Footer	$ 4,475
30 Footer	$ 5,500
38 Footer	$17,000

Write For This New Boat Catalog

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
549 River Drive **Mt. Clemens, Michigan**



HACKERCRAFT
AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS

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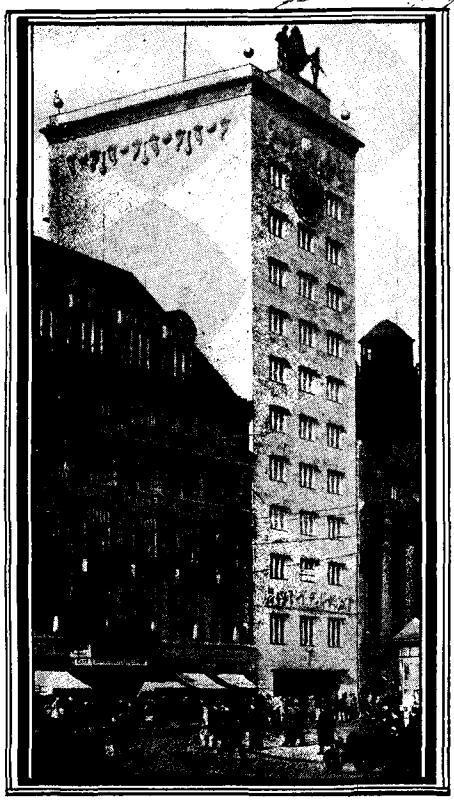
GERMANY
MEDIEVAL AND MODERN

Rothenburg



Goethe Street, Leipzig

Medieval towns with walls and towers as of yore greet you from flowery hills in Germany. Great cities thrill you with the spirit of their modern life. The haunting romance of historic towns is yours, or the gaiety of cabarets, theatres and fashionable avenues. Gardens, gracious with old waltzes, cafes sparkling with jazz. Long hikes through cool forests and craggy mountains. Enjoy it all through the pleasant comfort and excellent service of the German Railroads Company, the largest railroad enterprise in the world. And all through this famous land: hospitality, old-world in courtesy and modern in accommodations.

"Going to Europe" means going to Germany

GERMAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany. 2

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Address.....

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CHICAGO

quarters her Fourth Estate in structures suited to their leading purposes. The new $11,000,000 Daily News building is noteworthy as the modern home of a progressive paper—and as the one-millionth electric installation of *Edison Service* in Chicago. Unfailing electric service is a fundamental of Metropolitan news production.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 161 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1930 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

Burroughs Portable Adding Machine

Made in six, eight and ten column sizes. Many styles equipped with direct subtraction and wide or narrow carriage. A special model for writing statements.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
6372 SECOND BLVD. DETROIT, MICH.

WHITAKER & CO., Inc.
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Between 52nd and 53rd Sts.
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Not reproductions, but splendid states of my private collection of genuine etchings by American, English and continental etchers. Distinctive for framing or portfolio and gifts. Introductory offer: 5 etchings only $5, post paid. Money refunded if not pleased.

JOS. ELLNER, 180 Lafayette St., Room 17, New York, N. Y.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

functions, and becomes stock jobbing, what is legitimate and what fraudulent? The number of corporations that furnish stockholders with reports that really inform them is still pitifully small. Sources of income are not separated, gross sales are not reported and depreciation charges are juggled.

New Financial Books

INVESTMENTS OF UNITED STATES CAPITAL IN LATIN AMERICA.
By Max Winkler. *The World Peace Foundation*
$2 8 x 5½; 297 pp. *Boston*

The bulk of this book is made up of a detailed study of the resources, trade position and public finance of each South American country. There is an interesting general survey of investments in Latin America, of the economic life there, and of the economic and political implications of American investments. There is a lot of excellent statistical data, including a year-by-year listing of Latin American securities offered in the United States, and of American corporate investments. Dr. Winkler is a recognized authority on foreign securities.

CORPORATION PROFITS.
By Laurence H. Sloan. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8¼ x 5½; 365 pp. *New York*

The financial statements for 1926 and 1927 of some 550 leading American industrial concerns were examined with the idea that such a study would provide units of comparison and establish averages which could be used in practical and financial work. The composite income account and balance sheet are broken up into their constituent elements. A bewildering mass of data yielded surprising results. The lack of uniformity in handling so important an item as depreciation is properly deplored, and the contention that the average corporation's report is "woefully inadequate" is thoroughly in accord with the facts. An interesting summary contains a list of the corporations which, according to the tests applied, were the largest, wealthiest, earned the greatest net profits, and made the largest payments to their security-holders. Mr. Sloan, who is managing editor of the Standard Statistics Company, advances the thesis that, owing to lack of control, raw materials are chronically overdeveloped to the advantage of manufacturers. Hence, the latter can reduce prices without injuring profits.

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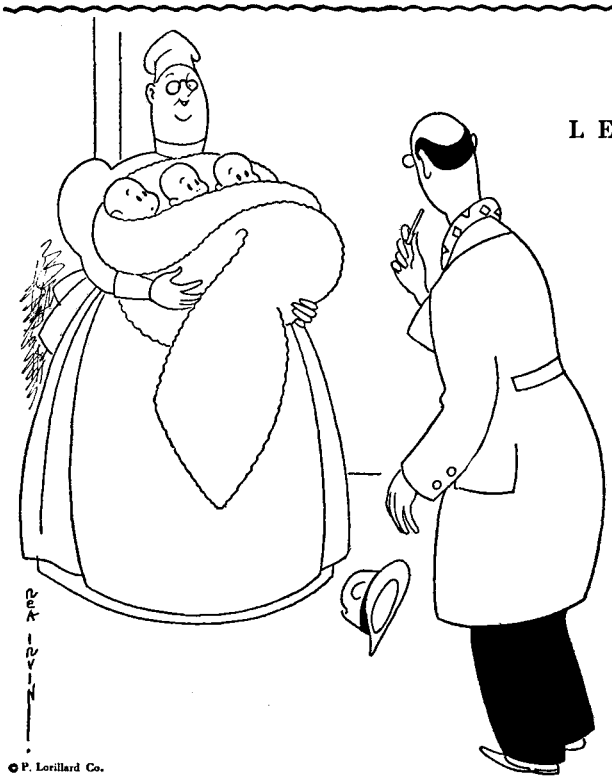

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LE MOMENT JOYEUX

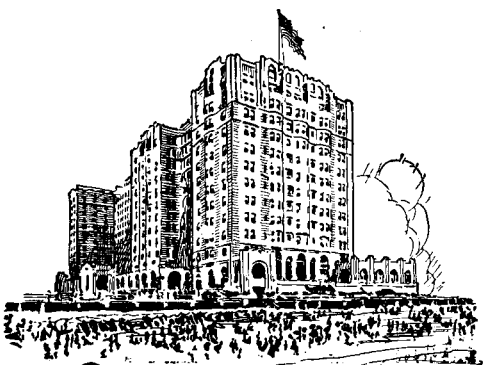
[THE JOYOUS MOMENT]

When you are dealt three of a kind . . conceal your joy . . Tres bien (pronounced tres bien)

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

Pronounced perfect by discriminating smokers



The Ambassador

"MONARCH OF THE BOARDWALK"

ATLANTIC CITY

Where March Comes in Like a Lamb And Goes Out in Like Manner

Down on the Boardwalk you can escape the disagreeable features of the month while, living at The AMBASSADOR, you enjoy healthfully and heartily the wealth of sports and entertainment always at hand.

Golf — Horseback Riding — Indoor Sea Water Swimming Pool

European Plan Daily Rate

$5 to $14 Single $8 to $16 Double

685 Rooms—685 Baths

Same ownership as the Ambassador Hotels — New York, Palm Beach and Los Angeles

TOURS to and around SOUTH AMERICA

16 Days to 3 Months

Complete and diversified itineraries arranged by an organization with over 75 years' experience in successful travel service. Sailings weekly via the famous "Santa" fleet to Colombia, Panama, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chile.

GRACE LINE

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Phone, BEEkman 9200

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Suppose you are going to EUROPE

What should you do?

The answer is—confer with Cook's—they will treat your problem as an individual one; Cook's will outline the most suitable route, make all steamship reservations—have you met on your arrival abroad—and escorted if you so desire. They will reserve hotel accommodations, will insure your baggage and aid you in securing your passport.

They may suggest Individual Travel, one of their special features, enabling the fullest expression of your own ideas—or, your requirements may be best served by one of their limited Group tours. These are many and varied—whether you wish to emphasize luxury or economy. Cook's will discuss with you—private or group automobile travel—special air cruises or general air trips.

89 years of experience—200 offices in Europe—a service station for you at every important point. Cook's Travellers' Cheques good everywhere.

OBERAMMERGAU

Following their practice since 1860 the Oberammergau Passion Play Committee have again appointed Thos. Cook & Son as their Official Agents; applications for accommodations and seats, should be made promptly.

THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver

in co-operation with

WAGONS-LITS CO.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

ANTHOLOGIES

CIRCUMFERENCE. *Varieties of Metaphysical Verse. 1456–1928.*
Edited by Genevieve Taggard. *Covici-Friede*
$6 9¾ x 6⅛; 237 pp. *New York*

Miss Taggard has done a good job of editing. Her anthology is probably the best of its kind in print. The book itself is a superb example of tasteful printing and binding. It was designed by Mr. A. S. Jacobs. The present edition consists of 1050 copies, of which 1000 are for subscribers; the remaining fifty are not for sale.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM: *An Anthology of Liberty.*
Edited by Henry W. Nevinson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2. 7⅝ x 5⅛; 304 pp. *New York*

All of the selections here are from English writers, ranging from King Ethelbert in the Sixth Century to Professor Harold J. Laski, who now holds the chair of political economy at the University of London. Among the others represented are John Ball, Thomas More, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, John Milton, Samuel Johnson, David Hume, William Blake, Robert Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Bertrand Russell. There is a fine historical introduction by Mr. Nevinson. A good book to have around the house, especially in America, where whole bodies of liberties are put to death almost daily.

FICTION

SINCERITY.
By John Erskine. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 356 pp. *Indianapolis*

Isabel Beauvel, a well-known novelist and wife to Winthrop Beauvel, writes a piece on the narrowing effects of happy marriage which is published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under a pseudonym—"Nora Helmer." Winthrop reads it, writes to "Nora" for a lunch date, and Isabel, in a fluster, persuades her friend Mary Allerton to go. Winthrop, of course, confides that he isn't as happy as he might be, and Mary loses no time in telling Isabel. The outcome of it all is that Isabel traipses off to Europe, and Mary and Winthrop move to another town, where they settle down to housekeeping as Mr. and Mrs. Beauvel. For ten years everything goes smoothly. Mary and Winthrop become eminent citizens, sit on the school and library boards, and even give a swimming pool to their school. Yet, at times, Mary is bothered by the idea that she and Winthrop are leading, after all, very narrow lives, and so she is relieved when Isabel, disappointed in her emotional adventures abroad, returns to claim her husband. A somewhat naïve and unconvincing story.

Continued on page xlviii

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THE DEPENDABLE STATLERS

Seasoned travelers, men and women who are always roaming the highways of the world, are great friends of the Statlers.

Statler Hotels, they'll tell you, are dependable. You know what to expect of them; they're the trade-marked, full-measure, known quality of hotel merchandise. Their rates are posted in their rooms — rates which do not change with the flow of business. And what's more (travelers will tell you), Statler values are away out in front —"values" meaning the relation of *what you get* to *what you pay*.

The radio in your room, your own private bath, circulating ice water in every room, a morning paper under your door, good food in well-planned, well-run restaurants, and cheerful, *helpful* personal service from well-trained employees — those things are *dependable* in a Statler — where your satisfaction is guaranteed.

HOTELS STATLER

BOSTON
BUFFALO
CLEVELAND
DETROIT
ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK
[*Hotel Pennsylvania*]

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cabin minded

Then enjoy the luxury of leisure in

LLOYD CABIN QUARTET

BERLIN
STUTTGART
DRESDEN
MUENCHEN

For "cabin" means spacious decks and suites and the varied life of the sea-voyage: free for merriment or relaxation . . . Hours gladdened by the bounteous hospitality of a famous service. And in

LLOYD EXPRESS

BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS

life is free and luxurious and timed to the gaiety of speed.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway, N.Y., or your local agent

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlvi

THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE.
By Gilbert Seldes. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 312 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Seldes here raises the question whether man can live in perfect brotherhood, and answers no. His story tells of the martyrdom of Stephen Lodor, a Pole, who sets up an ideal village which he calls Unity, in which people can live outside the greed of the city. Inevitably he is misunderstood by his brethren when he opposes the bringing of a factory to the community, and again when he takes Anne Gordon, wife of the practical Arthur Gordon, to live with him. In the end he dies for killing the assailant of a girl who cries out to him for help. "I wanted to know Justice all my life," he tells Anne just before his execution, "and now I shall know it." . . . "If the girl came to testify, you would be saved. Stephen, my dear heart, tell me who it was." . . . "Forget that there was a girl. Let me forget it too. Let my last action have some purity." A tedious tale, and full of half-baked philosophizing.

SPIDER WEB.
By Marjorie Muir Worthington.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$2.50 7½ x 5; 263 pp. *New York*

The widowed Hedwig Mendelsohn is an enormous old lady with fingers like pork sausages, small piggish eyes, a slightly hooked nose "embedded between two pillowy cheeks that quivers like that of an animal who has caught a scent . . ., and a wide mouth, with a slightly pendulous lower lip, that moves as she thinks, stirring the double row of chins beneath." She dominates her children and the millinery business, which is the source of the Mendelsohn wealth, with an appalling energy, employing her sons at niggardly salaries and marrying off her daughters according to her own dictates. Her daughter Dora is a pale, unattractive, household drudge, but the mother captures Max Bickof, a weak, poetical young man who has failed to pass his medical examinations, for her. Dora and Max are forced to live in the ornate brownstone house fronting Mount Morris Park with her, while Dora runs her house and Max tries to sell her flowers and feathers to the trade. The couple are beginning timidly to hope for an escape when old Hedwig is stricken with a "heart condition" and condemned to her bed. She lingers on, for twenty years, rolling up mountains of flesh and cursing so loudly that the family in the next brownstone house has to close its windows. When Harry, her favorite son, wrecks the business, Dora and Max continue to care for her in their smaller establishment but she merely glares her hate at them. She taunts Max when he goes into busi-

Continued on page l

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GASPARILLA INN, *Boca Grand, Florida*

GASPARILLA INN has an unusually advantageous location—on a beautiful, long, narrow, tropical island, with the broad blue Gulf of Mexico on one side, and the tranquil waters of Charlotte Harbor on the other. Along the Gulf stretch miles of beautiful, white sand beaches, which make a veritable paradise for those who enjoy surf bathing and all the activities incidental thereto. Within a few minutes of the hotel is a beautiful 18-hole golf course.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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ness for himself, and goads Dora into nagging him for money. She shames her granddaughter Victoria for being as unattractive as her mother, and teases her daughter Fanny when she asks her for her marquise ring. On her death-bed she is indomitable still, mocking Dora and Fanny with the fact that the ring is paste when they squabble over it, ordering her son Harry to get out of her sight, and finally calling Max to her and giving him the deeds to some property she has secreted away. "Fool," she tells him, "take it and do what you want with it, . . . only don't show it to them . . . d'you hear? Not my children . . . not one cent. . . . Maybe you could spend some of it on a tombstone for me. . . . You could put on it . . . 'Hedwig Mendelsohn and Sons' . . . like it was over the Store." A brilliant piece of characterization.

"—— & COMPANY."
By Jean-Richard Bloch. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 401 pp. *New York*

The Simlers are forced out of their native Alsace, after 1870, and settle in Vendeuvre, a French manufacturing town, where they build their little cloth factory into an important industry and consolidate themselves into a powerful Jewish clan commanding both respect and a kind of equality. Yet, as Simler & Company becomes successful it wholly destroys them as individuals. Joseph Simler, falling in love with the beautiful *shiksa* Hélène Le Pleynier, must marry, instead, the "thoroughly gelatinous" Elisa Stern, of the wealthy "Stern clique." The Simlers, in brief, for all their powerful defensive mechanism against their alien environment, are even more hopelessly obliterated in —— & Company. A distinguished novel, rich in characterization and philosophical substance. The translation is the work of C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. Romain Rolland contributes a somewhat rhapsodical introduction.

MONSIEUR VÉNUS.
By Rachilde. *Covici-Friede*
$12.50 9½ x 6¼; 217 pp. *New York*

Mlle. Raoule de Vénérande, a fascinating, sensitive girl of aristocratic birth, discovers Jacques Silvert, a young workman of extraordinary beauty—but whose "wide hands, grumbling voice, and straight, low-growing hair, *are the only indications of his sex*"—and makes him her slave. She humors him, loves him, scratches him, marries him, betrays him, and in the end worships his image, without ever yielding to his desires. "I shall love Jacques as a man hopelessly loves his dead fiancée," she declares, in explanation of her perversion; which, in essence, is the theme of the book. "Such perversions of the instincts," adds

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HOTEL GRAMATAN
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

Maurice Barrès in his instructive preface, "adoration for a wretched creature who is as pretty as a child, plump and weak as a woman, but of the male sex, frequently occurs through the ages. . . . Raoule de Vénérande, that pale, thin-lipped, mad woman, who bathes the ambiguous body of Jacques Silvert, recalls, despite all the differences of climate, civilization, and epoch, the Phrygian vertigo, when the women lamented Attis, the small, pink, too-fat male." A curious and brilliant work. Madeleine Boyd has made the excellent translation, and Ernest Boyd has contributed a brief critical introduction. The book, which is beautifully turned out, has been designed by Robert S. Josephy and illustrated by Majeska. The edition includes thirteen copies on Van Gelder paper, each containing an original drawing and signed by the artist; and 1,237 copies on Aurelian Laid Antique.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.
By Patrick Hamilton. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. *New York*

Bob is a waiter in the saloon bar of the Midnight Bell, in London. He has clear, clean skin; clear, clean teeth; firm clean-shaven features; and he speaks with a Cockney accent, though he is of American and Irish parentage. His father had been, he proudly boasts, an American cop. He had never seen him, and his mother had died when he was sixteen and at sea. He is twenty-five now—a reticent, lovable young man with a secret hankering to become a writer, though he works hard at his job and saves his money. He has saved, in fact, the round sum of £80, a realization which gives him infinite pleasure; for Bob knows he is a dreamer. Those £80 not only fortify him, they reassure him in his dream "to become eminent amongst men." Then he meets Jennie Maple, a complete little prostitute, in the saloon bar. He knows she is degraded, for she is frankly, passively so, and she doesn't attempt by so much as the flicker of an eyelash to fool him; but she is blue-eyed and beautiful, and she is pressed for money to pay her landlady. Bob gives her the ten shillings out of pity and a sharp sense of elation at his generosity. He falls into feverish pursuit of her, while as often as not she fails to keep her engagements with him. Her difficulties with her landlady continue, and his small gifts of money increase. He loves her distractedly, and proposes to marry her, to help her get a job; but she tells him she has a husband, and the job promised her falls through. Finally, he draws his last £25 out of the bank for a holiday with her, and hurries to meet her at the railway station. Jennie does not come. He finds that she has disappeared from her lodgings, so after a terrific drunk, during which he loses the remainder of his money, he walks down to the docks and goes back to sea. A charming story,

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E. W. HOWE
(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Soon there will be only THE AMERICAN MERCURY and its imitators, says E. W. Howe, Sage of Potato Hill.

Ed Howe Enjoys a Copy of the Mercury

Ed Howe, the Sage of Potato Hill and one of the most widely known of America's provincial philosophers, picked up a copy of the American Mercury the other night and after reading it sat down and wrote a prediction that in the near future the only magazines in America will be the Mercury and its imitators. Old Ed Howe writes of the Mercury in his monthly magazine in the following terms:

"The other night I was paying the penalty for foolish eating, and leaving my bed, picked up The American Mercury. Soon I was laughing as at a show. Old Man Mencken himself writing about presidents, senators and governors. I found a satisfaction in it a man finds when a friendly hand scratches an itching spot on his back that he can not himself reach; it was a new, an amazing and interesting performance, even at 2 o'clock in the morning . . . I wish to make a prediction. We shall finally have no monthly magazines except those in the form of The Mercury; evidence of the change are quite apparent now."

—Galveston *News*

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marred only by Mr. Hamilton's brief moralizings upon Bob's career at the end.

CORONET.
By Manuel Komroff. *Coward-McCann*
$3 8 x 5½; 677 pp. *New York*

A golden coronet and a silver whip are the symbols of this muddled novel—both symbols of aristocracy that Mr. Komroff conceives to be inherently evil, no matter if it be of the blood, of wealth, of military power, or of the intellect. The story begins in the days of the Renaissance when the coronet first takes shape in the hands of Cappini, the master jeweler of Florence. It is to enhance the dignity of the Count de Senlis, but at his death he is so convinced of its evil that he orders it to be buried with him. And so it goes. Years later, it is stolen by a scavenger who sells it for a franc, and from then until the Twentieth Century, when it is displayed at the wedding of a Chicago heiress to the retrograde descendant of its first owner, its history is calamitous, sinful and unregenerate. The chapters dealing with Napoleon's invasion of Russia are well done, but the book as a whole is very egregious stuff.

MISCELLANEOUS

OUR GOVERNMENT.
By James M. Cain. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 241 pp. *New York*

Herein Mr. Cain has collected all of his superb grotesqueries of the American form of government that have delighted the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY during the past five years, changing them somewhat and adding a lot of new material. The sketches, in the new arrangement, make even better reading than they did in magazine form. They follow one another logically, and their humor and insight take on a cumulative effect as one goes on. Nothing like them has ever been done before. There is far more understanding in them of the real workings of American democracy than one can find in a dozen tomes of political science. A fine book to have around the house and to reread every now and then, especially on national holidays.

MORROW'S ALMANACK & EVERY-DAY-BOOK FOR 1930.
Edited by Thayer Hobson. *William Morrow & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5; 268 pp. *New York*

With this, the third issue of Morrow's Almanack, Burton Rascoe retires as editor and is succeeded by Thayer Hobson. But he continues as a contributor, and is, in fact, the most industrious contributor of them all, with an article for every month. The others include James Branch Cabell, Eddie Cantor, Milt

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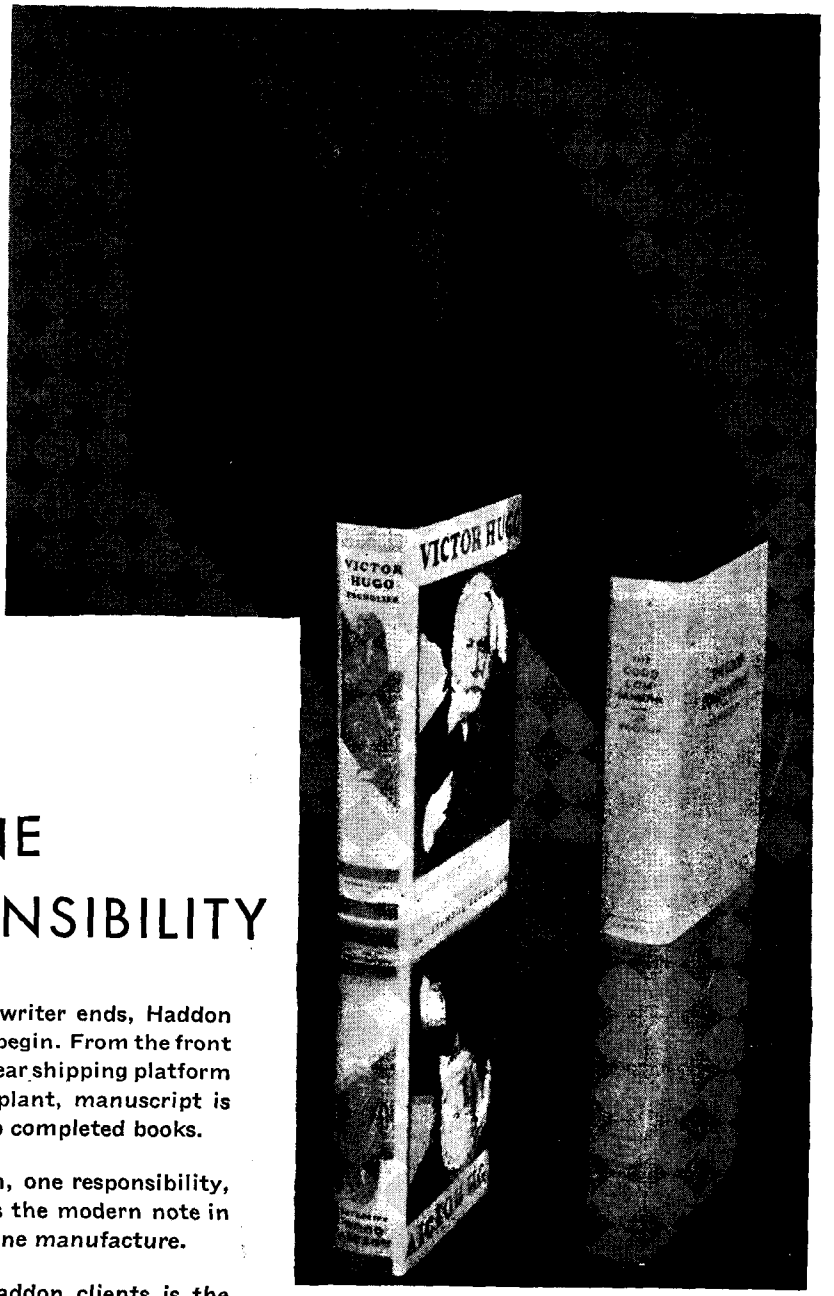

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Two recent products of the complete plant of The Haddon Craftsmen: Victor Hugo, by Raymond Escholier, published by Brewer Warren, Inc., and The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestley, published by Harper & Brothers,—a Book-Of-The-Month Club selection.

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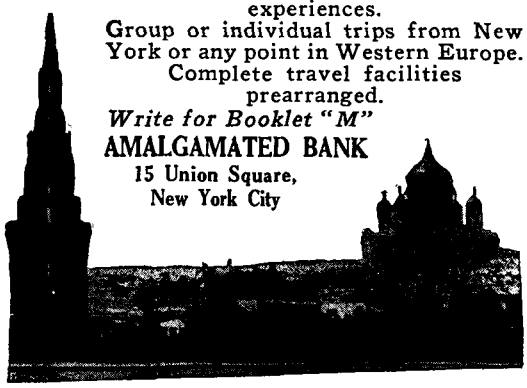

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Gross, Rupert Hughes, Achmed Abdullah, Louis Untermeyer, Gilbert Seldes, Don Marquis, Alfred Kreymborg, George M. Cohan, Logan Clendening, Richard Aldington and Walter Winchell. Among the artists are Lewis G. Adams, Ilse Bischoff, Margaret Freeman and Carroll Snell. The Almanack still lacks an index.

BEHIND YOUR FRONT.
By James Oppenheim. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 8½ x 5⅜; 187 pp. *New York*

In this ingenious book, by the aid of graphs and questionnaires, Mr. Oppenheim shows the reader how to classify his mind according to the system of Dr. Carl Jung of Zurich, the second in command of all the psychoanalysts. He may find that he belongs to the extraverted feeling type, like Mary Pickford, or to the normal feeling with sensation type, like Mae Murray, or to the introverted feeling type with intuition, like Greta Garbo, or to the same type with sensation, like Gilda Gray. But what good it does him to discover all this is not very clearly explained. At the end of his book Mr. Oppenheim presents a who's who of the eminent movie stars, politicians, philosophers and other immortals whose minds he analyzes, and portraits of some of them. His discourse is amusing, but mainly bosh.

THE WET FLANDERS PLAIN.
By Henry Williamson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 122 pp. *New York*

Mr. Williamson, who fought in Flanders through the successive campaigns of the late war, here describes a nine days' visit to the country around Ypres, in the company of a fellow veteran. "Ypres," he says, "is unrecognizable. Wipers exists in the memory only. The city today is clean and new and hybrid-English. The rectangular ruined fragment of the Cloth Hall is contained in its scaffold box. Grasses and wild flowers on the tops of the walls make the ruin beautiful. In the Spring the jackdaws feed their young in the nests within the masonry gaps on high. . . . After sunset, I walked on the ramparts with another man—the wraith of my old (or very young) self. . . . The brickwork, upholding a deep bank of earth, is cracked and fallen in places . . . ; below lay the still water of the moat, with its deep bed of iron and lead. Fish were rising, swallows and swifts taking their last evening sips as they flew. . . . I saw these things, and the wraith with me wondered, for I heard in my mind the marching of the feet of men in sweat and fear, the clatter of wheels, and the hoofs of animals not knowing why they were there in the roar and flash and appalling terror of bursting shells." A powerful portrait of the waste of war.

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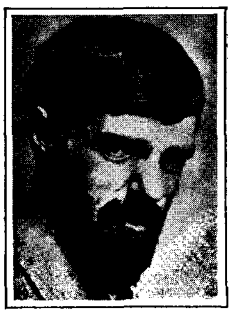

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Plain words are necessary in such a discussion and these Lawrence has the courage to use. He vigorously decries pornography; and he as vehemently opposes the censorship of what is conventionally called "indecency," and the placing of the powers of censorship in unintelligent, incapable hands. This scathing indictment of bigoted censorship treats elementally of those questions with which the underlying factors of twentieth century virility are concerned.

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was born in 1885, the son of a coal miner in Eastwood, Nottingham, England: there he was schooled, became a clerk and won a teacher's scholarship. At twenty-three he went to teach school in London. A year later he began writing. In 1914, he married Freida von Richtofen. He divides his time between his ranch in New Mexico and Italy.

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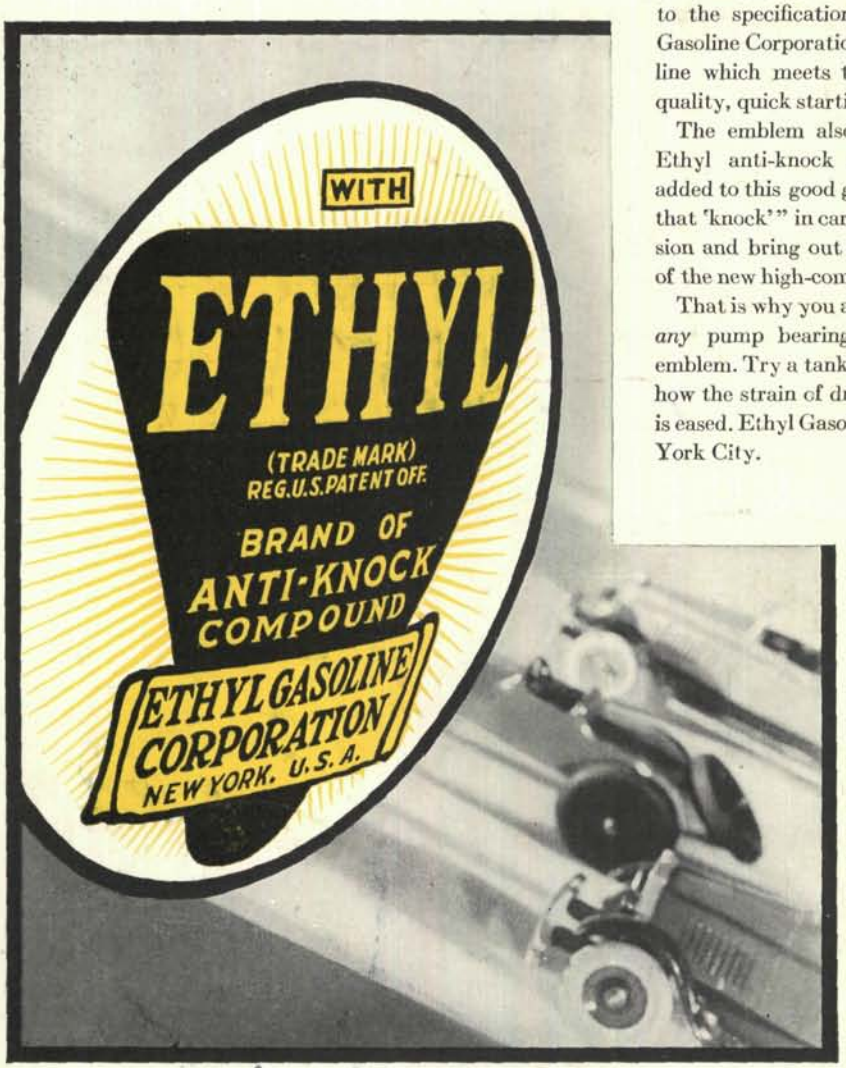

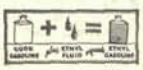

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